O It's On

Petey Pablo

'Cuz
Whassup nigga?
If a muthafucka would have told me years ago
That the game today would be so fucked up
Common holla at cha boi
That these muthafuckin' niggas be runnin' around
Here actin' mo bitchy fried
Bitch niggas
One year more penalize
I see these niggas man
Lord this shit crazy then a muthafucka, but you know what
Tonight we gon handle that shit, we gon bring this to ya spot yao
Ey yo speak on that shit
95 percent of these supposed to be thugs is hoes
With Victoria Secret panties crammin' that ass hole
Throwin' the crooked finger dick ridin' the west coast
Them some real soldiers, y'all son of bitches, fonies
I called it like I called it, think I'm wrong, step forward
And get yo mind pushed in a science class bucket
She in to tough talkin' now that 50 got on
Quit fantasizing 'bout that man life, and live yo own
You ain't neva be hard, yo mammy titty fed you too long
Probably still suck it if she pulled it out and showed ya
Tonite were gettin' closure, I'm pointin' out folks
Pullin' niggaz cards, exposin' what ya hold
I'm sorry if it feels you don't know me no more
Just had some shit on my mind, in my chest I had to get off
You can't judge a muthafuckin' book by its cover
But I can spot a bitch a mile away
Pardon me brotha
O it's on, get at me, bitch I'm gon slap the shit
Whachu want, drag, cummon, bring all the bitches
O it's on, get at me, bitch I'm gon slap the shit
Whachu want, drag, cummon, bring all the bitches
O it's on, get at me, bitch I'm gon slap the shit
Whachu want, drag, cummon, bring all the bitches
(Here I go)
O it's on, get at me, bitch I'm gon slap the shit
Whachu want, drag, give 'em some, muthafucka

(Get 'em buck)
These niggaz catchin' feelings, they ain't men they women
And he gay 'cuz he wit 'em and he trying to defend 'em
So I say we should expose these hoes
I think our fans should know we gon shoot up yo shows
O it's on now yeah, I can cummon down
(On now)
I got a desert eagle wit a silencer, I swear it make no sound
A 4.5 caliber with some bullets that so round
50 took a look at it and told me to slow down
Petey you need me nigga just holla and I got ya
Throw on some frank Sinatra and order me some pasta
They fuckin' with some mobstas, see we can get it done
And I bet you at his funeral nobody gon come
I ain't here to be beefin' wit no nigga to get a name
If you pussies and show yo panties, I'm pullin' out my thang
Got a habit of smackin' faggots with semi-automatics
You niggas in trouble buck and Petey back at it it's on nigga
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O it's on, get at me, bitch I'm gon slap the shit
Whachu want, drag, cummon, bring all the bitches
O it's on, get at me, bitch I'm gon slap the shit
Whachu want, drag, get ya some, muthafucka
Bend that bitch right there wit all ya might
If he say, anything in here tonight, you don't like
Bend that bitch right there wit all ya might
If he say, anything in here tonight, you don't like
If you jump off in the club it's a jump off in the club
She can tow up just get toed up like I give a good buck
All the champagne I don bought bitch I done paid for this chair
That I'm fittin' to take and break across this zombies head
Look at bone crusher very first verse he don read
(10 ton)
That's on everything I love to drop dead
(Bitch I ain't never scared)
Fuckin' round get a main artery cut in half
Blood gushin' out the side of your neck bleedin' to death
Needin' a paramedic to reconnect 'n' piece you back together
I don seen it happen too many times out here, hate it man
It's gettin' crucial out here 'n' you takin' this shit for granted
Pussy punk, panty wearin' mascara faggot
Blow pop suckin' ass, juicy fruity crooked man

Molested as a child, by the babysitter daddy
Backstabbin' motherfuckin' crabs in a barell
I can't stand 'em, but I bet I can handle 'em
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