

I Got My Locs On (Feat. Young Jeezy)

Ice Cube

[Chorus: x2]

I got my locs on

I got my locs on

And you can't see my eyes

And you can't see my eyes

I got my locs on

I got my locs on

And you can't tell I'm high

And you can't tell I'm high[Verse 1: Ice Cube]

I got my locs on welcome to the terror dome

I got them carrots on givin' off them pheromones

Women love it when they see me on that motorcycle

Niggas hate it cause they know I'm makin' more than Michael

Been ballin' since the word ballin played out

They brought it back to describe me in that Maybach

Me and Jeezy Jeezy rollin' with our locs on

Smokin' somethin' good fuckin' up the ozone[Chorus: x2][Verse 2: Young Jeezy]

Brand new Versace's ran me a buck 50

(They must have set you back) no baby not really

Switchin' lanes yes yea the chopper's just silly

When it's bustin' at your ass we just laughin' at ya really

I got my locs on dickies on keep the workin' niggas on

Keep the cashmere vickis on yea she keep them vickis on

Keep my locs on see you hatin' mother fuckers keep my locs on you know they match my bag suckers[Chorus:

x2]I got my locs on cause my eyes are burgundy

And when I get home I don't want the third degree

The verdict be urgently these niggas wanna murder me

They scared of the consequences comin' from my defenses

It ain't that expensive have your ass hoppin' fences

Lucky motherfucker missed your ass by some inches

Next time understand what you fuckin' with its legendary status

Sittin' behind these glasses nigga[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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