

# 2 On ( feat. Brooke Candy)

Tinashe

Give me all that you got now  
Make you want me cause I'm hot now  
I'm gone, so faded I'm on one  
Bang bang, pop off like a long gun If you a lame, nigga you ain't making no noise  
Get faded, turn up with the big boys  
Live fast, die young that's my choice  
Get money, get money like an invoice We can mob all in the whip (make the money)  
Make the money make a grip (I be stuntin')  
I be stuntin' with my clique (gettin' faded)  
Getting faded 'till we trip (oh) Man, I love to get on  
I love to get 2 on  
When the drink be too strong  
When the tree be way too strong  
Get faded, turn up, bruh  
Pour it on up 'till I can't even think no more  
Get ratchet, go dumb then go more dumb then  
We can keep it lit, let's roll  
I love to get 2 on  
Let's roll  
I love to get 2 on  
I love to let's roll  
I love to get 2 on  
Let's roll  
I love to get 2 on  
I love 2, let's roll Yea we can get active  
And all,  
My bitches attractive  
We go  
You know who we are now  
Get high  
Hotbox in my car now If you a lame, nigga you ain't making no noise  
Get faded, turn up with the big boys  
Live fast, die young that's my choice  
Get money, get money like an invoice We can mob all in the whip (make the money)  
Make the money make a grip (I be stuntin')  
I be stuntin' with my clique (gettin' faded)  
Getting faded 'till we trip (oh) Man, I love to get on  
I love to get 2 on  
When the drink be too strong

When the tree be way too strong  
Get faded, turn up, bruh  
Pour it on up 'till I can't even think no more  
Get ratchet, go dumb then go more dumb then  
We can keep it lit, let's roll  
I love to get 2 on (I love it)  
Let's roll  
I love to get 2 on (I love it)  
I love to, let's roll Uh, pull your panties down from under you  
Beat that pussy up, make you wanna holla Q  
Drunk in a bitch, high on that Mary Jane  
Pussy in my mouth, pussy on my pinky ring  
Nasty, baby me do it in the backseat  
Swear this marijuana keep it cracking  
Lights, camera, action  
I ain't doing nothing 'til the cash  
Money, money, money, weed, fashion  
Draped up and dripped out, keep the trees passing  
Girl toot that thing up, fuck me, fuck rapping  
Days of our lives so clap, clap that cake  
Spreading your thighs I pump, pump your brakes, ay Just give me the trees and we can smoke it ya  
Just give me the drink and we can pour it ya  
And my enemies, they see me living now  
And if you roll with me, then you'll be winning now, oh Man, I love to get on  
I love to get 2 on  
When the drink be too strong  
When the tree be way too strong  
Get faded, turn up, bruh  
Pour it on up 'till I can't even think no more  
Get ratchet, go dumb then go more dumb then  
We can keep it lit, let's roll  
I love to get 2 on (I love it)  
Let's roll  
I love to get 2 on (I love it)  
I love to, let's roll

Songwriters

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