

Come On

2 Pistols

I'm a beast, yeah shawty I'm the bomb
If you rock, rock with me, you know you got it goin' on
I know you, you like rock, rock stars
And you wanna ride in a rock stars car, so
Come on, come on, yeah, come on, come on yeah
Come on, come on, yeah, come on, come on yeah

Woah lil' mama, jazzy red bone, so thick I had to stop her
Pull shawty over, put a ticket on that ass, speed ticket on that ass
Walkin' too fast, shawty don't do that
Rubber band stacks, I don't really care
Pop them there, money flyin' everywhere
Big face hundreds, been throwin' money
Small face hundreds, excuse me honey
Cash money in this bitch, we throwin' Lambo money
Shawty that ain't nothin' won't you sell that dope to me
Blood money coupe, beat her like Ike Turner
Chunk a duece, I'm gone like my Lambo

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I prefer that you would just call me Weezy
East side gangsta, and I be runnin, runnin it like a flanker
Black card banker, hanker in the back pocket
And I wear them skinny jeans so you see my fat wallet
That's right I'm a big shot, call me little cannon ball
Mister get up in ya girls mouth like some anbesol
Hip-hop president and my girl eloquent
Boy she got more junk in her trunk than an elephant
I'm a animal, watch me I examine you
And my chucks are old, but I swear to you my flannel new
Man I get money manual and I just made you, Young Money
I'm gone like my Lambo's gone

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See I'm the Lac pusher, the mic gripper and the pussy gusher
Don't get it twisted 'cause I could get Travis Barker with' ya
I'm so hood, so fly, don't try 'cause you don't wanna make me put it all on
tha line
I'll take ya chick, get off in my whip
'Cause I ain't never scurred, got the hollows in the clip
So come on, let's go, baby girl what you wait, waitin' for

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