

## Getto Jam

Domino

Here we go, here we go as the tune starts to bloom  
With a phat phat track pumpin' gas  
1 2 3 and this is O G  
The freaks would ya move ya pretty a-ass

The getto jam is about to slam  
With some notes from the diggady d-de  
As I key what's really goin' on  
Would ya reminisce with me-e

Saturday morning just gettin' up  
With a hangover smellin' like a fuck  
I really can't remember 'cause I'm still kinda faded  
So I close my eyes and thank God that I made it

Now I'm gettin' flashbacks of some O.J.  
With a green glass, that's tangere  
Took it to the hand gulped it down with the quickness  
Now I need a trick so I can handle my business

What do you know, a freak's in my reach  
Threw her on the flo', stuck it in her deep  
She's screamin' and she's screamin' and she's screamin', gettin' horse  
But then I busted her gut, and that was that, so kick the chorus

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My homies are down, chillin' in the hood  
Got them hootchies, well they ain't no good  
To the other man, well she might be some good cat  
But the homies in the hood label her as a hood rat

She's standing there  
So those with game can dare  
And ooh, she'll pound that ass real fast  
If it ain't that big

And when your in that thing  
She'll make the homies sing  
Dubabwaa, dubabwaa, dubabwaa  
But you don't hear me doe

Ain't nuthin' wrong with being a Trojan man  
When ya ridin'  
So let's kick the chorus please  
If ya like it

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My homies crowding in this dope yellow Chevy  
2:03 to be prox  
Ken was kickin' that funk in the trunk  
Clean with the rag on top, yeah

Rollin' down the shore, guess what we saw  
Some hootchies  
They're fine as wine, is doggin' me  
She's showing booty

So I approached the freak of the week  
And I played it like a game of blackjack  
And for all that ass that she toted around  
Well I offered a backpack

And since I'm a mack  
Well, you know how the story goes  
So all ya bros, freaks ya know  
Here we go

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