

It's On, On Sight

E-40

Yeah

They want problems; soon them want me waxed, contracts on my ass
It's comin from the pen, they say I owe 'em cash
Dwellin off the past and they need it fast
But what they fai'lize is I'll be quick to blast
Die hard cold blooded killer all about my work
Dressed up like a female in a mini-skirt
Specialize in doin dirt - shootin niggaz in the shirt
Put the pistol in his mouth and make it hurt, ooh
Cutlass, guzzlin down a 40-ounce bottle of Swiss malt liquor brewsky
talkin to a cutie standin outside the movie theater
sittin on top of the hood of my Cutlass
Smokin on a non-filter pink pack colored edition cigarette
Clove-family affiliated cancer stick lookin +GANESH+ beadie
What the fuck? W here's the peace treaty?
Full of my Wheaties, yes indeedy, M-16's don't shoot no beebees
Programmed to amputate anything that gets off in my way
Then I put them same size left over bullets up in my A.K.
I can't wait 'til we bump heads

It on, on sight day and night no matter what I'm dumpin'
I'm tryin to see you niggas 'bout somethin'
"I'm heated, them niggas cheated" - We had a meetin', shit 'posed to been sq
uashed
Shit was 'posed to been squashed

I've got a hunch; meet me at the Olive Garden spot let's do lunch
Fool and dem tried to pass the buck and set us up for lumps
Sons of bitches must think we some chumps
Time to break out the pipe bombs and the pumps

Nigga fuck stress and pull lick, we kick in the door with full clips
Out of Magnums packin when we blast 'em we all out for the chips
FOol, 40-Water never slip, saw the niggaz quick and then dipped
Before we spark the pipe bombs, and blow them niggaz shit to
side-ways up off they block, poppin gears in a big block
All out non stop riders until our casket drop
We smashin, blastin on any, while I remember many
Dash and blastin double two-three's, fuck the enemies

One of my big dudes up out HPA shot me a kite today
He up in Pelican Bay three striker
Doin 25 with a L cause he won't tell on one of his
high-ranked dudes in position who wears a diaper
With the shit stacked on the side of his waist
blood splattered all on the windshield wiper
Somebody tried to take his face - caught him up in his Viper
Loose as a goose ass out tried to down him like a sniper
hyperventilated started havin' seizures
No feelings in his legs, arms, or his sneakers

We stand tall, like Manute Bol with bigger balls than RuPaul
Strapped with 4-4's down to execute all y'all
Don't want to see us niggas on a mission
150 round drum 45 slugs bitten
No remorse hit by the hardcore fo' sho'
Leave him stuck in his front seat

70 rounds through his front window
Ain't no fuckin' with G's
Fill 'em up to they neck from they knees
Leave 'em dyin' in the street as we escape on they goldeeze

[Chorus]