

They Be On It

Jay Rock

I keep them big ol 26's on deck,
stock 'lac gotta fresh paint pussy juice wet
And the bitches they be on it
Oh, man they be so on it
Whoa whoa
I got a fast car, Nascar
Yes 2 seater, stick shift,
Like some turbo jets
And the bitches they be on it
Oh man, they be so on it, oh

I pull up on them hoes,
Roll my windows down
Let my music out,
4 15's shake the ground
Smoking on that medical
Sipping on some medicine
Top dawg letterman
She wanna ride I let her in
She sexy than a motherfucker
Plus she brought her best friend
I guess thats a 2 for 1 party at the West end
5 star suites, bottles everywhere
Wanna fuck a star on the moon, I could take you there, bitch
I got a swagger of Mick Jagger,
If you want her, you can have her
I done had her, we done had her
They be shootin at my ladder
Cause I'm standing on a pedestel
She gon give me good head
Just kuz I'm ahead of you
Jay Rock flyer than Hancock no shit
I'm a king, fuck a prince
I don't know no Will Smith
I don't owe you niggaz shit
I'm a self-made nigga
Ain't that's why your bitch let me fuk on her for days nigga!

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Catch me in that fast lane, burners like I'm Max Payne
married to that money bitch, women want my last name
they be on my bumper mayne, screamin out OMG! O I B PIMP
2 P-A-C thats M.O.B, him or me? you choose
I ain't gotta do too much, I just lay back smoke my weed and turn my bottle
up
candy paint, leather guts, slide thru like an avalanche
We don't ride no Avalanche, so high I might never land

trips to never-never land, smokin on Afghanistan
a.k.a that kush nigga, I'm on Heaven's roof nigga
Big dawg I go WOOF nigga, don't make me let my goonz loose
Choppaz make you shit ya pants, thought you drunk some prune juice
swear that I'm immune to, stuntin hard, gettin paypa, ownin land, buyin acre
s
thats the reason why they hate us, I don't give a fuk
middle finger out the windooo, Beamer Benz or Bentley Ferrari sorry we Enzo
oo

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187 I'm killin em when I'm whippin it,
touch a corner its a murder whipe my fingerprints
I thot I tol yall, used to have them packs
in a black To-Yota, Macs by my scro-tum
Now its matchbox hot wheels when I roll up
always online stay connected like a modem
he tryna snap a pickcha, she bout to snap her neck
a real Blood pull up in a cherry cherry X
400 Horses, hollywood park it
chevy kinda awkward interior green and coffee
I shake them haterz off me, as if I had fleas
Im'a Top Dawg, rare breed, shoutout to Rare Breed
they keep them hogs runnin, and my garage is like the show I keep them cars
comin
you hear my name hummin in the streets, buzz big
Got ya bitch eye's rollin like my rims is!

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