

# 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 pedestal  
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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