

What We Do

KNOC-TURN'AL

For My nail shop Bitches
My hair shop bitches
That don't come outside until they look vicious
My blue rag niggaz, my red rag niggaz
Let's all unite and make the west coast bigga
Bring your chrome out, shine it up
Escalades to Impalas, Line 'em up
Let's bounce to the beach with a bitch or two
You can ride my shit, let me spit for you
This California livin' is the best on earth
Throw your hands up, represent your turf
Open bar, all night drinks for free
Just sing Knoc-Turn'al from LAC
Big D, in a brand new SUV
Nate Dogg got the bomb that he passed the G
Like it's supposed to be
Like I'm close to me
Like it's planned to be
Like a Family
Come On!

What we do (What We Do)
Every day (Every day)
They try to (They try to)
But they can't (But they can't)
Same bullshit (Same bullshit)
Different Day (Different Day)
Warren G (Warren G)
Can You Come Back To Me

Sometime it's hard to get a grip on what's really goin' on
When your days getting dark and your nights gettin' long
And everyones tryin ta hit a piece of these streets
I got beef wit OG's, my PO and Police
Please - how can I explain to these suckas
How I made motherfucker, come off nuthin
It wasn't my fault I went platinum off the gate
Lookin at me, I'm...?
Niggaz better practice patience
Fall back and step with all that act and anxious
Thank You
And you can see it on the face of the kids
When they recognize me for all the hits that I did
Who do we love, Nigga
G Dubb Nigga
Can't stay away I make a hit each day
And just so you know nigga the hits won't stop
So I'm putting in work till I fill my spot
Come On!

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Same bullshit (Same bullshit)
Different Day (Different Day)
Knoc-Turn'al (Knoc-Turn'al) (yay)

Can You Come Back To Me

Everybody want to know what's crackin wit Knoc-Turn'al
Ghetto Street narrator with an LA journal
Niggaz Got 6 4's hot enough to hop hurtles
On G's it's the colour purple with a tight circle
Difference is in the have and have nots
We have eaten, you have not
Blast and stuff glocks back and stash spots
Ass, tits, and hips, she got a whole lot
Knoc ain't never dropped the dime info or hoe
Whether I know or don't know an info
Even if I know where kilos of coke flow goes
I ain't never told a soul, my soul for no dough
We gangsta, fuck pop and go-go
I'm a bow-low, any man woman or beasted bro's against the west coast
LAC, Handle 'em
I don't need shit but I might get some magnums

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Can You Come Back To Me
(2x)