

# O It's On

Petey Pablo

Cause  
Whassup nigga?  
If a muthafucka would have told me years ago  
That the game today would be so fucked up...  
Common holla at cha boi  
That these muthafuckin niggas be runnin around here actin mo bitchy- fied  
Bitch niggas...  
wearin mo panty liners  
I see these niggas man  
Hehe... Lord this shit crazy then a muthafucka, but u know what,  
Tonight we gon handle that shit, we gon bring this to ya spot yao  
Ey yo speak on that shit!

95 percent of these supposed to be thugs is hoes  
With Victoria Secret panties crammin that ass hole  
Throwin the crooked finger dick ridin the west coast  
Them some real soldiers  
Y'all son of bitches, fonies  
I called it like I called it  
Think I'm wrong, step forward  
And get yo mind pushed in a science class bucket  
She's ain't at tough talking now that 50 got on  
Quit fantisizing bout that man life, and live yo own  
You ain't neva be hard, yo mammy titty fed you too long  
Probaly still suck it if she pulled it out and showed ya  
Tonite were gettin closure, I'm pointin out folks  
Pullin niggaz cards, exposin what ya hold  
I'm sorry if it feels you don't know me no more  
Just had some shit on my mind, in my chest I had to get off  
You can't judge a muthafuckin book by it's cover  
But I can spot a bitch a mile away  
Pardon me brotha

O it's on, get at me, bitch I'm gon slap the shit  
Whachu want, Drag, cummon, bring all the bitches  
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O it's on, get at me, bitch I'm gon slap the shit  
Whachu want, Drag, cummon, bring all (Here I go!) the bitches  
O it's on, get at me, bitch I'm gon slap the shit  
Whachu want, Drag, (Get em Buck!) Give em some, muthafucka

These niggaz catchin feelings  
They ain't men they women  
And he gay cause he with em and he trying to defend em  
So I say we should expose these hoes  
I think our fans should know we gon shoot up yo shows  
O it's on now (on now) Yahoo come on down  
I got a desert eagle with a silencer  
I swear it make no sound  
A 4.5 caliber with some bullets that so round  
50 took a look at it and told me to slow down  
Petey you need me nigga just holla and I got ya  
Throw on some Frank Sinatra and order me some pasta  
They fuckin with some mobstas  
See we can get it done, and I bet you at his funeral  
Nobody gon come

I ain't here to be beefin with no nigga to get a name  
If you pussie and show yo panties, I'm pullin out my thang  
Got a habit of smackin faggots with semi-automatics  
You niggas in trouble  
Buck and Petey back at it it's on nigga

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Whachu want, Drag, get ya some, muthafucka

Bend that bitch right there with all ya might  
If he say, anything in here tonight, u don't like!  
Bend that bitch right there with all ya might  
If he say, anything in here tonight, u don't like!

If you jump off in the club it's a jump off in the club  
She can tow up just get tore up like I give good fuck  
All the champagne I don bought bitch I done paid for this chair  
That I'm fittin to take and break across this some bitch head  
Look at bonecrusher very first verse he don read (10 ton!)  
That's on everything I love to drop dead (Bitch I ain't never scared!)  
Fuck around get a main artery cut in half  
Blood gushin out the side of your neck bleedin to death  
Needin a paramedic to reconnect n piecen you back together  
I don seen it happen too many times out here, hate it man  
It's gettin crucial out here n you takin this shit for granted  
Pussy punk, panty wearin mascara and page  
Blowpop suckin ass, juicy fruity crooked man  
Molested as a child, by the babysitter daddy  
Backstabbin motherfuckin crabs in a barell  
I can't stand em, but I bet I can handle em

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