

It's On

Richie Rich

Let's do this shit
Motherfuckers want their pockets sway

Motherfucker
You couldn't even fuck with this
'Cause in a major motherfucking way
It's on
It's like nick nack paddy wack give a Dogg a bone

I got a flow so sick it runs a temperature of 101
On a daily
That's what keeps pay me
And do I got three jobs I running this like Nicky D
So drive true
If I let you slide true
Could you fuck with a nigger with a resume
Rich will never play
And any rapper can come this way
So when I come bow down
100% I represent the east side of the Oaktown
I drop a props, with a flossy flow
But when he catch cha
It will get hectic
And I will respect it
And I'm that nigga serving tit for tat
Twamp for twamp into the valley of the deep swamp
I leave no stones alone when I bust
It's strictly mental
And sale your dope into my window
I kick your ass to the curve
And when you get served
I let you know
east side what I swearve
Now I coming up sheep
Beat after beat
Making nail of a 94 crew

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I'm from the Old School, yes indeed
I sale my right arm, for some go good weed
I went true a whole lot just to beat the tonic
And I refuse to lose the minor
My shit is real, plus some convince
And that's fake, like that silicon contour
I rather make, big bread and steak
Then regulate without any bitches help

But just like all you tower power
Niggas want to test their cholesterol
Nigga you are my nigga
And you don't get a dawn better
Niggas don't want to see me, but I'm that damn trigga
For guess, besides I get busy
Richer than bitches, but I really like your ball
That's what they gonna say back home
When I'll be gone
But it will be ball

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fool It's on
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Microphone three, ballin like Jordan
You punk, think you site a pain
In fact I know you came
True half of the shit you was claiming in the county
suckers on your jock
you claim you run the block
Pollytaim busta you cracked in half
Claimed you fooled a bank
But I know your bank stank
I lived around the corner
I've seen you fully smoked
Must I say some more
You ain't a buck or four
You sold your TV for a buck
'cause it was way to Leigh
And when they send you up state, I heard you gain some weight
So you're a baller
Lined on a youngsters quip
Got to think your sick
To representing your click
But you're a old school
Thinking too much hype
Yo, buy some Timmy on right, it got, *eeehhh* rally strike!
If they know your identity
You probably be a victim of a sticky
You ain't got to lie to kick it

Ain't no wagon
Nigga 40 and his cousin Richard Jackson

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4-1-5-1-0-7-0-7, the area

Biatch

There's no place like the bay

Where the naked hoochies play

And no whole in the wall

So, you can't see it all

Biatch