

Six 12's

Webbie

I ride down ya street you can hear me in ya den
Shakin niggas walls when I put it past 10
G-shit, I ain't even gotta rap in 'em
I like to play tha songs with alotta slap in 'em
The amp turned up so it sound like this
My girl ask me why I like it loud like this
I got the by 9s cross the back and I bet
You neva seen a nigga with tha' pound like this
I ride by the club and every body get loose
The hoes get to tootin', all the niggas get to bootin'
Don't nobody try me know I'm quick to get to shootin'
I'm known around town as the lit nigga with the music
And I'm doin' all good, and the cake not bad
I ain't lyin' if I tried I could break my glass
The police pull me over and they raid my cash
Man they be wishin' they could take my ass

I got six 12's(u can tell) (Repeat 11X)
I got alotta people wanna steal my shit
I got six 12's u can hear my shit

Man I really be trunken, man I really be beatin'
U can hear when I'm comin, you can hear when I'm leavin'
I got it hooked up the sickest so ain't no since in competin'
Man yo shit is the cheapest, you might blow out ya speakas
And we blowin' and all, I got warrants and all
Done looked down at the phone, I done missed a few calls
Me and boosie was thuggin', ballin' out on the rent
He was tellin' me sumthin' but I couldn't much hear it
'Cause the music was bumpin', I could barely much see em
'Cause we was smokin' on sumthin' that we just got from Korea
All the hatas was watchin' as they was checkin' the paint
All the bitches was jockin', they look at us and faint
We done came to the top but niggas thought that we cant
Man this lil nigga trippin', he done waste all his drank
On my brand new interior you know the leather is mink
But I'm way past straight so that ain't nuthin' to me

Now when I cut it up to 8 you hear that boom bing bow bam
I block around the club, they be like oohhwwee god damn
Every body lookin' tryin' to see who I am
Cut that numba 9 on when I play that trill fam
Two supa charged amps with the air conditioner fans
The pipes sound good and the motor is a man
Lil mama wanna ride but I sorta made plans
I gotta go get my cousin 'cause he fresh up out the pen
Then I'm goin' scoop Webbie, he goin' park the drop top
Just got my 94 caprice up out tha' chop shop
Six pioneers mounted up in a block box
Me and shell buckin' give a fuck if the cops watch
Old jams make then old folks wanna pop lock
Check me if you want, get yo stupid ass glock popped
Every wipp a nigga ride gotta be top notch
We don't play a song in that bitch if it ain't got knock