

Get Ignit

Westside Connection

Security, yall might as well throw me out a this bitch right now
Get ignit, ge.. ge.. get ignit
Look, my garage is not a mirage
I got a car collage for my entourage
We like Dolomite when we stop at the light
Cause the rims keep spinnin' and the bitches keep grinnin'
And these niggas keep winnin', and they must be sinnin'
Cause all they do is party with a whole lotta women now,
My Grand-mamma even call me a dummy
An ignit little bastard how I'm spendin' my money I tell her,
That's why your not as fly as your grandson,
Handsome with a pocket full of ransom,
It ain't trickin' if you got, pull it out'cha pocket,
Baby drop it like a hydraulic
Shake it like your super-sonic
Make me psychotic when that booty look bionic
So if you see the crowd movin'
Nigga don't be scared it's just us payers, come on

Just like you figured, I'm whippin' niggas,
And we all witit, get ignit
To all the booty shakers, to all the money makers,
Fuck the undertakers, get ignit
Shake it all about ,turn the party out,
Pour Bacardi out, get ignit
If you full grown, and you tryin' to bone,
Fuck goin' home, get ignit

I keeps it way mean for the green, more muscle than a hawk,
And whether it's soft or hard I sells it all in bulk,
And it ain't no secret, we puts it all down in front of ya,
With a D cartel from Cali to Columbia,
And I'm so hood with it, man it's hard to explain,
Accuse anybody my OG's is to blame,
And I'm so cold wit it it's like ice in my veins,
Knee deep it the game, I'll put a price on your brains,
See me, I can double up twice with dem thangs,
Put it on a plane, with it strapped tight to the frame fuck it,
Even move 'em on a bus or the train
Mack dime the dopeman pushin' dust and the caine
When I bust through green yard, when I'm back I'm fat
Got that rubber band cabbage, ten thousand a stack,
I know them folks on me homie, got me under attack,
I'm still pullin' on a cuban with a big cup of gnac come on

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Yeah,
Off the richter, gettin' ignit,
Who the nigga drinkin' dark liquor, hittin' up the neighborhood watch member

S,
Zoned out, with the Kandy Brougham out,
Rag on my mirror, with the brains blown out,
Dub Cizzle, I'm in these streets, not industry,
And there ain't no remedy, for these penitentiary tendencies,
Bang loose with the strap cocked heat,
Some figurin' niggas still bailin' through the swap meet,
Janky, I'm full of that Hanky, in the six double zero,
Smokin' weed eatin' chili cheese fritos

Fuck with Dub nigga I'll knock your french braids out,
Get it understood, I bang the hood,
No falsehood, it's all good
All mine I keep it all hood,
Gettin' it, pussy I'm hittin' it,
Drinkin' till I'm belligerent,
Turn this up and watch Dub get ignit nigga

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