

# Lights Out

## Westside Connection

Now that's cool  
You know  
I chill wit ch'all though a little bit  
Fuck the music  
I ain't give a fuck about that nigga  
And he came hittin my weed  
He came drinkin my Hen'  
Matter fact if I see him in traffic, even know y'all fuck with him  
It's on

All lights are on  
This is for the G in me, let's go (let's go)  
Would ya party on with me? (get it crackin in this motherfucker)  
Lights out  
I'll give you everything you need, and more

On the mic I been a deamon since seamen  
How you screamin': Oh mama, here come that young O'Sama  
With that Al-Quaida drama  
Fuck no  
It's the Dalai Lama, wit that West World Order  
Now MC's Bow Down and treat me like Yoda  
When they catch me in the corner after club  
Like "nigga whuut", they t'ow up the dub  
So you can tell Samuel L. I'ma keep ac'in  
You can even tell that motherfucker Jassie Jackson  
Pay your child suport, keep your payments up  
Put a rubber on and don't fuck wit us

All lights are on  
This is for the G in me, let's go  
Would ya party all with me?  
Lights out  
I'll give you everything you need, and more

Mack pull up in the rag, Cevy layed the ass  
And crumble green on a Zig-Zag and lacein' with hash  
I keep a 9mm cocked and ready to blast  
So when the phone jump off a nigga ready to smash  
I drink my 'gnac out the bottle  
I don't fuck wit a glass  
And I ain't sip trippin dog, that's a thing of the past  
And I stay in good shape so my stamina last  
And put hands on a motherfucker bout my cash  
I was a stick up kid, I snatch your chain and dash  
And if the pawn shop wanted it I bound it fast  
Or I'm creepin through your window breakin out your glass  
Then I rob the whole party lookin through a ski-mask, c'mon

All lights are on  
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Would ya party all with me?  
Lights out  
I'll give you everything you need, and more

From the land of the Lakers, bird brakers, Impala Peddles  
While we chop dollars wit those in Supremo's

It's the check a hoe, when the cutlass checkin doe  
So so ghetto Dub let's rep the boat

Ball griddy but a crew a hog's wit me  
And V.I.P. yo from mad dog 20/20  
Dub C. chunkin up at 23th  
And better go still swiss hangin' like a testicle

Lick 1, 2 to the nose, my butt was swaz, huh  
Take my picture, trick my foe's posein' like the heisman  
I'm burnin' money, tryna slice some in you tummy (what)  
Leave your panties gummy, have you walkin funny, trick

All lights are on  
This is for the G in me, let's go  
Would ya party all with me?  
Lights out  
I'll give you everything you need, and more

Ooooo...Lights Out  
Ooooo...Lights Out  
Ooooo...Lights Out