

E-40, It's On

[Bone] Nah nah nah nahhh

[E-40] The giant mayne

[Bone] Nah na-na nah nahhh

[E-40] E-40

[Bone] Ah-ha, nah nah nah nahh

[E-40] Bone Crusher

[Bone] Thug niggaz be

[E-40] Cotton Mouf

[Bone] Actin like they tough and thangs y'know

[Bone] And I chuckle at 'em

[Bone] I don't think they wanna fight me!

[Bone] They don't wanna have no tussle situations

[Bone] Hahahaha, this is fightin music

[Bone] And let's do this like this!

[Chorus 2X: Bone Crusher]

It's on, nigga! Nah nah nah nahh (ha)

Nah na-na nah nahhh (ha? HA!)

Nah nah nah nahh (HA!!)

Nah na-na nah nahhh - NIGGA SAY WHAT?

[Bone Crusher]

Who want it? Let the, beating begin

Hubba Bubba motherfuckers where will the trickery end

I'M A FAT BOY! Master self within

Punishment is handed out, from the anvil's bend

This ain't for play niggaz so, hoe-nigga pray

that I don't see yo' ass on judgment day

Before God get'cha I'ma cleave ya and butch' ya

Oh you scared now nigga, do you need a tissue?

YOU BITCH NIGGA!

[Chorus]

[E-40]

We hard on the boulevard

Marijuana prescriptions, fake ID's and cannabis club cards

We some hitters, y'all some snitches

Pillow-talkin and sellin wolf tickets

Runnin off at the mouth, hidin up in the house

Scared like a mouse I presume, young tycoon

Hidin up under the sink, runnin from the streetsweeper boom

Plead the fifth is what I sip as I drink, and sip 'gnac

Hard top Cadillac, fo'-door tank

You tryin to get brownie points

Him feelin himself, him off incredibles

But now check this though

Potnah ain't gon' crack an egg in a potato salad vegetables

Somebody call my attorney

cause he gon' be leavin up outta here on a gurney

Takin my kindness for all kind of weakness

gotta let him know I ain't phony

I'm into, feudin tycoonin and bossin, flossin and sippin

Tryin to holla at a broad but her boyfriend over there trippin

Cause she done, broke up with his ass cause he lazy and good for nothin

I'm a hustlin-ass street nigga that's really about somethin - BEOTCH!

[Chorus]

[Cotton Mouf]

Hoe it's on motherfucker quit bumpin your gums

All that low-rate talk, need to check your funds

'Fore you make a sammich potnah need to toast your buns

Hell I want the whole loaf while you're fightin for crumbs

Real niggaz to the flo', hoe-niggaz hit the do'
By the time I hit the scene I'm lookin for the good smoke
Boy I'm lookin for that bitch that got the hot throat
Hell I'm from G.A. bitch, better act like you know

[Chorus]

[Chorus] - this time without "It's on, nigga" either repeat