

# E-40, It's On, On Sight

(feat. C-Bo)

(\*Screeching tires, gunshots, broken glass, sirens and screaming\*)  
Yeah (3x)

[E-40]

They want problems; soon them want me waxed, contracts on my ass  
It's comin from the pen, they say I owe 'em cash  
Dwellin off the past and they need it fast  
But what they fai'lize is I'll be quick to blast  
Die hard cold blooded killer all about my work  
Dressed up like a female in a mini-skirt  
Specialize in doin dirt - shootin niggaz in the shirt  
Put the pistol in his mouth and make it hurt, ooh  
Cutlass, guzzlin down a 40-ounce bottle of Swiss malt liquor brewsky  
talkin to a cutie standin outside the movie theater  
sittin on top of the hood of my Cutlass  
Smokin on a non-filter pink pack colored edition cigarette  
Clove-family affiliated cancer stick lookin +GANESH+ beadie  
What the fuck? W here's the peace treaty?  
Full of my Wheaties, yes indeedy, M-16's don't shoot no beebees  
Programmed to amputate anything that gets off in my way  
Then I put them same size left over bullets up in my A.K.  
I can't wait 'til we bump heads

Chorus:

It on, on sight day and night no matter what I'm dumpin'  
I'm tryin to see you niggas 'bout somethin' (2x)

&quot;I'm heated, them niggas cheated&quot; - 3X (in background)  
We had a meetin', shit 'posed to been squashed (3x)

Shit was 'posed to been squashed

[E-40]

I've got a hunch; meet me at the Olive Garden spot let's do lunch  
Fool and dem tried to pass the buck and set us up for lumps  
Sons of bitches must think we some chumps  
Time to break out the pipe bombs and the pumps

[C-Bo]

Nigga fuck stress and pull lick, we kick in the door with full clips  
Out of Magnums packin when we blast 'em we all out for the chips  
FOol, 40-Water never slip, saw the niggaz quick and then dipped  
Before we spark the pipe bombs, and blow them niggaz shit to  
side-ways up off they block, poppin gears in a big block  
All out non stop riders until our casket drop  
We smashin, blastin on any, while I remember many  
Dash and blastin double two-three's, fuck the enemies

Chorus

[E-40]

One of my big dudes up out HPA shot me a kite today  
He up in Pelican Bay three striker  
Doin 25 with a L cause he won't tell on one of his  
high-ranked dudes in position who wears a diaper  
With the shit stacked on the side of his waist  
blood splattered all on the windshield wiper  
Somebody tried to take his face - caught him up in his Viper  
Loose as a goose ass out tried to down him like a sniper  
hyperventilated started havin' seizures  
No feelings in his legs, arms, or his sneakers

[C-Bo]

We stand tall, like Manute Bol with bigger balls than RuPaul  
Strapped with 4-4's down to execute all y'all  
Don't want to see us niggas on a mission  
150 round drum 45 slugs bitten  
No remorse hit by the hardcore fo' sho'  
Leave him stuck in his front seat  
70 rounds through his front window  
Ain't no fuckin' with G's  
Fill 'em up to they neck from they knees  
Leave 'em dyin' in the street as we escape on they goldeeze

Chorus