

B-Legit, City To City

E-40:

C-C-L-I-C-K-C-K
Shit don't S-M-O-B
Smob shit
Check it
V-Town in this bitch
Studio Ton

I'm in some deep shit
Got some niggaz from another click
On that ass tryin' to run me off the f**kin' cliff
What should I do, where should I go, how could I fake 'em?
Bust a bitch on that ass and try to shake em' bake 'em
Call up cousin B on the phone, all 'cause I be in a little
bit of trouble, a fruithead out here tryin' to turn your kinfolk
into a vegetable
But I'm hexa-smart smebsin' high performance Dodge
They in a Buick Skylark

B-Legit:

Meet me at the fo' niggaz
Got the dough sit real low
I'm on the roof with the fo' fo'
Drive slow
What they ridin'
I'm aiming for they engine block
And when they stop I'm closin' down on they shop
Suga baby they done f**ked up
Won't you wait in the cut
While I bust and buck on these nuts
F**k mercy on a nigga tryin to take mine
Mobb shit with the click'll happen every time

D-Shot:

Heard some shots
Fireworks fully auto chops
Sound like they come from around my corner near my knot spot
Must be folks they done f**ked around and went to war
I know the sound that's my nigga B's fo' fo'
On the scene they say a nigga got peeled back
A Skylark wrapped around my neighbor's Cadillac
A pretty sight but a nigga can't say that though
Hot ones echo through the ghetto (through the getto Bitch!)

Levitti:

Hot ones echo through the ghetto
(No gat too black sent hot ones to the back)
Hot ones echo through the ghetto
(Ridin' shotgun lettin' loose hot ones)
Hot ones echo through the ghetto
(But if hollow points is fired niggaz better duck)
Hot ones echo through the ghetto
(Hollow point hot ones dipped in garlic)

Suga-T:

I'm in the underbucket
Blastin in the cut
It's the glock goin' buck buck buck
I'm like damn whats up
I had that glock that fit the script
Some of that high powered shit
'cause all along I was smoking out them tricks
Hot ones echo through the ghetto lit
This way that-a way I split them dope fiend's wigs

They had me f**ked up
Ph-ing on my click
We pound the frowns on those punk ass bitches

B-Legit:
See your nigga be's a ridah
Hops inside
7-4 malibu with the do dirt crew
What they wanna do
I ain't shootin' for the stars
Cars or homes
I'm from the town leaving bodies face down
I'm tryin' to stay real 'cause niggaz they will
Put you in the cross, f**k around have you halled off
I got moss with the these fools in a major way
Down and dirty to my death day

E-40:
Gotta watch them riff raffs
Hittin on you when you piss-ass niggaz
Wanna slap my kizz-ass
Might as well have pussy ass niggaz
Hot ones echo through the ghetto bullets ricochet
Bush comin' sheriff better duck that ass down in the bathtub
Dope track late night should be poppin' bein it's off the hook
See if they stay fienden' foamin' at the mouth better feed them rook
Niggaz better be careful just like jell-o shit be goin'
through metal, sheetrock and stucco hot ones echo through the ghetto

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Hot ones echo through the ghetto
Hot ones echo through the ghetto
Hot ones echo through the ghetto
(Where they echo at where they echo at nigga?)
Hot ones echo through the ghetto
(B-Legit, you up in this bitch with me nigga)
(Fa sho' boy)
(C-L-I-C-K while...)
Shit is funky
Better keep a Trey-eight, quit the bullshit
Better be bullet-proofed out
Better sleep on the floor if you wanna survive
Better know about those hot ones
I said you better know about those hot ones
You better know about those hot ones
'cause' ain't no names when they fly