Petey Pablo, O It's On

P. B. Cuz...
Y. B. Whassup nigga?
P. B. If a muthafucka would have told me years ago
That the game today would be so fucked up...
Y. B. Common holla at cha boi
P. B. That these muthafuckin niggas be runnin around here actin mo bitchy- fied
Y. B. Bitch niggas...
P. B. (?)
Y. B. I see these niggas man
P. B. hehe... Lord this shit crazy then a muthafucka, but u know what
Tonight we gon handle that shit, we gon bring this to ya spot yao
Y. B. Ey yo speak on that shit!

Verse 1 (Petey Pablo)

95 Percent of these supposed to be thugs is hoes
With Victoria Secret panties crammin that ass hole
Throwin the crooked finger dick ridin the west coast
Them some real soldiers
Y'all son of bitches, fonies
I called it like I called it
Think im wrong, step forward
And get yo mind pushed in a science class bucket
She in to tough talkin now that 50 got on
Quit fantisizing bout that man life, and live yo own
You aint neva be hard, yo mammy titty fed you too long
Probaly still suck it if she pulled it out and showed ya
Tonite were gettin closure, im pointin out folks
Pullin niggaz cards, exposin what ya hold
Im sorry if it feels you dont know me no more
Just had some shit on my mind, in my chest I had to get off
You cant judge a muthafuckin book by its cover
But I can spot a bitch a mile away
Pardon me brotha

Chorus

O its on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, cummon, bring all the bitches
O its on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, cummon, bring all the bitches
O its on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, cummon, bring all (Here I go!) the bitches
O its on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, (Get em Buck!!) Give em some, muthafucka

Verse 2 (Young Buck)

These niggaz catchin feelings
They aint men they women
And he gay cuz he wit em and he trying to defend em
So I say we should expose these hoes
I think our fans should know we gon shoot up yo shows
O its on now (on now) Yeah I can cummon down
I got a desert eagle wit a silencer
I swear it make no sound
A 4. 5 caliber with some bullets that so round
50 Took a look at it and told me to slow down
Petey you need me nigga just holla and I got ya
Throw on some Frank Sinatra and order me some pasta
They fuckin with some mobstas
See we can get it done, and I bet you at his funeral
Nobody gon come
I ain't here to be beefin wit no nigga to get a name

If you pussie and show yo panties, im pullin out my thang
Got a habit of smackin faggots with semi-automatics
You niggas in trouble
Buck and Petey back at it its on nigga

Chorus

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Whachu want, Drag, cummon, bring all the bitches
O its on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, get ya some, muthafucka

Bridge:
Bend that bitch right there wit all ya might
If he say, anything in here tonight, u dont like!
Bend that bitch right there wit all ya might
If he say, anything in here tonight, u dont like!

Verse 3 (Petey Pablo)

If you jump off in the club its a jump off in the club
She can tow up just get toed up like I give a good Buck
All the champagne I don bought bitch I done paid for this chair
That im fittin to take and break across this zombies head
Look at bonecrusher very first verse he don read (10 ton!)
Thats on everything I love to drop dead (Bitch I aint never scared!)
Fuckin round get a main artery cut in half
Blood gushin out the side of ur neck bleedin to death
Needin a paramedic to reconnect n piecen you back together
I don seen it happen too many times out here, hate it man
Its gettin crucial out here n you takin this shit for granted
Pussy punk, panty wearin mascara faggot
Blowpop suckin ass, juicy fruity crooked man
Molested as a child, by the babysitter daddy
Backstabbin motherfuckin crabs in a barell
I cant stand em, but I bet I can handle em

Chorus
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