

## Salt N Pepa F/ Alpha Omega

### "Speak on It"

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#### [ VERSE 1 ]

Introducin the Westside Strangler, bangin with the fixtures  
Mashin in this hot Coupe De Ville with blue twisters  
I just got it waxed, now I'm true without a doubt  
Dippin down Alondra on my way to the south  
The big homie [Name] bet a g, a whole ounce  
He said it wasn't hot, I made him watch the back-bounce  
Ah, back in traffic, feelin like the last pimp  
Hit the three-wheel, made a left on Kemp  
I dropped by my old crib just to see it's all good  
The little homies moved in the spot with Lil' Wood  
See, niggas this way don't give a damn about you hoes  
We find real estate in the midst of robbin yo's  
With Benzis and trucks, plenty cavi for the clucks  
Keep a eye on who's who and muthafuck what's what  
For all gees who got it poppin in they hood for the moment  
It's the gangsta King T, show me love loc, cause I'ma speak on it

#### [ CHORUS ]

Ah, that's that gee shit (mobbin through your hood)  
Move on gangstas, move on  
Move on gangstas, move on  
Ah, that's that gee shit (mobbin through your hood)  
Groove on hustlers, groove on  
Groove on hustlers, groove on

#### [ VERSE 2 ]

Man, the night comes and a gangsta's intuition  
I hops in my 'burban, limited edition  
I'm lookin for a Lakewood hoe, that's my mission  
I'm through with fuckin Hawthorne tramps, they be snitchin  
What will it be, Pepper's or that spot Paradise?  
They keep a flock of girls but you gotta dress nice  
Suckers, I'm a gee, I got some ( ? ) I ain't touched  
Feathered Borsalinos with Armani in my clutch  
Nigga what, raised by ballers, I'm legit

And if you don't believe, ask Freeway Rick  
You don't believe Rick, well ask my homie Big Jess  
Or his brother Big Droop, OG's, nothin less  
It's many niggas drinkin that gangsta juice  
But I done seen none of y'all when it was time to truce  
And I was at [Name] Park squashin beef with  
opponents  
While your ass was at your mansion eatin pussy punk,  
speak on it

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3 ]

These busters better recognize what's comin  
Dancin on D's with the Alpine humpin  
Every since the child knew the ways to live foul  
Now I bust rhymes like a cool criminal  
Alcoholic chronic-smokin niggas know the deal  
Gun-totin, mouth-tapin niggas know I'm real  
I represent the West to the fullest extent  
A Southern California Hub City resident  
Yes yes y'all, it's not a secret no more  
I got lyrics out the ass and they all hardcore  
Like that, comin with that West Coast strap  
Guaranteed to civilize a nigga talkin smack  
What you wanna do us, do your dance like you do it  
This one's for my people up in Texas, watch em screw it  
Tight conversation hits the speakers for the moment  
But if your ass can't comprehend fool, speak on it

[ CHORUS ]

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