Westside Connection "Get Ignit"

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Security, y'all might as well Throw me out a this bitch right now Get ignit, get ignit

Look, my garage is not a mirage I got a car collage for my entourage We like Dolomite when we stop at the light 'Cause the rims keep spinnin' and the bitches keep grinnin'

And these niggas keep winnin', so they must be sinnin' 'Cause all they do is party with a whole lot a women now

My grand-mamma even call me a dummy An ignit little bastard, how I'm spendin' my money, I tell her

That's why your not as fly as your grandson Handsome with a pocket full of ransom It ain't trickin' if you got, pull it out'cha pocket Baby drop it like a hydraulic, shake it like your supersonic

Make me psychotic when that booty look bionic So if you see the crowd movin' Nigga don't get scared, it's just us payers, come on

Just like you figured, I'm with my niggas
And we all wit it, get ignit
To all the booty shakers, to all the money makers
Fuck the undertakers, get ignit
Shake it all about, turn the party out
Pour Bacardi out, get ignit
If you full grown, and you tryin' to bone
Fuck goin' home, get ignit

I keeps it way mean for the green, more muscle than a

And whether it's soft or hard, I sells it all in bulk
And it ain't no secret, we puts it all down in front of you
With a D Cartel from Cali to Columbia
And I'm so hood with it, man it's hard to explain
Accuse anybody, my O G's is to blame
And I'm so cold wit it, it's like ice in my veins

Knee deep it the game, I'll put a price on your brains

See me, I can double up twice with dem thangs Put it on a plane, with it strapped tight to the frame, fuck it

Even move 'em on a bus or the train

Mack Dime, the dopeman, pushin' dust and the 'caine

When I bust through green yard, when I'm back, I'm fat

Got that rubber band cabbage, ten thousand a stack

I know them folks on me homie, got me under attack

I'm still pullin' on a Cuban with a big cup of gnac come

on

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Yeah, off the Richter, gettin' ignit
Who the nigga drinkin' dark liquor?
Hittin' up the neighborhood watch members
Zoned out, with the Kandy Brougham out
Rag on my mirror with the brains blown out
Dub Cizzle, I'm in these streets not industry
And there ain't no remedy for these penitentiary
tendencies
Bang loose with the strap cocked heat
Some figurin' niggas still bailin' through the swamp
meat

Janky, I'm full of the hanky, in the six double zero
Smokin' weed eatin' chili cheese Fritos
Under the legal [Incomprehensible]
Fuck with Dub nigga, I'll knock your French braids out
Get it understood, I bang the hood
No falsehood, it's all good, all mine, I keep it all hood
Gettin' it, pussy I'm hittin' it, drinkin' till I'm belligerent
Turn this up and watch Dub get ignit, nigga

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