

## The Golden Girls

### "On Me"

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[Intro: Kurupt]

I ain't got a problem with nobody, right?  
This is Young Gotti, but I got a problem with you  
Cause you got a problem with me  
Yeah nigga... keeping it real G'd up  
Hitting niggaz like +Boo-Yaa!+ punk  
What the fuck nigga!

[Verse 1: Ganxta Ridd]

I'm Ridd rhyming, I'm non existant  
I'm just a daily, first to burn a convalescent  
I'm the example of learning less  
I'm spitting possible with two Wesson's, no questions  
I'm the question with no guessing  
I'm kind of stressing more pounds than two  
jurisdictions  
These rappers don't want prohibition  
I will convict him  
I'm the West Coast redemption  
Target, Coast Ridah, boost eye for an eye  
My blood line banging until the eight frame die  
I snuggle up the gun, full grip  
Them eyes on my dinero, then analyze this  
Real out the game, send them on their way to re-admit  
Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E., ain't nothing changed, crowned and  
convinced  
Pimp slap bitches and hoes and gangster slap pimps  
And when I went through, it's that GANGSTER SHIT

[Chorus: Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E., Kurupt]

[Boo-Yaa] Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, gangsta..  
[Kurupt] You know what I'm talking about  
[Boo-Yaa] You get them fast then..  
[Boo-Yaa] Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, gangsta..  
[Boo-Yaa] This one's on me  
[Boo-Yaa] Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, gangsta..  
[Kurupt] Gangsta, right?  
[Boo-Yaa] You get them fast then..  
[Boo-Yaa] Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, gangsta..  
[Boo-Yaa] This one's on me

[Verse 2: Kurupt]

G's, T's, where y'all at?  
Riders, that's what y'all are (are)  
I'm a for real front line folder  
I fold front lines and then push they backs over  
Mama ain't raised no busters (busters)  
And mama ain't raised no punks!  
We'll meet front to front  
Left the parking lot nigga, see what y'all want (nigga)  
Ten toes, ten fingertips  
Niggaz don't really want to trip  
They want to catch a nigga twenty deep (deep)  
And catch niggaz thinking they could sleep (sleep)  
Ain't no sleeping in a G zone nigga  
BC rider and they every ball nigga  
Boo-Yaa and Gotti the original, told y'all nigga  
Yeah run through this motherfucker, G'd up huh?  
G cut Timbs from the feet up huh?

[Chorus: Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E.] - (w/ minor variations)

[Verse 3: Ganxta Ridd]

They love it when I bang through  
Sex them all like a truce, fade them all like a rendez  
vous  
I'm hitting senders like I'm hitting switches  
Lay bikes like a pipe, play a brick and then they all my  
bitches  
Who's that?, y'all niggaz beef  
It's that motherfucker cause I'm getting plot money  
Envisioning balls, I'm wishing nuts and jaws  
Fuck them trick fools that don't want us to ball  
We street flavor, Blood we all involved  
I'm all up in the guts quit ticking and crawl  
Pass the free fall, fuck the free shows  
Slap the hoe all, paws that explode  
Motherfuckers die trying mode  
Ganxta come on call me Ganxta Ridd  
B.C.D.P. B.T. for sure  
West West, East Side, .45 reload

[Chorus: Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E.] - (w/ minor variations) +  
(Repeat 2X)

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