

Styles P f/ Akon

"Can U Believe It"

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* first single; send corrections to the typist

[Styles P and Akon talking]

what up Jon (testing one, two, three)

what up Kon (convict music)

lets go (can you believe it?)

[Verse 1]

fresh white tee (fresh)

fresh car walls (fresh)

summertime hood niggaz look like stars (look like stars)

lewellery drip, fresh white airs (frsh white airs)

mummy shake it up keep your ass right there (ohh can you believe it?)

my man got liquor and my cups right here (I got my cup)

I can smell smoke pass the dutch right here (pass that dutch)

nigga pass that, Capri pants with the waist cut off

I wanna smash that (ohh can you believe it?)

party ran pack, mingling baby

and I can LL shake, you jingling baby

back your ass up, I'm a start tingling baby

we can have more fun if wiggling baby (yea can you believe it?)

P hit the club with a dutch and a dub with it

nigga don't cuff it if you ain't in love with it

Matter fact let the grub get it

please don't hate cause at least you can say you was with it

[Chorus]

Can you believe it?

Get a break and get off the streets

clear my mind from the shit I see

In a world full of smoke

contact from the weed

thats when it really bond on me

I'm a be here for life

I ain't never gonna leave

the ghetto is all that I know
It's just another day in the hood my nigga playing back
trying get this dough
yellin out ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
all up in the club and you know how we roll
squad deep like ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
bad little bitches with their booty on score trying to beat
like
ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
know your ass feel it cause its outta control
Let me hear you say ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Let me hear you say ohhhhhhhh ohhhhhh
Can you believe it?

[Verse 2]

big ass truck (big new truck), brand new rims
tank top yankee (tank top yankee), tanned out Tims
bracelet, chain, fronts bob thin (fronts bob thin)
new tattoos, new black shoes (hey can you believe it?)
gucci, Ermays, do that too (do that too)
wanna feel the breeze get a new black coupe
nigga drop the top, come through the hood
put a hundred on your three or your foul line shot
(ohhh ohhh ohhhhhh can you believe it?)
lending outfits all on the bus (all of us on the bus)
cause none of us could see a summer without trips
(none of us can see it)
mad hoops so the little boys might bark at you
but they all act good if the hood bothers you

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

basketball tournaments, pitbull pups
ladies in the club poring Chris in cups
Niggaz in the jail calling home on the phone (they
locked up)
but you still trying to act like ain't shit enough (and now
can you believe it?)
mad sieves in the park, mad fights in the park
Niggaz talk how they run every night from the narcs
aside from the light to the dark (light to the dark)
then the dark to the light
I wanna smoke but I could search for my life

[Verse 4]

Can you believe it? I done spent ten again
watching her bend again, dancing for many men
tell me have ever though about getting in (have you
ever thought)
a room full of convicts and D Block militants (D block

militants)
we'll show you the time of your life (time of your life)
you can occupy my passenger side (come on girl)
introduce you to the street life
watch you fall in love after just one night
ohhhhhhhhhhhh all up in the club
and you know how we roll, squad deep like
ohhhhhhhhhhhh
bad little bitches with their booty on score
trying to beat like ohhhhhhhhhh
know your ass feel it cause its outta control
Let me hear you say ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Let me hear you say ohhhhhhhh ohhhhhh
Can you believe it?

(Styles P and Akon talking)

Can you believe It? (Can you believe it?)
Lil Jon, Akon, S.P. the Ghost
Feel what we trying to do (Can you believe it?)
Can you believe it?

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