

Styles P f/ Akon

"Can You Believe It"

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[Styles P] + (Akon)
What up John (testing 1-2-3)
What up 'Kon
Hah (ay)
Let's go (Konvict Music.. can you believe it?)

[Styles P] + (Akon)
Fresh white tee, fresh car wash
Summertime hood niggaz look like stars
Jewelry drip, fresh white Airs
Mami shake it up, keep your ass right there
(Ohhh can you believe it?)
My man got liquor and my cup's right here
I can smell smoke pass the dutch right here
Nigga pass that, Capri pants
with the waist cut off, I wanna smash that
(Ohhh can you believe it?)
Party and pack, minglin baby
Knockin LL shit, you "Jinglin' Baby?"
Back your ass up or I'ma start tinglin baby
We can have more fun than Ringaling baby
(Ohhh 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 your grub get it
Please don't hate cause at least you can say you was
with it

[Chorus: Akon]
Can you believe it?
I take a little 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
That's when it really dawned on me
That I'ma be here for life, ain't never gon' leave
The ghetto's all that I know
It's just another day in the hood my nigga
Layin back trying get this dough
Yellin out ohhh-ohhhh
All up in the club and you know how we roll
Squad deep like ohhh-ohhhh

Bad little bitches with they booty on swoll
I'm tryin to peep like ohhh-ohhhh
Know yo' ass feel it cause it's outta control
Let me hear you say ohhh-ohhhh
Let me hear you say ohhhhh-ohhhh; can you believe It?

[Styles P]

Big-ass truck, brand new rims
Tanktop Yankee, tanned out Timbs
Bracelet, chain, fronts popped in
New tattoos, new black shoes
(Hey, can you believe it?)
Gucci, Urbes, we 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 can you believe it?)
Linen outfits, all on the bus
Cause none of us can see a summer without trips
Mad hot so the little boys might bother you
But they all act good if the hood bother you

[Chorus]

[Styles P]

Basketball tournaments, pitbull pups
Ladies in the club pourin Crist' in cups
Niggaz in the jail callin home on the phone (cause they
"Locked Up")
But you still tryin to act like ain't shit rough
Mad cyphers in the park, mad fights in the park
Niggaz talk how they run every night from the NARC's
Outside from the light to the dark, then the dark to the
light
I wanna smoke but I could search for my life

[Akon]

Can you believe it? I done spent ten again
Wtching her bend again, dancin for many men
Tell me have ever thought of gettin in
In a room full of Konvicts and D-Block militants
They'll show you the time of your life
You can occupy my passenger side
Introduce you to the street life
Watch you fall in love after just one night
Ohhh-ohhhh
All up in the club and you know how we roll
Squad deep like ohhh-ohhhh
Bad little bitches with they booty on swoll
I'm tryin to peep like ohhh-ohhhh
Know yo' ass feel it cause it's outta control

Let me hear you say ohhh-ohhhh
Let me hear you say ohhhhh-ohhhh; can you believe It?

[Styles P] + (Akon)
Can you believe it? (Can you believe it?)
(Can you believe it?) Lil' Jon, Akon, S.P. the Ghost
Feel what we tryin to do (Can you believe it?)
Can you believe it, hahahaha~!
(Can you believe it?) (Can you believe it?) {*echoes*}

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