

E-40 f/ Bone Crusher, Cotton Mouf

"It's On"

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[Bone] Nah nah nah nahhh
[E-40] The giant mayne
[Bone] Nah na-na nah nahhh
[E-40] E-40
[Bone] Ah-ha, nah nah nah nahh
[E-40] Bone Crusher
[Bone] Thug niggaz be
[E-40] Cotton Mouf
[Bone] Actin like they tough and thangs y'know
[Bone] And I chuckle at 'em
[Bone] I don't think they wanna fight me!
[Bone] They don't wanna have no tussle situations
[Bone] Hahahaha, this is fightin music
[Bone] And let's do this like this!

[Chorus 2X: Bone Crusher]
It's on, nigga! Nah nah nah nahh (ha)
Nah na-na nah nahhh (ha? HA!)
Nah nah nah nahh (HA!!)
Nah na-na nah nahhh - NIGGA SAY WHAT?

[Bone Crusher]
Who want it? Let the, beating begin
Hubba Bubba motherfuckers where will the trickery end
I'M A FAT BOY! Master self within
Punishment is handed out, from the anvil's bend
This ain't for play niggaz so, hoe-nigga pray
that I don't see yo' ass on judgment day
Before God get'cha I'ma cleave ya and butch' ya
Oh you scared now nigga, do you need a tissue?
YOU BITCH NIGGA!

[Chorus]

[E-40]
We hard on the boulevard
Marijuana prescriptions, fake ID's and cannabis club
cards
We some hitters, y'all some snitches
Pillow-talkin and sellin wolf tickets
Runnin off at the mouth, hidin up in the house

Scared like a mouse I presume, young tycoon
Hidin up under the sink, runnin from the streetsweeper
boom
Plead the fifth is what I sip as I drink, and sip 'gnac
Hard top Cadillac, fo'-door tank
You tryin to get brownie points
Him feelin himself, him off incredibles
But now check this though
Potnah ain't gon' crack an egg in a potato salad
vegetables
Somebody call my attorney
cause he gon' be leavin up outta here on a gurney
Takin my kindness for all kind of weakness
gotta let him know I ain't phony
I'm into, feudin tycoonin and bossin, flossin and sippin
Tryin to holla at a broad but her boyfriend over there
trippin
Cause she done, broke up with his ass cause he lazy
and good for nothin
I'm a hustlin-ass street nigga that's really about
somethin - BEOTCH!

[Chorus]

[Cotton Mouf]

Hoe it's on motherfucker quit bumpin your gums
All that low-rate talk, need to check your funds
'Fore you make a sammich potnah need to toast your
buns
Hell I want the whole loaf while you're fightin for
crumbs
Real niggaz to the flo', hoe-niggaz hit the do'
By the time I hit the scene I'm lookin for the good
smoke
Boy I'm lookin for that bitch that got the hot throat
Hell I'm from G.A. bitch, better act like you know

[Chorus]

[Chorus] - this time without "It's on, nigga" either
repeat

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