

Erasure

"We Be The O's"

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Yeah, huh uh, yeah
My girl came over looking sad
So I asked her whats wrong she said moms and dad
Daddy trippin so I asked her how?
She said daddy drunk pushed her moms around
I'm like WHAT? I'ma break his neck
Cuz moms kinda cool and deserves respect
Jumped in the Range Rover, I'ma smoke this punk
I made sure the joints was inside the trunk
"Murph park way south til I reach this house"
Moms on the porch with a busted mouth
Straight cryin tryin to get me to leave
Pops still cursin I can still smell trees
Dipped in from behind, tried to reach for his nine
Lift the four-filths up and lost my mind
Start squeezin til he hit the floor
And gave that fool smooth what he askin for

[Hook]

Now, we be the O's for all those don't know
We gon' give you fools smooth what y'all askin for
Cash flow, mad gold, passin hash and 'dro
We gon' give you fools smooth what y'all askin for
Hoes, we got hoes that'll touch they toes
That give y'all fools smooth what y'all askin for
Blow, we gon' blow til theys blow no mo'
We gon' give you fools smooth what y'all askin for

Yo, yo

How many times must I tell you punks
I smell you skunks that want me to fail and flunk
Skip bail get jumped, nailed and stuck
Swelled in lumps, spend my life in the jail for one blunt
And my baby mother she don't make it no betta on me
Run around thinkin I'm cheatin on her, smellin my
laundry
So fuck it I might as well do it, if I'ma get accused, shit
Make some plans with a few chicks
Now outta the few one of them got it and called me
back
Freaky Lisa, who like big blunts and cogniac

Rough sex and all that she be blessin a nigga
Come to find out this my baby mother have sister
I had to think for a minute, sip my drink for a minute
Put the cup to my lips wasn't a fucking thing in it
Now I'm buggin, baby mother feelings on swole
All I can say is she got waht she asked for (Thats how it go)

Hook

Let me tell you about my man named Slang
We used to hang way back when P&S was the gang
We used to cut school and roll up trees play humpty
Stay ?lully? rockin collas and gray rugbys
My man fifty grand down for combat
Head was on straight til his mom passed
He started flippin, started mixin somethin up with the
coco
Highjacked a bus and went loco
Yo he got caught went to jail
And came back home, same rap tone but no where to
live
No kids, no wife, no job, no ice
Can't cop a pair a kicks at no low price
Without a buck can't come up, clock or roll dice
Hard way to live when the night fall right
Outsida to the bone doing drugs even harder
Run up in the beauty parlor and reak havoc
Life is mad tragic, I believe in black magic
Got me seeing you again where my roll end
Gotta A.P.B out and a message to send
Ride around everyday with my vest and my ten
So unless you a friend Pacewon don't wanna see ya
Don't be the next geek I heat up shoot twice and leave
ya
Cut twice and beat up
R.I.P. I hope the rats find ya corpse and eat ya
No remorse either

Hook

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