

## Eve "It's On"

Visit "[It's On](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Rich) Let's do this shit  
(E-40) Motherfuckers want they pockets swell.  
Smebbin' now, dope train, shit, fuck it.  
(Rich) 19...90 ughh...415  
(E-40) 40 up in this bitch.

[First Chorus: repeat 2X]  
(E-40) Motherfucker! (E-40)  
(Rich) You can't even fuck with me (R.R)  
(E-40) Cause in a major motherfuckerin' way (E-40)  
(Rich) It's on! (R.R)  
(E-40) It's like knick-knack, paddy-whack give a dog a bone

[Verse One: Richie Rich]  
I got a flow so sick it runs a temperature of 101  
on the daily, that's why it pays me  
And over 3 billion served, yeah, I'm runnin this like  
Mickey D  
So drive through  
If I let you slide through  
Could you funk wit'a nigga wit' a resume  
Rich'll never play  
And every rapper can't come this way  
So when I come bow down  
100% I represent the east side of the Oaktown  
I throw a boss type of flossy flow  
But can you catch it  
'Cause when it gets hectic  
I'm well respected  
And I'm that nigga serverin' tit for tat  
Twamp for twamp  
From the hills and the valleys into the deep swamps  
I leave no stones untouched when I bust  
It's strictly mental  
As I load all your dope into my rental  
And kick yo' ass to the curb  
And when you get served  
I let you know, Eastside's what I swerve  
No I'm comin' up cheap(?), beat after beat  
Makin' mail off a known to fluke(??)

[First Chorus]

[Verse Two: E-40]

I'm from the Old School, Yes indeed  
I give my right arm for some good gold(?) weed  
I went through a whole lot just to feed the tummy  
And I refuse to lose the value money  
My shit is real, blunts and phillies  
Ain't nuttin' fake like them silicone titties  
I'd rather make big bread instead  
Regulate, get off in the bitches head  
Just like all you toe-up hoes  
Niggas wanna test my testicles  
Nigga you my nigga  
If you don't get no damn bigga  
Niggas don't wanna see me when I'm off that damn  
liquor  
Fo' scheezy, what's wrong wit' yo' pimpin', I gets busy  
Bitches love when I'm limpin, 40 watch your roll  
That's what they tell me back home, when I be gone,  
but it be on

[First Chorus] + [Additional]

(E-40) Motherfucker!  
(Rich) You don't wanna see me  
(E-40) Cause in a major motherfuckin way  
(Rich) Fool, it's on!  
(E-40) It's on  
(E-40) Knick-Knack, paddy-whack, give a dog a bone

[Verse Three: Richie Rich]

Jack of all trades, ballin' like Jordan  
You punk, fake inside the paint  
In fact I know you can't  
Do half of the shit you was claimin' in the county  
Suckas on yo' jock  
You claim you run the block  
Polyurethane busta you cracked in half  
Claim you foldin' bank  
But I know yo' bank stank  
I lived around the corner  
I seen you fully smoked  
Must I say some moe  
You ate a buck 'o' four  
You sold your TV for a (??) cause it was way too late  
And when they sent you up state I heard you gained  
some weight  
So youse a baller, lyin to them youngsters quick  
Got 'em thinkin' you sick and representin' yo' click  
But youse a old school thinkin too much hype

Yo' bicentennial bike(?) it got ugghh... rally stripes  
If they knew yo' identity  
You'd probably be the victim of a stickin'  
You ain't got to lie to kick it

(E-40) I ain't no laggin'(?)

(E-40) That nigga 40 and his cousin Richard Jackson

[First Chorus]

(E-40) Motherfucker!

(E-40) Doo-Doo-Doo-Do

(E-40) Da-Da-Da (x2)

(E-40) Motherfucker!

(E-40) Doo-Doo-Doo-Do

(E-40) Da-Da-Da (x1)

(E-40) 4-1-5-1-7-0-7 the bay area

(E-40) BIAATTCH!!

(E-40) There's a place in the bay

(E-40) Where the naked hooches play

(E-40) And a whole in the wall

(E-40) So we can see it all

(E-40) Bia-Biaatch

(E-40) Doo-Doo-Doo-Do

(E-40) Da-Da-Da (until fade)

Visit [Eve](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.