

Eve

"We On That Shit! (feat. P. Killer Tracks)"

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Eve]

Aiiyight now get your guns

Aint no stopping me

Need the whole cash bundled up for me and my
bitches shopping spree

The robbery, damn ya smart, and you guessed right in
me

Asking all those questions gonna was to set you up
right

Wet em all, pretend Im Jada, lata set it off

Cartier, Rolley, time frozen get em all

Dingling medallions, all that glisten is mine

And all that bitchin that you doing

I gotcha kissin this nine

Yall niggas, worst than bitches, tears in your eyes

I aint got no sympathy so if you scared, nigga cry

On your knees, face in chest, lips shut

Fuck the mask, were robbing you in lipstick and wigs,
what?

Yeah we brawl, but you took me out and let me see it all

Braggin bout the shit you got and now I get it all

Matter of fact, take your clothes off, I like it when
theyre bare

Everything from iceberg to silk Dolce underwear, come
on

1 [P. Killer Tracks]

Hey yo check that nigga cause we on that shit

Get out your ride fool cause we on that shit

Hid your stash box cause we on that shit

Run that ice cause we on that shit

Keep a loaded clip cause we on that shit

Ryde or die nigga cause we on that shit

We out to get it all cause we on that shit

And Eve dont play cause she takes no shit

[Eve]

Uh, yo, yo, yo

I shoot backing out, P max them out

And the only way I dont get shit is if you stash the
house

Professional bitches, destined for riches and precious

jewels
Distracted by the size of my ass, had you fooled
I aint getting nada, forget that
Just sit back and watch me take everything even youre
drough sack
Yeah my bitch can roll with,
Expensive paintings on your wall, gimme that
Aint no slacking, time aint a factor
Imma get it all
Used to ball with your niggas
Now Im making you crawl across the floor
Ego crushed and I dont give a fuck
Small change to the range, heard what I said
Give it up
I know it aint right, but me and my bitches gotta eat
tonight
And every night from now on, get it right
Why, why ask why?
Im simply living and I get what I want
By simply taking or youre simply giving

Repeat 1

[Eve]
Yall niggas faggottish
Cops spot me got me running out my kiss
Unlatch the ice pieces on my neck and wrist
Screeching in the streets from the five series to a ditch
Im fast, hed have to waste it and I aint scared to blast
Ducking, jumping over shit, bet this bitch could last
Ready for war, act like I aint done this shit before
Practice on me next week, Ill be wanting more
Best believe you aint gonna live to see tomorrow
My dogs already warned your mother
Shell be full of sorrow
Busting through the door, somebodys house, kids
screaming
I aint gonna front somehow I wish that I was sleeping,
dreaming
Too late its done now, all you hear is gun sounds
Cock back, pop, pop, pop, and Im like what now
Ghetto bird on me, weaving through the trees
Last fence I hopped over, fell and landed on my knees
Barrels at my temple, hey yo fuck it Imma make it
simple

Repeat 1

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