

Lil' Wyte

"It's On"

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[Intro - DJ Paul]

Ohhh that fool got some coco puffs, boy
damn, shit right here all gucci wit me
kno what im sayin
Its rainin like a foo

[Chorus - Lil Wyte]

Its on!
Its on!
Time to stack these dollas
I got a couple of birds
in the back of the Impala
The Blackberrys on
You know the numba HOLLA
I drop it in the hood
and they hit it out for dollas

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[Verse 1 - Lil Wyte]

I got cheese ho
and a bunch of fuckin coke
Waitin on a phone call
So i can go tranport
Blackberry rings:
"What up foo whatchu need?"
I need some for \$600 dollas
"Ok where you wanna meet?"
Got the destination
Im ridin low-key in a scuffler junt
Creepin dirty crack the window
Cuz Im smokin on a blunt
Headin through the north-north
side of the city streetz

Cocked the pistol
Cuz its killas hungry hidin in the trees
They hit it out for dollas
Sometimes they go bizerk
But I dont give a fuck
Why? Im gettin rid of work
Phone neva off
All they gotta do is holla
Im so on
Im so on
Im so on that its time to stack these dollas
Mothafucka!

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[Verse 2 - Lil Wyte]

I be sittin in the driveway
Countin stacks of cheese
And in under only 2 hours
I made close to 3 G's
Got more blow in the truck
And the Impala 6 feet away from me
Thats why the AR-15s on the pssenger seat
And I dont play games with my money
Either you have it or you dont
If its a G you'll lose your finger
But for 10 Ill cut ya throat
Thats why I dont like frontin dope
How you gunna sell it and snort it?
I aint had a grain up my nose
Thats why my pockets are knotted
So put some money in em

As if they was a slot machine
There so many feinds out here
Not-knowin anything they can stop the creme
Im Lil Wyte
And Im gunna get them bitches where they be at
With 20/20 vision
It int hard for me to see that

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[Music plays till fade]

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