

**Mark Ronson****"IBWin' Wit My CREWin'"**

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IBWC's in the house, fool  
And Yo-Yo about to rock this muthafucka  
And I'm sendin this out to all my homies in the west  
coast  
Yo-Yo, kick that!

(Come on)

IBWin wit my CREWin

(Come on)

(Get down, get down, get down)

[ VERSE 1 ]

Back once again, rushin yo ass like a green light  
Yo-Yo's back and puttin up another mean fight  
Booty still packin, crates takin care of kickin terror  
True to the game, fakin never  
You know I'm from the Lench Mob, so I'll scrub if I have  
to  
Beatin fools down, stompin em in the ground  
See, hoes be gettin mad, tryin to step to the Yo-Yo  
Because they man be at em blowin kisses at my photo  
See, I'll hang yo ass by a tree  
Gettin chopped while your neck snap at 3  
Scot free, a psycho's on the loose, and if you haven't  
seen me  
It's cause I wreck shit and disappear like a genie  
A beanie is what the girlies wear when we're mobbin  
IBWin, true fuckin crewin, you threw in the towel  
When I started walkin the road to styles  
Leavin dead bodies for miles and miles

Yeah, come on

(Come on)

IBWin wit my CREWin

(Come on)

(Get down, get down, get down)

[ VERSE 2 ]

Creepin like a tagger, got my stripes and I'm golden  
Pop my JVC in my deck, and now I'm rollin  
Oh and, if you didn't know that I be blowin  
Dope funk tracks back to back, and they so fat  
Dealin with a gangster man who's got a gangster plan  
For those who don't understand  
My motto's just like the lotto's:  
Gotta say fuck it and make may ducats  
Stayin on the d-I, so when you see me later, alligator  
I'll be out a while, crocodile  
Gettin real funky on my shit for nine-trey  
>From the west to the east with my homies fade away  
I can rock you harder than the ave'  
So don't be mad if I smash this beat through your  
monkey ass  
I'm just IBWin with my crew and  
Doin what we doin, this is how we do it  
Come on

(Come on)

IBWin wit my CREWin

(Come on)

(Get down, get down, get down)

[ VERSE 3 ]

I cop a little beat for the Yo to come off on  
Anyway you ride it, you still can get your flow on  
So listen while I g-o and break some niggas' ego  
Yo-Yo be rippin shit, but you don't hear me though  
It's one of those Saturdays, and we're hangin  
Rollin 7 deep in my homie's station wagon  
Lookin all faded, eyes redder than a apple  
Stop at 7-11 cause Chenee want a snapple  
Eyes all redded from the Thai, grab some ??? for the  
eye  
Huh, cause everybody's high  
Dressed in our best K-Swiss, and yes, oh yes  
With the munchies, but ain't nobody got no munchie  
money  
Just headed to the mall, so we can clown like we're doin  
it  
They wanna know, tell em we're IBWin  
Just chillin, chillin and we're willin  
And if you didn't know, we got that feelin  
Ugh

(Come on)

IBWin wit my CREWin

(Come on)

IBWin wit my CREWin

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