

## Agent Orange

### "2001 4dr. Cadillac"

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[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

Up early in the morn' (the morn)  
I'm thinkin' as I yawn (I yawn)  
What am I gonna do?  
Well I should call my crew, I call my crew  
Man what a pretty day (pretty day)  
All the women wanna play (wanna play)  
But time is movin' fast  
So I should move my ass  
Come on

[Bad Azz]

Come on, let's go, get out  
Let's show 'em what the West Coast about  
The street life, cars with switches, we live on TV  
Or next to the stars with riches, you couldn't see me  
Smashin' in a Bentley Coupe through L.B.  
In an expensive suit, you tell me  
Me and Sylk-E. Fyne, platinum on this Blaqtoven beat  
And you're in trouble like when you need a gat to go to  
sleep  
We hot nicks like Meth and Redman, make you Blackout  
Back that ass up, enter this and throw your back out  
We Thug to the Bone that's why I keep it all 'N Harmony  
And - still I rise, won't you come along with me?  
Let's hit the streets and feel the sunshine  
I've been out all day long and I ain't even seen one-  
time  
Let's hit the beach and then swerve through the  
Westside  
Let's drink, toast, smoke and give it up for the best  
side

[Chorus]

[Sylk-E. Fyne]

I'm wakin' up early even before the sun crack  
Up collectin' my paper in a brown paper bag, with my  
nigga Bad  
Purse fat with a lot of cash  
While them bitches mad, we C-Walk and we smash

Stomp and stampede over the enemies  
Still shinin' and glistenin', you can catch me in the  
streets  
With my thugs, hoodstas and hustle-ahs  
I love my niggaz, I'm at the club with my niggaz  
Cause it ain't my fault they say I'm the bossiest  
And it ain't my fault me, Bad and Ras can floss our shit  
Ghetto stars we are own entourage  
We drive 'em far, chauffers to roll our cars  
So hell yeah, Mr. Bad I'ma go with ya  
From sunset to sunrise cause we them go-getters  
And at the end of the yellow brick road  
It's gold and platinum, so come on let's roll

[Chorus] - 2X

[Ras Kass]

I'm like a walkin' night club  
Wherever I go we got bud  
Nigga want some drink? I got a dub  
In these L.A. streets we got love  
Big booty hoes, we got hugs  
You got a motherfuckin' problem? - We got slugs, we  
got thugs  
Need a Romy on chrome, no place like home  
Benzes and Broughams, we all the same like clones  
(Lil', lil') Lil' niggaz with big homes  
We platinum in the streets, so the gettin' is good  
Be in mansions on the hill, heart still livin' in the hood  
I'm a Watts baby, 99th & McKinley  
Raised in C-arson so haters can come and get me  
Sun roof, 80 proof, still fo' much  
Certain songs and watch all the homies throw up  
We bang different sets but we all claim the West  
Let's get rich nigga, please, collect the checks

[Butch Cassidy]

You don't want to fool with us  
You best be cool with us  
Pretty ladies we wanna fuck  
I'll never leave cause in the West I trust  
You don't want to fool with us  
You best be cool with us  
Pretty ladies we wanna fuck  
I'll never leave cause in the West I trust

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