

Mc Eiht "Hit The Floor"

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One two, one two
We came in the door, said it before

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West side, east side when we hit the floor
Got the paper for sure, got chronic galore
And the ho's keep beggin' us to blow some more

Money makes the world stay up that's right
Fiends to hook us up on the late night hype
G's flips on the corner while we chill in the club
Short skirts put in work, straight show you love

You know the title
Heavy weight nigga with the green, everybody know
the spot
One times ain't hot gets the bomb
Everybody tell your friends CPT and the LB back again

Bring your heat Eiht and Daz with the paper
One time won't be gafflin' for the caper
Can't see me two black niggas from the west
Decide where they hoo-ride, two of the best

No contest CPT so get it straight
Y'all don't know the program, switches on my
brougham
Skates to the LB, three wheel motion
CPT chill with G's right next to the ocean

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We too rough, we too tough
And the niggas that I hang with is just too much
And we'll fuck you up when we acting up
Dat nigga Daz and Eiht straight fuckin' shit up

Swervin' down the block as my system knock
Niggas take what you got, get trip, you get shot

Come through like we usually do for you and who
Draped in blue nuthin' but riders in my crew

Throwin' it up mad dog, all in my cup
Smokin' blunt after blunt ready to fuck shit up, nigga
what?
How you want it, ain't no survivors, just goners
It's gettin' hectic when the nine start spittin'

Burn around and lay every rapper down in your town
Wash 'em up just like the verdict come down
We'll take your shit your bitch and your grip
And this is how it is when we take your shit

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Hit and run just for fun
But it ain't no fun if the homies can't have none
Stop fakin', baby, 'cause we got paper to spend
More peso's, guaranteed to clock those

Suppose I be's the nigga with static
Watch my back, always packs the automatic
East coast, west coast fuck that, you dig
Niggas in your own hood'll split your wig

But me, I'm on the premium never on the regular
Connects in bound, trips on my cellular
I'm telling ya it must be the good life, son
Land of the sunshine, crystal wine

Keeps one time thinkin', suspicious
Twenty-six S-5 hun', twenty inches
Must be the money from the rob, they don't know
Must be the money from the gang, for sure

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Who's your friend or not?
Your old partners from the block

Take and pop shots tryin' to put my life to a stop
Prepare for the murder spree

Bustin' until I'm free of these bastards
Never heard of me and never knew of me
Supposed to love me, homie, show me
Through all the shit that we been through homie, you
owe me

Make you pay for sure, it is rough
Off brand niggas getting rushed
On the boulevard, times is really gettin' rough
Call your bluff, why you wanna always front

To be a all day nigga it's a all day stunt
I'm from the east side of long beach, and we roll deep
Creep and blow your whole head off
You're caught in the street 'cause

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I said, "The half ounce crew"
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