

Tyga

"I'm On It"

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[Tyga:]

I'm on it, I'm on it
I'm on it, I'm on it
If we talkin' bout money b-tch

[Verse 1: Tyga]

Snap back chiller
Gold chain n-gga
[?] no tigger, tyga b-tches
Hundred proof liquor[?]
Live no liver
There's hoes on this muthaf-cking strip, stripping
A n-gga no different
So we hold the heat though
Smash on the b-tch brains looking like meatloaf
The hoe know me close she lying, Leo's
Pedigree and swag is so cold, zero
Hop in Medino, oops I meant Medina,
Life is a b-tch better know how to treat her
I don't get in between, my goal be to win
Young money heisman rookies of the year

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Tyga]

Raise hell boy hell yeah I'm hot hello
Boy yellow, but my b-tch back from the ghetto
With the flow watch it pop, sizzle
You feeling me, better break fast mc griddles
I ain't finna slow down, keep running your mouth
I'm running the real estate, party in the f-cking house
My n-ggas is loud in the lobby they can't turn us down

[DJ TAGS]

I run town all day 24 miles
150 on the dash can't even count
Keep f-cking b-tch, ain't sh-t to talk about

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Lil Wayne]

Be-best Rapper C.E.O.
Fine as wine flow

Pinot Grigio
N-ggas can't f-ck with me
Leave the bitches, Need the hoes
Life is a motherf-cker gamble, Peter Rose
Momma taught me well, Kush and the L
Paper everywhere like books just fell
More money to make, More p-ssy to smell
Like yea I'm a Libra like put that on a scale
New Orleans n-gga with my dick up in my right hand
Young Money n-gga money longer then a lifespan
Still go to sleep with my Bible on my nightstand
Flyer then a bitch and you ain't even got cha flight plan

I'm on it... I'm on it... Tuneche!... yea... SooWoo... Soo
Woo Trill
Hahahaha,
Yeaaa

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