

Petey Pablo

"Get XXX'd"

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Trek boys!!!
You heard the name
J-Kwon
You aint seen me in a minute
Petey Pablo
We're gettin XXX'd man
Ebony Eyes
Ya'll ready?

[J-Kwon]
Imma run while gettin funds
It's cuz you're gettin none
Hit a cop, then hit a nun
It's all with a gun
What is done is what is done
It's all for the fun
Somebody said cut off they head, it's already done
Now I'm packed wit mini straps including mini matched
Wit a bat, my clip on, I'm bangin wit that
Where it's at is where it's at
Don't worry bout that
You a soldier well, soldier relate to that
Now I'm marching down the ally gettin rallied
So many motherfuckers need to try, we need a tally
Now we, bluntin the mind and then we outty
Rowdy, they step on a bomb an blow'em outty
Doubt me, I start shootin up your Denali
Try Kwon, he'll give a bomb to your family
Met your family and they start to get calm see
But yo I'm gon' do it anyway (why)

[Chorus: Ebony Eyez]
We can take it thurr (We can take it)
We can handle that (We can handle that)
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We can handle that (We can handle that)

West Coast (Get X'd)
East Coast (Get X'd)
Midwest (Get X'd)
Down South (Get X'd)

West Coast (Get X'd)
East Coast (Get X'd)
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Down South (Get X'd)

[Petey Pablo]

Come take a ride as we roll to the ghetto
But keep your feet on the pedal
Cuz it can get pretty extreme in the ghetto
Triple X level, no holds bar'd
We got hood captains, luitenets, and project sergeants
Capable of pullin your card, and bombin your car
Grenades through your window, this is all out war
Take the main road everywhere we go
Everytime we roll
And we transportin, guns stashed in truck floor
Real top dog, I hit real hard
One swing knock a motherfucker block
Slam off (slam off)
Hit him in the part where he talk from
Now he gotta mumble
cuz the wires in his jaw make it hard for him to tell you
something
(tell you something)
It's sunny now but the storm comin
Best thing for you to do is try to get prepared for it (for
it)
Find some bread, water, milk, couple cans of soup,
and a place to go just incase you have to move

[Chorus: Ebony Eyez]

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Partner, when it comes to the tools
I'm not forgiving the blues
I'll knock another man clean out his shoes
We get the breakin the rules
Lets get the takin his jewels
He still trippin turn his ass into dog food
Who's got he static (huh)
Better bring the plastic (uh)
Better automatic (punk)
And let him have it (chump)
I'm a savage (What?)
Let me show you magic (bro)
One shot of this turn your ass saw dust
Partner we lawless
I'm talkin all us
When it come to handlin business, durrtly we flawless
See these revolvers
Thats why they call us
The same reason the police aint never caught us
I'm on another level
Words from a true rebel
I rock your ass and I ain't talk heavy metal
Your just a crum and me I'm a dirt devil
Lets see what's left as soon the the smoke settle

[Corus: Ebony Eyez]

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