

Petey Pablo

"O It's On"

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Intro [Petey Pablo & Young Buck]

P.B. Cuz..

Y.B. Whassup nigga?

P.B. If a muthafucka would have told me years ago
that the game today would be so fucked up..

Y.B. Common holla at cha boi

P.B. That these muthafuckin niggas be runnin around
here actin mo bitchy- fied

Y.B. Bitch niggas..

P.B. (?)

Y.B. I see these niggas man

P.B. hehe.. Lord this shit crazy then a muthafucka, but u
know what,

tonight we gon handle that shit, we gon bring this to ya
spot yao

Y.B. Ey yo speak on that shit!

Verse 1 [Petey Pablo]

95 percent of these supposed to be thugs is hoes

With Victoria Secret panties crammin that ass hole

Throwin the crooked finger dick ridin the west coast

Them some real soldiers

Y'all son of bitches, fonies

I called it like i called it

Think im wrong, step forward

And get yo mind pushed in a science class bucket

She in to tough talkin now that 50 got on

Quit fantisizing bout that man life, and live yo own

You aint neva be hard, yo mammy titty fed you too long

Probaly still suck it if she pulled it out and showed ya

Tonite were gettin closure, im pointin out folks

Pullin niggaz cards, exposin what ya hold

Im sorry if it feels you don't know me no more

Just had some shit on my mind, in my chest i had to get
off

You can't judge a muthafuckin book by it's cover

But i can spot a bitch a mile away

Pardon me brotha

Chorus

O it's on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, cummon, bring all the bitches
O it's on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, cummon, bring all the bitches
O it's on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, cummon, bring all (Here I go!) the
bitches
O it's on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, (Get em Buck!!) Give em some,
muthafucka

Verse 2 [Young Buck]

These niggaz catchin feelings
They aint men they women
And he gay cuz he wit em and he trying to defend em
So i say we should expose these hoes
I think our fans should know we gon shoot up yo shows
O it's on now (on now) Yeah I can cummon down
I got a desert eagle wit a silencer
I swear it make no sound
A 4.5 caliber with some bullets that so round
50 took a look at it and told me to slow down
Petey you need me nigga just holla and i got ya
Throw on some Frank Sinatra and order me some pasta
They fuckin with some mobstas
See we can get it done, and i bet you at his funeral
Nobody gon come
I ain't here to be beefin wit no nigga to get a name
If you pussie and show yo panties, im pullin out my
thang
Got a habit of smackin faggots with semi-automatics
You niggas in trouble
Buck and Petey back at it it's on nigga

Chorus

O it's on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, cummon, bring all the bitches
O it's on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, cummon, bring all the bitches
O it's on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, cummon, bring all the bitches
O it's on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, get ya some, muthafucka

Bridge:

Bend that bitch right there wit all ya might
If he say, anything in here tonight, u don't like!
Bend that bitch right there wit all ya might

If he say, anything in here tonight, u don't like!

Verse 3 [Petey Pablo]

If you jump off in the club it's a jump off in the club
She can tow up just get toed up like i give a good Buck
All the champagne i don bought bitch I done paid for
this chair
That im fittin to take and break across this zombies
head
Look at bonecrusher very first verse he don read
(ATTEN-CHUN!)
That's on everything i love to drop dead (Bitch I aint
never scared!)
Fuckin round get a main artery cut in half
Blood gushin out the side of ur neck bleedin to death
Needin a paramedic to reconnect n piecen you back
together
I don seen it happen too many times out here, hate it
man
Its gettin crucial out here n you takin this shit for
granted
Pussy punk, panty wearin mascara faggot
Blowpop suckin ass,juicy fruity crooked man
Molested as a child, by the babysitter daddy
Backstabbin motherfuckin crabs in a barell
I can't stand em, but i bet i can handle em

Chorus

O it's on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, cummon, bring all the bitches
O it's on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, cummon, bring all the bitches
O it's on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, cummon, bring all the bitches
O it's on, get at me, bitch Im gon slap the shit
Whachu want, Drag, get ya some, muthafucka
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