

## Endpoint

### "Too Much On It"

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Uh. What ya gonna do?? Do you wanna ball?? Lunasicc,  
come on. What ya  
gonna do?? Uh. What ya gonna do?? Luna-Lunasicc,  
wha?? What ya gonna  
do??

\*(Chorus- Galloway & Mississippi)\* x2

How you gonna talk if you really don't understand,  
why??  
that we're out here tryin to ball, that we're out here tryin  
to ball,  
tell me.

Verse 1 \*(Lunasicc)\*

Too much,  
I think you need to ease on back,  
Lunasicc, young G's,  
ain't no ten's on that,  
I'm gaurenteed to make a mill by the time I get  
through,  
ain't no Versace, juss boss clothes,  
jeans an tennis shoes,  
the OG, game tight fo real,  
I keep it goin boy,  
breakin out the skills,  
now who got the party poppin??  
Drawls droppin??  
I'm in a hottie, tryin not to spill a Bacardi,  
mobbin like a mad man, surf in a Lex,  
got big pimpin goin like my folks Big Pep,  
champagne, caviar,  
ain't no time fo that,  
Esso on my table wit a girl in my lap,  
she think I'm gonna pay fo the things she givin,  
so I flash my 8-Ball shirt, an keep on dippin,  
on the real baby,  
I ain't gonna pay fo a thang,  
hit the bar,  
come back,

leave a dolla in change.  
Ya know.

\*(Chorus)\*

Too much on it- repeat x8 then chorus.

Verse 2 \*(Lunasicc)\*

AWOLin an ballin,  
alcoholic fo sheez,  
straight pervin,  
I'm swervin in a Coupe on D's,  
I'm in yo neighborhood swingin beat loud as hell,  
when the smoke clears, I'm gone half way to Vallejo,  
playaz hatin cuz they baby mamas pagin me,  
I'm a thug, an plus she seen the folks on T.V.  
ya know the game, it ain't about Mercedez an Jewels,  
it's the way I pop my feast that got yo girl in the mood,  
I'm a real playa never save a thang in life,  
who the man?? I claim WESTSIDE fo life,  
(that's right)  
a new year,  
a new hit fo Sicc,  
sumpthin fo them glove hoppers,  
the ultimate fix,  
so when you see me, it ain't no need to try an talk bad,  
I be mobbin, gettin silly in a '98 Jag,  
in the parkin lot, is where the playaz roam,  
pop my coller, yo boy tryin to take sumpthin home,  
come on.

\*(Chorus)\*

Verse 3 \*(Lunasicc)\*

So now that the partys gettin off the hook,  
I'm a sprinkle one mo, fo I close the book,  
I'm all out fo the loot, an as the world goes 'round,  
keep a look out fo G's when I hit yo town,  
pound, fo pound,  
I break the walls down wit a hit,  
no cussin,  
don't even try to trip on this,  
I'm the new keep,  
meanin I'm the Shis-I-T,  
gettin gone in the head like Bob Marley,  
now, all the real playaz let me see yo hands,  
tell me who's the man,  
clean radio jams,  
beat bumpin,

money stackin,  
fact not fiction,  
give me the zig-zag,  
I'll do the twistin,  
Dom Perion, uh-uh,  
I'm the bomb,  
but I still got a thang fo that hoe Lashon,  
feel me,  
the life of the rich an famous,  
nah,  
the life of the evil an shameless,  
come on.

\*(Chorus)\* Until end.

Tryin to balllll!!! Get our mon-eeeeey!!!

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