

**A.B. Quintanilla F/ Kumbia Kings****"On Wit Da Show"**

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\* originally from Kardi's indie release "Eye & I"

[Kardinal Offishall]

Are we on?

Turn me on

Are we on?

Are we on this?

Come on, come on, come on

Yeah

Check it

It was a cool and lonely

Offishall style that coerced her to smile

Chalk another to the file

Quest for breasts, my intent to impress the mistress

So cess broke the ice like Gretzky

I told she give me your signature or number

Lumber could follow if I check you tomorrow

Who, ate, simply went to my date's now my belle's  
apparatus

Is switched the player status with the baddest appeal

Why spoil the king's night

Eat chicken at three and the skin at four o'clock

Cool, again I reach the girl's door

Just call me FT 'cause her birthday suit is saw

Hit the floor in a hearts swift motion

Lotion the skin and like caress all me

In the cup (what), arm in the cup (what)

Hittin' that spot that's G, you know I do your head sheet

That the hit was a nap and the biggest episode

Took five minutes for the cannon to explode

She said do you love me and I said no

Then she slapped my face I grabbed her and said ho

Do that again and your story gets told

To stick it in was nice, but yo I'll get more

'Cause Offishall's out for mine and then some

I hit some and leave some then on wid da show

Word up

CHORUS 2x [Kardinal Offishall & Tara Chase]

One for the money and two's for my bros

And three is for the cause, pause

And four is for the tricks and stuff  
Wanna bang with us, and again for the dough  
Yo on wid da show

[Kardinal Offishall]

I knew this girl named Susan  
Fly skin from the islands, of Trini  
Who always had a dress that's cut mini  
And tempt to get praise and so the skin lay low  
And only playin' hostess when niggas got dough  
One day I see her rollin' with these niggas that I knew  
Walkin' through the downtown about a half past two  
So I warn my niggas word up she livin' foul  
She just smiled and said 'Yo nigs yo know my style'  
Cool, eh was that John Young  
He took her to the palace his moms was not home  
She undressed herself to reveal the irresistible  
Coca-Cola body while he bobbin' like motorola  
38-32-46 my my my  
Only problem was she wouldn't spread her thighs  
Said I need a hundred, my nigga said well  
Just suck up on my jewels until my headpiece swell  
Yo, she said do you love me and he said no  
This queen got dressed he grabbed her and said ho  
Do what you do but no duckets will flow  
Nice try, on the real niggas only make dough  
You didn't think so

CHORUS X2

[Kardinal Offishall]

Now to my uptown rollers, go and get yours  
If you're sippin' over proof inside a Lex Coupe  
Shotgun, what's up with them niggas that passed  
Real Gs make peace and get pieces that last (on the real)  
On the real I ain't about bustin' steel  
Praise the Almighty I won't sway not even slightly  
Give thanks for my life and for my boys  
And for my blood  
For all them true heads that make noise  
While niggas pose hard we do the Kardinal dance  
While you're still leavin' a jam with your hands inside  
your pants  
Kardinal Offishall will do it for you broke  
Yo, cause one's for the money and we on wid da show  
You didn't think so

CHORUS X3

OUTRO [Tara Chase]

Ms. Tara Chase, Kardinal  
Representing, yeah

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