

## King T

### "Speak On It"

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[ VERSE 1 ]

Introducin the Westside Strangler, bangin with the fixtures

Mashin in this hot Coupe De Ville with blue twisters

I just got it waxed, now I'm true without a doubt

Dippin down Alondra on my way to the south

The big homie [Name] bet a g, a whole ounce

He said it wasn't hot, I made him watch the back-bounce

Ah, back in traffic, feelin like the last pimp

Hit the three-wheel, made a left on Kemp

I dropped by my old crib just to see it's all good

The little homies moved in the spot with Lil' Wood

See, niggas this way don't give a damn about you hoes

We find real estate in the midst of robbin yo's

With Benzis and trucks, plenty cavi for the clucks

Keep a eye on who's who and muthafuck what's what

For all gees who got it poppin in they hood for the moment

It's the gangsta King T, show me love loc, cause I'ma speak on it

[ CHORUS ]

Ah, that's that gee shit (mobbin through your hood)

Move on gangstas, move on

Move on gangstas, move on

Ah, that's that gee shit (mobbin through your hood)

Groove on hustlers, groove on

Groove on hustlers, groove on

[ VERSE 2 ]

Man, the night comes and a gangsta's intuition

I hops in my 'burban, limited edition

I'm lookin for a Lakewood hoe, that's my mission

I'm through with fuckin Hawthorne tramps, they be  
snitchin

What will it be, Pepper's or that spot Paradise?

They keep a flock of girls but you gotta dress nice

Suckers, I'm a gee, I got some ( ? ) I ain't touched

Feathered Borsalinos with Armani in my clutch

Nigga what, raised by ballers, I'm legit

And if you don't believe, ask Freeway Rick

You don't believe Rick, well ask my homie Big Jess

Or his brother Big Droop, OG's, nothin less

It's many niggas drinkin that gangsta juice

But I done seen none of y'all when it was time to truce

And I was at [Name] Park squashin beef with  
opponents

While your ass was at your mansion eatin pussy punk,  
speak on it

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3 ]

These busters better recognize what's comin  
Dancin on D's with the Alpine humpin  
Every since the child knew the ways to live foul  
Now I bust rhymes like a cool criminal  
Alcoholic chronic-smokin niggas know the deal  
Gun-totin, mouth-tapin niggas know I'm real  
I represent the West to the fullest extent  
A Southern California Hub City resident  
Yes yes y'all, it's not a secret no more  
I got lyrics out the ass and they all hardcore  
Like that, comin with that West Coast strap  
Guaranteed to civilize a nigga talkin smack  
What you wanna do us, do your dance like you do it  
This one's for my people up in Texas, watch em screw it  
Tight conversation hits the speakers for the moment  
But if your ass can't comprehend fool, speak on it  
[ CHORUS ]

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