

Lil' Jon & the Eastside Boyz

"One On One"

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[Intro: Lil' Jon]

This your boy Lil' Jon

I'm here to tell you

With another one

Here we go, here we go

Well, I got DJ Smurf, D-Roc and Kaine

Here to tell you this is gangster music and booty
shakin' music

What we call it is that gangster party

If y'all ready for that gangster party, let me see you put
your hands together

Put your hands together for D-Roc and Kaine and DJ
Smurf

Next time a red neck put a pistol down...

[Verse 1: D-Roc, Kaine]

[D-Roc]

Nigga killer, bitch you ain't heard of the Ying Yang
Twins soldiers

Nigga I tried, I told you

We put it down coming right back, 'cause it's like that,
on a phat track
with a fat sack

D-Roc and Kaine, ready for combat

Ying Yang, Inglewood, that's our home

It could be on, we ready for war so let's get it on

Plus we maintain, put one in your brain

We keep shit real, DJ Smurf straight thuggin' and
knocking out grills man

[Kaine, (D-Roc)]

Here we come so fuck the whole flow

Ying Yang Twins kicking in your door

Everybody better hit the floor

Give me the weed and out you'll go

Bad kids on a dead-end street

Told Smurf to get the keys to the Jeep

Three niggaz only goddam free

If you fronting, get put to sleep

Infrared beam over your skull

Give me the shit - I won't kill your girl
Fuck that bitch and fuck the world
(Man, what you saying nigga?) fuck the world!
Man, I'm down 'cause it's all in the game
D-Roc and Kaine, that Ying Yang Twins
Then go bring some pain
Nigga gone tilt it down on they brain

[Chorus: Ying Yang Twins (repeat 3x)]
Fuck that one
I got my Nina gun pistol!
Down on they brain

[Verse 2: D-Roc]
I make you wanna pop that thing girl when the bass
drop
The D-Roc make you wanna pop the glock, it don't stop
Smurf be an alcoholic
I love these hoes, thank God for hydraulics (wooo!)
That's the sound of the ghetto
Arrive down here, be darker than the cattle
Oh no, nigga watch your nose
'Cause you'll get hit by hoes that spit flows and prose
Strictly coming niggaz that hoe
A thug that tight is what your boy chose
The niggaz I sell the drugs
The ghetto type hold the world it's for thugs
So all my flows, yeah, your boy loves
College Park in the house watch 'em up
When shit hit the fan we fight dirty
And send y'all weak motherfuckers to bed early

[Chorus: Ying Yang Twins]

[Verse 3: Kaine, (D-Roc)]
Nigga fuck it, quit it before you get put on your back
with a pistol - down
on your brain
Recognize the Ying Yang Twins (in the game, cocking
in)
Ying Yang Inglewood soldiers only cocking in
Fuss or that one on one 'cause I got my pistol
(Ying Yang don't take shit!) we make this motherfucker
whistle
D-Roc, Kaine, DJ Smurf, we bring it straight pimping
(Fuck that one on one!), put the pistol down on they
brain

[Chorus: Ying Yang Twins]

