

Foxy Brown F/ Blackstreet**"It's On"**

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(Rich) Let's do this shit
(E-40) Motherfuckers want they pockets swell.
Smebbin' now, dope train, shit, fuck it.
(Rich) 19...90 ughh...415
(E-40) 40 up in this bitch.

[First Chorus: repeat 2X]
(E-40) Motherfucker! (E-40)
(Rich) You can't even fuck with me (R.R)
(E-40) Cause in a major motherfuckerin' way (E-40)
(Rich) It's on! (R.R)
(E-40) It's like knick-knack, paddy-whack give a dog a bone

[Verse One: Richie Rich]
I got a flow so sick it runs a temperature of 101
on the daily, that's why it pays me
And over 3 billion served, yeah, I'm runnin this like Mickey D
So drive through
If I let you slide through
Could you funk wit'a nigga wit' a resume
Rich'll never play
And every rapper can't come this way
So when I come bow down
100% I represent the east side of the Oaktown
I throw a boss type of flossy flow
But can you catch it
'Cause when it gets hectic
I'm well respected
And I'm that nigga serverin' tit for tat
Twamp for twamp
From the hills and the valleys into the deep swamps
I leave no stones untouched when I bust
It's strictly mental
As I load all your dope into my rental
And kick yo' ass to the curb
And when you get served
I let you know, Eastside's what I swerve
No I'm comin' up cheap(?), beat after beat
Makin' mail off a known to fluke(??)

[First Chorus]

[Verse Two: E-40]

I'm from the Old School, Yes indeed
I give my right arm for some good gold(?) weed
I went through a whole lot just to feed the tummy
And I refuse to lose the value money
My shit is real, blunts and phillies
Ain't nuttin' fake like them silicone titties
I'd rather make big bread instead
Regulate, get off in the bitches head
Just like all you toe-up hoes
Niggas wanna test my testicles
Nigga you my nigga
If you don't get no damn bigga
Niggas don't wanna see me when I'm off that damn
liquor
Fo' scheezy, what's wrong wit' yo' pimpin', I gets busy
Bitches love when I'm limpin, 40 watch your roll
That's what they tell me back home, when I be gone,
but it be on

[First Chorus] + [Additional]

(E-40) Motherfucker!

(Rich) You don't wanna see me

(E-40) Cause in a major motherfuckin way

(Rich) Fool, it's on!

(E-40) It's on

(E-40) Knick-Knack, paddy-whack, give a dog a bone

[Verse Three: Richie Rich]

Jack of all trades, ballin' like Jordan
You punk, fake inside the paint
In fact I know you can't
Do half of the shit you was claimin' in the county
Suckas on yo' jock
You claim you run the block
Polyurethane busta you cracked in half
Claim you foldin' bank
But I know yo' bank stank
I lived around the corner
I seen you fully smoked
Must I say some moe
You ate a buck 'o' four
You sold your TV for a (??) cause it was way too late
And when they sent you up state I heard you gained
some weight
So youse a baller, lyin to them youngsters quick
Got 'em thinkin' you sick and representin' yo' click
But youse a old school thinkin too much hype

Yo' bicentennial bike(?) it got ugghh... rally stripes
If they knew yo' identity
You'd probably be the victim of a stickin'
You ain't got to lie to kick it

(E-40) I ain't no laggin'(?)
(E-40) That nigga 40 and his cousin Richard Jackson

[First Chorus]

(E-40) Motherfucker!

(E-40) Doo-Doo-Doo-Do
(E-40) Da-Da-Da (x2)

(E-40) Motherfucker!

(E-40) Doo-Doo-Doo-Do
(E-40) Da-Da-Da (x1)

(E-40) 4-1-5-1-7-0-7 the bay area

(E-40) BIAATTCH!!

(E-40) There's a place in the bay
(E-40) Where the naked hooches play
(E-40) And a whole in the wall
(E-40) So we can see it all

(E-40) Bia-Biaatch

(E-40) Doo-Doo-Doo-Do
(E-40) Da-Da-Da (until fade)

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