

J. Wells f/ Kurupt, Butch Cassidy, Tha Alkaholiks "Let 'Em Know"

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[J. Wells]

I'll make it bounce 'til the bumper touch
The bitch wanna fuck but she talk too much
If this is our castle then we keep it plush
Tha Liks, J. Wells and my nigga Kurupt
Huh, y'all must wanna get back slapped
Butch Cassidy on the hook so where my dap at?
Digital Master, don't let me let loose
I'll have your white-t lookin' like
you spilled cranberry juice and vodka
Born on the eighth month just to rock ya
The West Coast chopper, believe it when we pop ya
Likwit and D.P.G. - we keep it in the family like mobsters

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

Just let 'em know, how we spit crazy flow
that destroys you... yeah
They'll never know, how we kick down them doors
That's what them gangstas do...
We comin' right at you, just let 'em know

[J-Ro]

Ay yo, it's the J to the Ro
16 switches get the fo' off the floor
16 bars got my foot through the door
And I still got it bad with a Alkaholik flow
And I ain't really trippin' off nobody tryin' to run up
I got homies that'll blast you while I'm crackin' a blunt
up
From sun down to sun up, I'm in the studio makin'
history
Plus I keep a lil' thick chick with me
Tash, J. Wells, Butch Cassidy and Kurupt
Your homie J-Ro, buyin' cribs out in Europe
Huh, I keep it poppin', do it big, make it happen
Go hard, bubble out, keep it hood, let 'em know my
nigga

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

Just let 'em know, how we spit crazy flow
that destroys you... yeah

They'll never know, how we kick down them doors
That's what them gangstas do...
We comin' right at you, just let 'em know

[Tash]

I could scream it, I could yell it, I could tag it on brick
walls
But you still won't understand how Tash lock like pit
jaws
Through trials and tribulations (avoided all pit falls)
All I do is spit and you get hit with the spit balls
like Rick Ross I'm pushin' everything to the limit
Push my Benz a buck-20, crash that shit like it was
rented
See me and it thunk, CaTash name ring ringtones
I'm known for startin' shit, I got balls the size of King
Kong
(I lay tracks flat) Ever since my introduction
J. Wells passed me the blunt so now he guilty of
Kuruption
Fuck it, (we just fuck) and let 'em go
Dogg Pound and Tha Alkies here to let y'all bitches
know

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

Just let 'em know, how we spit crazy flow
that destroys you... yeah
They'll never know, how we kick down them doors
That's what them gangstas do...
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[Outro: Kurupt]

Now this my type of shit
Posted up, smokin' on some bomb
Rollin' through the streets just bangin' some bomb shit
J. Wells - did it again, Bonzi J.
Yeah, please believe it, Kurupt, we doin' it big
This the outro I hope y'all had a ball
We gon' keep it bangin' out, ya dig?
Let me hit that... Digital Smoke

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