

## **Jagged Edge F/ Ludacris**

### **"Hit the Floor"**

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[EIHT & DAZ]

We came in the door, said it before  
West Side, East Side when we hit the floor  
Got the paper for sure, got chronic galore  
And the ho's keep beggin us to blow some more

[EIHT]

Money makes the world stay up (that's right)  
Fiends to hook us up on the late night hype  
G's flips on the corner while we chill in the club  
Short skirts put in work, straight show you love  
You know the title  
Heavy weight nigga with the green, everybody know  
the spot  
One times ain't hot  
Gots the bomb  
Everybody tell your friends  
C-P-T and the L-B back again  
Bring your heat  
Eiht and Daz with the paper  
One time won't be gafflin for the caper  
Can't see me  
Two black niggas from the West  
Decide where they hoo-ride, two of the best  
No contest  
C-P-T so get it straight  
Y'all don't know the program, switches on my  
Brougham  
Skates to the L-B, three wheel motion  
C-P-T chill with G's right next to the ocean

[EIHT & DAZ]

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[DAZ DILLINGER]

We too rough, we too tough  
And the niggas that I hang with is just too much  
And we'll fuck you up

When we acting up  
Dat Nigga Daz and Eiht straight fucking shit up  
Swervin down the block as my system knock  
Niggas take what you got, get trip, you get shot  
Come through like we usually do for you and who  
Draped in blue  
Nuthin but riders in my crew  
Throwing it up  
Mad dog, all in my cup  
Smokin blunt after blunt ready to fuck shit up  
Nigga what?  
How you want it, ain't no survivors, just goners  
It's gettin hectic when the 9 start spittin  
Burn around and lay every rapper down in your town  
Wash 'em up just like the verdict come down  
We'll take your shit  
Your bitch and your grip  
And this is how it is when we take your shit

[EIHT & DAZ]

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[MC EIHT]

Hit and run  
Just for fun  
But it ain't no fun if the homies can't have none  
Stop fakin', baby, cause we got paper to spend  
More peso's, guaranteed to clock those  
Suppose I be's the nigga with static  
Watch my back, always packs the automatic  
East coast, West coast fuck that, you dig?  
Niggas in your own hood'll split your wig  
But me, I'm on the premium  
Never on the regular  
Connects in bound, trips on my cellular  
I'm telling ya  
It must be the good life, son  
Land of the sunshine, Crystal wine  
Keeps one time thinking, suspicious  
Twenty-six S-5 hun', twenty inches  
Must be the money from the rob, they don't know  
Must be the money from the gang, fo' sho'

[EIHT & DAZ]

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[DAZ DILLINGER]

Who's your friend or not?  
Your old partners from the block  
Take and pop shots  
Trying to put my life to a stop  
Prepare for the murder spree  
Bustin' until I'm free of these bastards  
Never heard of me and never knew of me  
Supposed to love me, homie, show me  
Through all the shit that we been through homie, you  
owe me  
Make you pay fo' sho', it is rough  
Off brand niggas getting rushed  
On the boulevard, times is really getting rough  
Call your bluff, why you wanna always front  
To be a all day nigga it's a all day stunt  
I'm from the East side of Long Beach, and we roll deep  
Creep and blow your whole head off, you're caught in  
the street  
Cause

[EIHT & DAZ]

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One two one two  
I said the Half Ounce crew  
Yeah  
Eihthype in the house  
Daz Dillinger in the house

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