

## 2 Pistols "Come On"

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I'm a beast, yeah shawty I'm the bomb  
If you rock, rock with me, you know you got it goin' on  
I know you, you like rock, rock stars  
And you wanna ride in a rock stars car, so  
Come on, come on, yeah, come on, come on yeah  
Come on, come on, yeah, come on, come on yeah

Woah lil' mama, jazzy red bone, so thick I had to stop  
her  
Pull shawty over, put a ticket on that ass, speed ticket  
on that ass  
Walkin' too fast, shawty don't do that  
Rubber band stacks, I don't really care  
Pop them there, money flyin' everywhere  
Big face hundreds, been throwin' money  
Small face hundreds, excuse me honey  
Cash money in this bitch, we throwin' Lambo money  
Shawty that ain't nothin' won't you sell that dope to me  
Blood money coupe, beat her like Ike Turner  
Chunk a duece, I'm gone like my Lambo

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Come on, come on, yeah, come on, come on yeah

I prefer that you would just call me Weezy  
East side gangsta, and I be runnin, runnin it like a  
flanker  
Black card banker, hanker in the back pocket  
And I wear them skinny jeans so you see my fat wallet  
That's right I'm a big shot, call me little cannon ball

Mister get up in ya girls mouth like some anbesol  
Hip-hop president and my girl eloquent  
Boy she got more junk in her trunk than an elephant  
I'm a animal, watch me I examine you  
And my chucks are old, but I swear to you my flannel  
new  
Man I get money manual and I just made you, Young

Money

I'm gone like my Lambo's gone

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Come on, come on, yeah, come on, come on yeah

See I'm the Lac pusher, the mic gripper and the pussy  
gusher  
Don't get it twisted 'cause I could get Travis Barker  
with' ya  
I'm so hood, so fly, don't try 'cause you don't wanna  
make me put it all on  
Tha line  
I'll take ya chick, get off in my whip  
'Cause I ain't never scurred, got the hollows in the clip  
So come on, let's go, baby girl what you wait, waitin' for

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