

Lady May F/ Blu Cantrell

"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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