

**Layzie Bone f/ M.T.F.****"It's On"**

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"It's on nigga" {\*gunfire\*}  
"It's on nigga" {\*gunfire\*}  
"You ain't a killa..." {\*boom\*}  
"You ain't a killa..." {\*gunfire\*}  
"Uhh, you ain't a killa"

[Verse One: Skano a.k.a. Skant Bone]

You know thuggin is my specialty  
So you haters and bustas'll better calm down and listen  
up carefully  
Beef doesn't trouble me  
We can handle it like men or take it to the streets  
I hear a lot of rap cats and they think they good  
Talkin all that gangsta shit just to get a buzz  
Okay, I hear you got a deal, but yo' image is fake  
All that shit you talkin boy don't hold no weight  
I told you niggaz is pussy, and I tell it to ya face  
I don't need a bunch of niggaz but for you it's a  
different case  
Skant Bone's the name, y'all don't wait thug nigga  
I tell this to a nigga's face he ain't no killa

[Verse Two: Layzie Bone]

From down the way to St. Clair, we niggaz be  
uncompared  
Tell the motherfuckers we come from round here -  
right here  
Pull the wig on a bitch, and I gave that bitch a gig  
Cleveland is the city that I come from

[Chorus: Mo Thug Family]

Hut one! Hut two! Hut three! Hut four!  
Steady talkin shit and they ain't ready for the war  
Hut one! Hut two! Hut three! Hut four!  
Retaliation, is what we came here for  
Hut one! Hut two! Hut three! Hut four!  
Steady talkin shit now they don't want it no mo'  
Hut one! Hut two! Hut three! Hut four!  
Steady talkin shit and they ain't ready for the war

[Verse Three]

When I pull out the shottie, y'all better stop hatin  
(please stop hatin)  
If not I leave more spots on your bodies than  
dalmations (dalmations?)  
I don't think y'all niggaz really know who y'all facin (who  
they facin?)  
In the booth, they say them dudes hotter than Satan  
But when it's beef, we known to slaughter niggaz like  
Jason (who?)  
I put the steel in your mouth and I ain't talkin 'bout  
braces  
I hear y'all thugged out niggaz turn Christian like Ma\$e  
did (amen)  
Nigga face it y'all ain't gettin with Bone; bitch nigga be  
gone

[Verse Four]

Yeah, stackin raps, ball bats and concealed  
government gats  
Puttin a high level iron into your bloodstream and this is  
a fact  
Nigga we fill blocks deep with it, murder she wrote  
Think this is a joke? Got killers that'll go for your throat  
Better yet, leave you crumpled in the corner like a, pile  
of dog feces  
You gon' need the likes of Osama bin Laden and Bush  
to fuckin see me  
I'm a folk with enough folk, to focus on a focal point  
and leave you and your fuckin lungs collapse  
Cause of my killers man, I'm guaranteed to pick up the  
first slap

[Chorus]

[Verse Five: PD]

I'm back hoes, stack dough, slam 'Llac do's  
While yo' eyes stay shut, mine wide tryin to see mo'  
Let's see if you could see Mo (Mo) Thug  
There's no names on slugs, I light flames to bud  
Any problem, wanna see a nigga  
I'm +Flipmode+ but this ain't Rah Digga  
But it's war, can you dig it?  
It's written but to feel it, I'm spittin, you trippin  
Quit shittin with that bull my nigga this is the shit

[Verse Six: Lil' D]

When the beef is on, these niggaz is gone  
The only way they get a tan for standin in line too long  
They call on the zone in them small helicopters  
Cause when I spit I drop shit like unibombers  
We don't play, we collide head on with the drama

Equipped with nine llama, D.O.A. at the trauma  
Your momma, sheddin tears blamin it on younger  
peers  
Keep a hammer close near, and approach all fears;  
yeah!

[Chorus]

[Verse Seven]

It's - America's most wanted, I step in the club zonin  
I see a couple of hooters that I might go home with  
But - then in the meantime, mug to these three guys  
These enemies don't want beef so they best respect  
mine  
This tec-9, wrap around waistline, don't play live  
Cause they ain't, knowin we pay them bosses to stay  
calm  
Napalm bombs in the vest, that's what you askin fo'  
Cause you don't wanna be six feet stickin yo' ass to  
asphalt

[Verse Eight: Thug Queen]

Note for my Queen bitches with telekinesis my thesis  
Cause it's this power of people in the streets give me  
freedom  
No need for competition, in a league of my own  
I'ma die with my boots on, laced up strong  
Everybody wanna be a thug, I'm a primadonna of this  
side  
I'm a straight rider, don't get too close I might harm ya  
Never roll with chickens, eleven roll with killas, ridin 'til I  
die  
Military mind - hut one, hut two, hut three, hut four, hut  
five!  
Shit!

{\*BOOM\*}

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