

Lil Eazy-E

"Get it Crackin"

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* in the actual video game, not on the accompanying CD soundtrack We got Swoop on the boards And E on da vocal cords We got Swoop on The boards And E on the vocal cords Ohhla, whoa ma, oh my You caught my eye now come closer You so fly no lie now pop dat chocha I'm a work ya like a G supposed to Dat get you on yo hands and soak ya Til ya beggin baby please no more Just cuz they call me lil, don't mean dat I'm little I got a big ol' pickle to stick you up yo pretty middle Make you sizzle walk da hizzle Til you get some Pepto Bismal I' shootin far when I'm buzzin wit my sex pistol So say ahh like you eatin on a pack of skittles No wittles just giggles and lot's of hanky panky Rappin is easy when I'm sippin on some dranky dranky Blowin my whistle while I'm brightin up some stanky stanky I got her eating up talkin bout some take me take me And she got a man damn he bout to hate me Chorus: Let's get it crackin, let's have a ball Get this chick to strippin, take your clothes off Let's get it crackin, from now til dawn Shake yo sexy ass and lemmie see yo thong Like a lawnmower man here we go again Cuttin and cuttin and a huffin and a puffin Just a beatin up and bustin, just to knock out a sumthin Like a big pinata that now get's her humpin I keep da crowd jumpin, keep da club bumpin Like this mutha fucka got herpes or sumthin So don't trip for I get's the dumpin I'll have the paramedics at yo chest just a pumpin But this is for da radio so I betta chill For I get's a pop, pop wit dat stainless steel Yeah I'm like dat and as a matter of fact I hate snitch niggas so just step the fuck back My name is Eazy but you can call me E Or you can call me right now if you payin my fee Oh you gat a gang of bitches off a gang of E And all they wanna do is have sex wit me Chorus: The munchies got me hungrier than Ghandi In my drop blow the top, up in John B I'm hot your not don't remind me On da block wit a glock is where you'll find me Tryna do da right thang like Spike lee But these bitch ass niggas keep trying, eyein me Tell ya on dat Ivy, Pop's still alive askin god why me All I spit is poison Ivy Nigga you sweeter than a whol pack of Hi-C But anyhow, anywho, let's do the do Pick up some Remy

baby we gon' have a Bar-B-Q I'm packin good and
clean brought a gang of rubbers too So bitches
gimmie, gimmie lemme take a look at you My love
electric baby shock me like a pikachu I see yo monkey
starin at em playin peek-aboo Bulgin out them thongs
bout to bust through Chorus: The legend continues. Lil
E, Big Swoop, Bomb Squad

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