

Michael Jackson F/ Shaquille O'Neal

"On Me"

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[Intro: Kurupt]

I ain't got a problem with nobody, right?
This is Young Gotti, but I got a problem with you
Cause you got a problem with me
Yeah nigga... keeping it real G'd up
Hitting niggaz like +Boo-Yaa!+ punk
What the fuck nigga!

[Verse 1: Ganxta Ridd]

I'm Ridd rhyming, I'm non existant
I'm just a daily, first to burn a convalescent
I'm the example of learning less
I'm spitting possible with two Wesson's, no questions
I'm the question with no guessing
I'm kind of stressing more pounds than two
jurisdictions
These rappers don't want prohibition
I will convict him
I'm the West Coast redemption
Target, Coast Ridah, boost eye for an eye
My blood line banging until the eight frame die
I snuggle up the gun, full grip
Them eyes on my dinero, then analyze this
Real out the game, send them on their way to re-admit
Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E., ain't nothing changed, crowned and
convinced
Pimp slap bitches and hoes and gangster slap pimps
And when I went through, it's that GANGSTER SHIT

[Chorus: Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E., Kurupt]

[Boo-Yaa] Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, gangsta..
[Kurupt] You know what I'm talking about
[Boo-Yaa] You get them fast then..
[Boo-Yaa] Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, gangsta..
[Boo-Yaa] This one's on me
[Boo-Yaa] Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, gangsta..
[Kurupt] Gangsta, right?
[Boo-Yaa] You get them fast then..
[Boo-Yaa] Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, gangsta..
[Boo-Yaa] This one's on me

[Verse 2: Kurupt]

G's, T's, where y'all at?
Riders, that's what y'all are (are)
I'm a for real front line folder
I fold front lines and then push they backs over
Mama ain't raised no busters (busters)
And mama ain't raised no punks!
We'll meet front to front
Left the parking lot nigga, see what y'all want (nigga)
Ten toes, ten fingertips
Niggaz don't really want to trip
They want to catch a nigga twenty deep (deep)
And catch niggaz thinking they could sleep (sleep)
Ain't no sleeping in a G zone nigga
BC rider and they every ball nigga
Boo-Yaa and Gotti the original, told y'all nigga
Yeah run through this motherfucker, G'd up huh?
G cut Timbs from the feet up huh?

[Chorus: Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E.] - (w/ minor variations)

[Verse 3: Ganxta Ridd]

They love it when I bang through
Sex them all like a truce, fade them all like a rendez
vous
I'm hitting senders like I'm hitting switches
Lay bikes like a pipe, play a brick and then they all my
bitches
Who's that?, y'all niggaz beef
It's that motherfucker cause I'm getting plot money
Envisioning balls, I'm wishing nuts and jaws
Fuck them trick fools that don't want us to ball
We street flavor, Blood we all involved
I'm all up in the guts quit ticking and crawl
Pass the free fall, fuck the free shows
Slap the hoe all, paws that explode
Motherfuckers die trying mode
Ganxta come on call me Ganxta Ridd
B.C.D.P. B.T. for sure
West West, East Side, .45 reload

[Chorus: Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E.] - (w/ minor variations) +
(Repeat 2X)

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