

Michelle Diaz

"It's On, On Sight"

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(*Screeching tires, gunshots, broken glass, sirens and screaming*)

Yeah (3x)

[E-40]

They want problems; soon them want me waxed,
contracts on my ass
It's comin from the pen, they say I owe 'em cash
Dwellin off the past and they need it fast
But what they fai'lize is I'll be quick to blast
Die hard cold blooded killer all about my work
Dressed up like a female in a mini-skirt
Specialize in doin dirt - shootin niggaz in the shirt
Put the pistol in his mouth and make it hurt, ooh
Cutlass, guzzlin down a 40-ounce bottle of Swiss malt
liquor brewsky
talkin to a cutie standin outside the movie theater
sittin on top of the hood of my Cutlass
Smokin on a non-filter pink pack colored edition
cigarette
Clove-family affiliated cancer stick lookin +GANESH+
beadie
What the fuck? W here's the peace treaty?
Full of my Wheaties, yes indeedy, M-16's don't shoot
no beebees
Programmed to amputate anything that gets off in my
way
Then I put them same size left over bullets up in my
A.K.
I can't wait 'til we bump heads

Chorus:

It on, on sight day and night no matter what I'm
dumpin'
I'm tryin to see you niggas 'bout somethin' (2x)

"I'm heated, them niggas cheated" - 3X (in
background)

We had a meetin', shit 'posed to been squashed (3x)

Shit was 'posed to been squashed

[E-40]

I've got a hunch; meet me at the Olive Garden spot let's
do lunch

Fool and dem tried to pass the buck and set us up for
lumps

Sons of bitches must think we some chumps

Time to break out the pipe bombs and the pumps

[C-Bo]

Nigga fuck stress and pull lick, we kick in the door with
full clips

Out of Magnums packin when we blast 'em we all out
for the chips

FOol, 40-Water never slip, saw the niggaz quick and
then dipped

Before we spark the pipe bombs, and blow them
niggaz shit to

side-ways up off they block, poppin gears in a big block

All out non stop riders until our casket drop

We smashin, blastin on any, while I remember many

Dash and blastin double two-three's, fuck the enemies

Chorus

[E-40]

One of my big dudes up out HPA shot me a kite today

He up in Pelican Bay three striker

Doin 25 with a L cause he won't tell on one of his
high-ranked dudes in position who wears a diaper

With the shit stacked on the side of his waist

blood splattered all on the windshield wiper

Somebody tried to take his face - caught him up in his
Viper

Loose as a goose ass out tried to down him like a
sniper

hyperventilated started havin' seizures

No feelings in his legs, arms, or his sneakers

[C-Bo]

We stand tall, like Manute Bol with bigger balls than
RuPaul

Strapped with 4-4's down to execute all y'all

Don't want to see us niggas on a mission

150 round drum 45 slugs bitten

No remorse hit by the hardcore fo' sho'

Leave him stuck in his front seat

70 rounds through his front window

Ain't no fuckin' with G's

Fill 'em up to they neck from they knees

Leave 'em dyin' in the street as we escape on they

goldeeze

Chorus

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