

We On It

Akon

"We On"
(feat. Yo Gotti)

Testing one
Testing two
Yo Gotti!

My top down, my money long
My bitch bad and I'm packed up
Niggas like me these bitches fuck
He ain't hood no mo', he ain't strapped up
Y'all mixed up, thinkin' I'm a call up my gorillas
I've got killers in Chinchillas, pullin' cars straight from the dealer
I'm worldwide and they love me when my PJ ain't for soil
That cocka money all, I've been fuckin' with the soil
See, all my bitches love me, they all be callin' me hubby
I've been thinkin' 'bout movin' to Miami and getting chubby

Been getting all this money and fuckin' all these bitches
Survive all these hoods, bumpin, we bumpin' these bitches
We on we on we on
We on we on we on
I see this Louie and this Gucci
This Bentley and this Prada
My swag's off the roof that's why these hoes tryin' harder
We on we on we on
We on we on we on

I pulled up in like full hoomer
Straight linen like dope money
Got a red bitch and a red Rrari
If something comes, California
She mink skinned, her butter milk
My people me, might stand me up
Get the club, that Rollie watchin'
New Versace chain, they can't stand me
Heated up in the club and we poppin' these bitches
And we bumpin' in designer, we rockin', we on
We on, 20 racks and we shoppin'
8 million and it's droppin'
If you want it give me coppin'
Bitch, I'm tripped up like a light switch
On light me like a drag beat
Good round with that black truck
But don't steer back that white shit
Money, it's the root of all evil
I'm just tryna feed my people
Couple ounces for these sneakers, I'm on

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We work hard, no sleep
You starve, we eat
No shorts, knee deep
Them Louie bags ain't cheap
And that's all that she wanted
Got 'er back and up on it
Remind me of my old battle bee and she might think I might clone it
Cute face, big ole ass
Lookin' like she J Lo
Diamond piece all over this smash
Tryna fuck the whole ano
Diamonds on my back, diamonds on my wrist
Might splurge a lil bit and put diamonds on this bitch

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