

We On It

Lil Uzi Vert

Don Cannon
Yeah, yeah
Lil Uzi
Lemme see dat
What up Charlie?

Twenty bitches dick riding a nigga
Twenty niggas standing beside of nigga
Is it good fortune important choices
Now they all wanna ride with a nigga
Where was you when I was off in the beginning
Ain't take three stripes for a nigga
Took me out but now a nigga winnin'
Took me out but now a nigga winnin'
Y'all just be hatin' on a youngin'
Want collab from a youngin'
But a couple months ago
Wasn't thinkin' bout a youngin' (No)
What you know about trappin'
On a God damn Monday
Half an hour got rid of a onion
I'm finessin' and I'm stuntin' (Ah!)
You niggas fakin' and your bitches bad
And I don't like you, like your bitch's dad
I'm from the city where everybody wanna be from the north
Cause they think that's just where the winners at
And I swear I wanna be where the women at
Overseas with my team sippin' gin and jack
And most these rappers ain't feelin' that
Then again most these rappers be really wack
And you talk about juugin', but you really trap
Got nicks and dimes money barely stacked
And a bitch I fucked over nigga barely tapped
And I thought you had bars where the coffin at
'Cause you a dead motherfucker, dressed all in black
I'm still a lean head and I'm off the act
Well not right now I ain't off the act
Cause this too crazy to be off the act
And most these niggas they be soft as crap
And you get em steamed up now they hard as crack
Pull up in a Beamer oh you parkin' that
Wait I thought that was yours why you walkin' back
And I'm 'bout to grab the Porsche nigga, horse in back
Swear to god I'm bout to bring flossin' back
And my bitch ass is so soft and fat
Yeah my bitch ass is so soft and fat

We on it
If its 'bout the money then you know that we on it (We is)
Money piled up I can't see my opponent
Look at these oppositions swear to god that they want it
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I got 20 bitches ridin' with me
20 more we all slide-in for free
Ain't tell you I was 43 deep
22 niggas mobbin' with me
They be mobbin' for free
Oh shit, Giuseppe's strapped so don't trip
This mac invadin' my lip
The pretty girl sip
The selfie those flicks
Damn, 20 cameras all on me
Lil chick like diamond weeks
Fresh do let it bop with a weave
Love a lil' nigga who will bop on his knees
And I got a boy who will pay for it all
Anything I want, lemme get stingy
I can take trips, I can call whips
Last name Frank, first name Benji
If it's 'bout money den I'm on it
Go 'head, show me my opponent
If she really want it, tell her she can have it right now
Never met a queen who was scared to back down
Who woulda thought that they knew me
'Cause they run me down like Boosie
Nigga havin' dreams he could do me
Now I'm on a track with Lil Uzi
So they don't like the way I do it, and they hate that I'm on top
Wishin' they could fix my brakes, they like damn, she won't stop
Now that money talk
I do anything that I want
Oh, you mad?
I done made my fuckin' way to the front, bitch

We on it
If its 'bout the money then you know that we on it
Money piled up I can't see my opponent
Look at these oppositions swear to god that they want it
Look at these oppositions swear to god that they want it
If it's 'bout the money then you know that we on it
Money piled up I can't see my opponent
Look at these oppositions swear to god that they want it
Look at these oppositions swear to god that they want it
If its 'bout the money then you know that we on it
Money piled up I can't see no opponent
Look at these oppositions swear to god that they want it
Look at these oppositions swear to god that they want it