

It's On

Pac Div

Hanging out in South Beach, rapping to some south beats
Spit it so cold that I was told I need a mouthpiece
Lousy, grouchy, lazy, obnoxious
Alchie, crazy, I may need a doctor
Maybe even locked up, who gave you that hot stuff?
They say who the best, I bet it ain't even a toss-up
Pac Div hands down, we got bigger plans
Fellas put yo hands up, ladies pull yo pants down
It's on, we ain't sipping Patron
We sipping on that same shit we be drinking at home
I'm talking 'bout that Henny, that Remy, that Rosci got me dizzy
In the club, deep as fuck, I got all my niggas with me

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It's on, it's popping, who got it? (Yea, you got it)
Who got it? (You got it)
Who got it? (Yea, you got it, boy)
It's on, it's popping, who got it? (Yea, you got it)
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Who got it? (You got it)
Who got it? (Yea, you got it, boy)

Thou shall cometh
Back in '97 had "Bow Down" bumping
Pow pow thumping with a round, brown something
Make the crib look like I'm downtown clubbing
A nigga never cuffing, keep my mind on the ducats
I'ma be your best friend, baby, let me touch it
No drawers in your luggage, go hard 'cause I love it
Me and E.T. float stars, getting blunted
Hide and go get it, change your life in fo' minutes
Rode to clubs in a bucket, still pull a few bitches
'Cause it's on, it's popping, the gas tank on E
Got me dipping slow, sitting low from the police

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Who got it? (Yea, you got it, boy)

Man, it's on like a undershirt
I know you tryna save hoes but save some money first
Pac Div, holler at us if you want a verse
It feel like we the last real niggas on the Earth
Laid back, blowing purp, find me where the party at
Gold-digging bitches, you can find them where the ballers at
Hoes left me hanging then, now I guess they want me back
I wouldn't give them hoes a quarter at the laundry mat
I'm looking at these rappers, All I see is copycats

You niggas putting me to sleep, where my coffee at?
Same nigga, same number you can call me at
If we ain't talking 'bout paper, you can call me back

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