

# It's On

Richie Rich

Let's do this shit  
Motherfuckers want their pockets sway

Motherfucker  
You couldn't even fuck with this  
'Cause in a major motherfucking way  
It's on  
It's like nick nack paddy wack give a Dogg a bone

I got a flow so sick it runs a temperature of 101  
On a daily  
That's what keeps pay me  
And do I got three jobs I running this like Nicky D  
So drive true  
If I let you slide true  
Could you fuck with a nigger with a resume  
Rich will never play  
And any rapper can come this way  
So when I come bow down  
100% I represent the east side of the Oaktown  
I drop a props, with a flossy flow  
But when he catch cha  
It will get hectic  
And I will respect it  
And I'm that nigga serving tit for tat  
Twamp for twamp into the valley of the deep swamp  
I leave no stones alone when I bust  
It's strictly mental  
And sale your dope into my window  
I kick your ass to the curve  
And when you get served  
I let you know  
east side what I swearve  
Now I coming up sheep  
Beat after beat  
Making nail of a 94 crew

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I'm from the Old School, yes indeed  
I sale my right arm, for some go good weed  
I went true a whole lot just to beat the tonic  
And I refuse to lose the minor  
My shit is real, plus some convince  
And that's fake, like that silicon contour  
I rather make, big bread and steak  
Then regulate without any bitches help

But just like all you tower power  
Niggas want to test their cholesterol  
Nigga you are my nigga  
And you don't get a dawn better  
Niggas don't want to see me, but I'm that damn trigga  
For guess, besides I get busy  
Richer than bitches, but I really like your ball  
That's what they gonna say back home  
When I'll be gone  
But it will be ball

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Motherfucker  
You don't want to see me  
'Cause in a major motherfucking way  
fool It's on  
It's like nick, nack, paddy, wack, give a dogg a bone

Microphone three, ballin like Jordan  
You punk, think you site a pain  
In fact I know you came  
True half of the shit you was claiming in the county  
suckers on your jock  
you claim you run the block  
Pollytaim busta you cracked in half  
Claimed you fooled a bank  
But I know your bank stank  
I lived around the corner  
I've seen you fully smoked  
Must I say some more  
You ain't a buck or four  
You sold your TV for a buck  
'cause it was way to Leigh  
And when they send you up state, I heard you gain some weight  
So you're a baller  
Lined on a youngsters quip  
Got to think your sick  
To representing your click  
But you're a old school  
Thinking too much hype  
Yo, buy some Timmy on right, it got, \*eeehhh\* rally strike!  
If they know your identity  
You probably be a victim of a sticky  
You ain't got to lie to kick it

Ain't no wagon  
Nigga 40 and his cousin Richard Jackson

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4-1-5-1-0-7-0-7, the area

Biatch

There's no place like the bay

Where the naked hoochies play

And no whole in the wall

So, you can't see it all

Biatch