

It's On

WC

Let the games begin, any of y'all testing when
Cranking again, swanging again, let the gangstas in
Back causing tragedies straight from the gladiator academy
Bouncing on 16 that will be, sagging
Committed to smashing, thrashing
Backhand smacking, back with what y'all been lacking
Ladies pour the yac up, turn this track up
And if you ain't sharing that pussy back up
I got niggas in 600s, with large chips
Hard dicks, fresh off the yard for licks
Dipping, with full clips cooking them birds
Running trips, and running that lungs and lips
Shots ready, big fetty, bombs steady
Got my own slang neer ask Fonzerelli
Spit gator it carefully, swerve in the cheve
Watching veterans skip it gets no better than this

We gone roll motherfucker, believe it's on
We gone smoke this motherfucker till the weed is gone
We gone let the hundred spokes twist all day
We gone smash on these haters till we all paid
Ride niggas, ride niggas, my niggas ride will you
Ride niggas, ride niggas, my niggas ride will you

Somebody act Koup Deville off the lot, calico cocked
Hot with 16 fin to close down shop
Some strictly where it's certified, khakis and biscuits
Smack you senseless, make you a bag in the district
A nigga swift, and got to gasping for oxygen
Now blocking it, to every hood there ain't no stopping it
So to your community, ain't nothing new to me
Bandanna protected, what can you do to me
I need a sawed off mic when I kill it
Spill it, make the taliban shit look like a picnic
Controversy, knocking a whole in your jersey
Well and worthy and represent it till I'm buried
Lets have a collision assault and battery
See hard headed toupee, y'all nasty like [?]
Fuck the cranis[?], keep banging till this shit is blank
With the killer clan trans. and I don't does paint

Knock, knock, it's that nigga loc with it tank, with it
Clock with it, swang on top with it
(who is you), I'm W.C. neer strapped tight
What's your name (I'm Koup Deville) well nigga take flight

Time to wreck up, do the monster mash, full flag
Bandanna tag, everybody crease up your rag
A double fucking bank anthem, swang tantrum
Black cannon holder, throwing them thangs at them
But it's time to shut down, this sound, broke down
Body Koup, with the lick, break round
A nigga laced with the city smoke, 24's
Your boy at it cause I spit some of the best city soap
No he didn't, yes he did, stick him in the ribs
Get chopped down like Freddy left him with no limbs
Bout to penetrate the whole station, so I could cave in

Better stay in for the night, they ain't playing
Let's think about the big picture, when I aim I won't miss you
They gone when the vehicular gets you
I'm with it till the break dawn, I shake bud
Break a back on the way out spitting the A-1

Yeah nigga, Koup Deville, bandanna protected
Certified swanging on you weeny ass niggas
Can't none of y'all niggas see me and the big homeboy Dub
It's cracking nigga, yeah, we keep it banging