Potential Victims

Westside Connection

I pledge allegiance to the rag
Of the United Westside Connection
And took a W for which it stands
One neighborhood, under [Incomprehensible]
Invincible with luxuries [Incomprehensible]
Ice Cube, WCE and Mack 10
The gangsta, the killa and the dope dealer
Got 'em, look nigga, you fit the description
This is dedicated to potential victims
'Coz who's the fiction, ain't no fiction
Too much bitching, get your ass beat into submission
To all my white niggaz, to all my light niggaz
To all my dark niggaz, I'm tryin' to spark niggaz
I want to shot niggaz, not to mark niggaz
Fuck the park niggaz, I want your heart niggaz
The 'hood most sine able, carnage and hymeneal, prep nigga
Prosecuted from making your brain sweat, nigga
And Crocker sense is the Westside nickel
We're proud of you bitches of the backward window, yeah
From Mo Jay, to MJ and Michael Tyson
They fucked up Saddam like my nigga gangsta mind
You don't have to be a Taliban to fill the per tarn
Don't walk the double-u, victims of the rare black and blue
I kick's in the door, wavin' a automatic
I'm mad as fuck, breathin' hard as a asthmatic
Attitude's unpredictable, behavior is boratic
Could snap at any time, and right now, I ain't had it, bitch
Make no mistake about it
Your life has just been threatened
Threatened, threatened, threatened
To all my white niggaz, to all my light niggaz
To all my dark niggaz, I'm tryin' to spark niggaz
I want to shot niggaz, not to mark niggaz
Fuck the park niggaz, I want your heart niggaz
Got 'em, look nigga, you fit the description
This is dedicated to potential victims
Because who's the fiction, ain't no fiction
Too much bitching, get your ass beat into submission
I clocked the camera, fuckin' up the camera, was working the things

Like holdin' was drama, dirt up my name
Mo money, mo drama, my nigga fuck the hype, flash the light
I'm Dub-C connected to the afterlife, come on
You look hard, act hard, in the backyard
Front yard, lunch card, but the nigga run hard
I run yards, punk guards, nigga so large
If I get caught, nigga no charge
Here come a westcoast gangsta in cagey and creases
Plus a pink slip nigga, you punks is leases
My wife, Bentley got peanut butter guts like Reece's
Blood peeled niggaz is red like endangered species, fucker
In his age of terror, fear is the killer
One thing remains constant
The Westside motherfucking Connection
You might as well keep it gangsta
They've got us all under surveillance
Bitch, you know the side
World motherfucking wide
To all my white niggaz, to all my light niggaz
To all my dark niggaz, I'm tryin' to spark niggaz
I want to shot niggaz, not to mark niggaz
Fuck the park niggaz, I want your heart niggaz
Too many lost
Too many lost

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