

# 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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