

# G'd Up

## Tha Eastsidaz

I bang with the gang that don't need no intro  
We run from East Long Beach to West South Central  
Credentials, to kick flows and rip shows,  
dip 4's and pimp ho's while the indo blow  
You know that west coast low mentality  
Focused on reality but livin in a hole notha galaxy  
We keep it straight hard but guard the spot  
Bangas snatch chains in the parkin lot  
Don't matta there still be fine ho's to gatha  
Pick about the thickest bitch and I gots to hav ha  
It's routine the coupe clean let's hit the sho  
You know we all fuckin once they glimpse the po  
Wit the satin in my hand pack the gat on my lap  
Cuz it's hatin when your skaten and your pockets is fat  
Don't act for a minute like your ass surprised  
Just reconize the real way that gangsta's ride

If it ain't chronic don't blaze it up  
And if it ain't a chevy don't raise it up  
You know we keep it bangin don't fake the funk  
So all the real niggaz stay gangsta'd up  
We makein papa only suckas claim to touch  
By stickin to the script and neva changin up  
You know we keep it bangin don't fake the funk  
Keep it real motherfucka stay gansta'd up

It's goin down motherfuckaz like dat  
Sounds like Battlecat been upstairs wit Zapp  
And the nockin don't stop  
I hope nobody don't call the cops  
It don't stop the beat'll make your pop block  
Na betta yet cuz dis shit'll keep your glock cocked  
You think I'm trippin fool I ain't bullshittin  
You betta read up on dis shit to keep the latest non-fiction  
Watch out for the friction  
Dis West Coast on mine  
And fuck anybody dssin nigga lissen  
Dogg House style cuz I'm a gangsta crip  
C-walkin holdin on the extra clip

Now you wanna be a frend  
But you gunna make me unload and slap the other clip in reload  
You wanna go toe to toe  
Sit my pistol down on ground on the pound nigga hell no

I must stay gangsta'd up cuz it just lives in me  
And when I seen enuff I guess dats when I'll free sumbody  
Once said from willie c. nigga dont speak on me  
I wont stop so let me be we are from the streets sumboby

I'm a Long Beach East Side mad ass lunatic  
Gang bang slap a bitch nigga out to get a grip  
On the grind gettin mine ask the homiez on the 9 2 o you know  
We still own niggaz who talk bitch shit  
Real niggaz feel dis let's get rich  
Under the sun with the young 2 ones TLC's and all the DPG's  
Down for whatever who eva wanna see me now  
You lookin like me i guess you wanna be me now  
It take a hole lot to be Snoop D-O-dub  
You gotta put it down and always stay g'd up  
All star shoes with the G apparel  
If I fall in the club i mite bust a pair of Stacy Adams  
You neva catch me lookin R&B  
I mite be in a 3 piece suit lookin way OG  
Blazin a ounce with the homie cat  
Or Ruff Dogg cuz i luv puttin huslas on the map  
I keep it gangsta for sho do lo  
And always got the muthfuckin do-do smoke  
For all my loc's an ken folks dis is for y'all  
Let me hit sumthin dogg  
Beware of my clique  
We hopin and dropin nuthin but the gangsta shit

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Dogg House sumthin for the 9-5 plus for pennies  
Tray-Dee, Goldie Loc  
My nigga Battlecat on the beat huslas for life

West Side

You can't spell the West without the E-S

Ah yes we connectin y'all

Thats how we do it ( do it to em, do it to em )

And we out ( see ya, see your )

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