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 speek 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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