Cross 'em Out And Put A 'k

Westside Connection

In about four seconds, a gangsta will begin to speak
Well, it's the mad chickenhawk with the dirty lick style
And pullin' 211's ever since taa-doow, there's ten million ways to die
Choosin' Mack and hit the boopin', floosin'
Off this gang-bang music, so all I'd wanna got the room stumped
I'm smokin', make dough like Trump
Cookin' chowder to they chunk, punk
Straight off dust, nigga trust I bust
And cross 'em out and put a 'K if they ain't down with us
It's off the hook, nigga, I'm a Westside crook, nigga
The forty motherfuckin' dollars on my books, nigga
I'm not an MC, I'm not a G
I mean I'm A to fuckin' Z and everything in between
Rappers like gangbangin' 'cos I'm in it to the fullest
And my hood ain't never dodgin' bullets
It's all about the Bloods and Crips, no one tri-ips
Colors and dips, bitches and chips, nigga
What's this my friggen low-grader system
That takes puff B I itches on the premises
Nigga be dissin' on a down low, so now my motto's
"Fuck every rapper from the East and the West Coast"
New School, Old School, I hate you motherfuckers
I'm steady plottin', cracklin' my ass wit'cha album covers
Cross 'em out and put a 'K
Then no Saint days, nigga, then run the fuckin' holidays
'Ey, I cross 'em out and put a 'K
Inglewood, nigga, to South Central L.A.
'Ey, I cross 'em out and put a 'K
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Inglewood, nigga, to South Central L.A.
Goddamn nigga, this shit make me sick
All these West Coast cowards ridin' New York beat
Busters get sprayed wearin' high-top fades
And Cango's backwards with dark-ass shades
No switchblades, nigga, we shoots
That's how it is on the West when you're true to your roots

So kill the action, punk, hootchie bitches clown
Nigga get your sag on and keep your pants legs down
Check it, ho' shut your mouth and get naked
I'm Connected and ain't no bitches singin' on this record
No R and B tracks, just niggas on wax
Kickin' facts with these gang-bang raps
Every nigga in the industry wanna rap with me
Like it's all good, you ain't from my hood
Nigga, I don't even like your shit, I don't like your form
I'm true, your through, nigga fuck you
Nigga get off, this shit is wacked
Fuck that, I bust you in the can with a motherfuckin' propajack
Spit on ya, shit on ya when I get on your pissil
You're goin' up and your fuckin' 'cos I ain't lovin' none of ya
And even the female rappers are gettin' smacked
Stabbed in the titties and kicked in the back
'Cos I'm a Westside Connection hista
Bored from a lover dishin' nothin' but foolers and dirty rubbers
'Ey, I cross 'em out and put a 'K
Inglewood, nigga, to South Central L.A.
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Inglewood, nigga, to South Central L.A.
In about four seconds, a killa will begin to speak
Now you can cross out the busters and snitches
B-Real and Miss Muggs is like Hollywood bitches
From the niggas I know in the streets I run through
Swear to God bitch, real it ain't one dog and nobody
So watch what you say,who ya talkin' 'bout,ya tweakin'
And keep hogs out'cha mouth when ya bitch ass is speakin'
I'm sick wit it, cappin' cha dome till I hit it
This Westside Connection, Cypress know they can't fuck with it
Use to get kisses and hugs, now I'm servin' ya slugs
Fuck B-Real and Muggs, y'all niggas ain't no fuckin' thugs
Be all surprised, everybody dies
From Columbian neckties covered with fright
Ya fuckin maggots, ya fuckin' faggots
I shoulda hurt you, every motherfucker that I know wanna hurt you
So when I pull my spray-can to spray
I'm sprayin' C H K all motherfuckin' day
I once knew this bitch by the name of Q-Tip
Who claim he had a problem with this gangsta shit

Behind closed doors, runnin' his mouth like a trick-in
Till this nigga 'bout the name of Dove caught him slippin'
Tied his ass up and threw him in the truck
Put an apple in his mouth and dug his ass out
I [Incomprehensible] lead him then down his body stashed
In a trash bag with a cue-cover in his ass
'Ey, I cross 'em out and put a 'K
Inglewood, nigga, to South Central L.A.
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Inglewood, nigga, to South Central L.A.
'Ey, I cross 'em out and put a 'K
Inglewood, nigga, to South Central L.A.
'Ey, I cross 'em out and put a 'K
Inglewood, nigga, to South Central L.A.
Don't go chasin' waterfalls
Stick to them dicks and balls you're used to
Punk ass motherfuckers

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