

Westside Slaughterhouse (feat. Ice Cube & WC)

Mack 10

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

WestsideMicrophone check 10 from the West Coast beller and tella
I cuss like a sella when you see her she's a gonna
Moved to California blew the bitch up
And put the gangsta twist on herSunny Southern Cal it never snows
Niggas yellin' ha's and ho's we dumpin' out of 64's
When it comes to the gun play we vets
It's West Coast for life no crew only setsIt's the dog breathe out the smog
I'm a hog of this gangster shit don of the click
All you suckas want to dis the Pacific
But you buster niggas never get specificUsed to love her mad 'cause we fucked her
Pussy whipped bitch with no common sense
Hip hop started in the West
Ice Cube bailin' through the East without a vestNow as I look to my riznight and to my left
I see motherfuckers staring like they wanna step
So I'm grabin' my rusty screw driver
In case I got to cut ya deeper than Vanessa Del Rio's VaginaFinda notha crew of niggas who can fuck with this
Lyrical bully given verbal bruises to crews fool
You must be on dick dope and dynamite
How you figure speed on before you get peed on nigga, yeahFool what side is you red or the blue?
While as the L.A. zoo it's round two
I ignite grab the mic tight strike like a rattle
Bring the rhymes and nines to the motherfuckin' battleSo sun down to sun up run up with my gun up
All brakes get to pumpin' they know a nigga dumpin'
You dred like a rasta when I lock like a terrier
Mack 10 that nigga with the heat that'll berry yaOh ah, oh ah, do a walk by and watch everybody die
Niggas into gangs thangs and narcotics
Freak bitches riches and hydrolics
Pull heat knock you off yo feetClear the whole block both sides of the street
Even crips and bloods hear my thuds
Fee fy foe fum a nigga where you from?
West sideFuck all you niggas I'm yellin'
This is mad circle to the fullest everybody 187um

Toons play the piano fuck a battle
I'm socking rappers like mad man Santiago 'Cause you niggas ain't impressin' me plus you singin' big red
records
So nigga fuck what you tellin' me
Sit down Jr. you couldn't see me if you wanted to
Look y'all it Mack 10, Cube and the double U Westside's on the map
Niggas represent the 70's and still never win gold
Westside's on the map
Niggas represent the 70's and still never win gold I just had a scrap fo' the neighborhood Inglewood stereotype
Got to deal with the hype
Known to kick back with the fat sack fuck that
Where my gat at these nigga trippin' off my bulls hat About to let loose with the chrome tray dude 5 shots
And I put holes in yo Bandanna
I push a Benz you still rollin' Gs
Nigga miss me with the set trip and start slangin' keys When I say itchy citchy niggas get bitchy bitchy
'Cause they heard of ah natural born murderah
I'm like Frankenstein is spankin' time
Layin' in the sunshine with only one nine So who wants to bust with the never rust
Goin' platinum plus every time I cuss
So fuck the whole world black
Niggas better hope I don't grow my jeri curl back Steper murderah stepin' out a Chevrolet
Sportin' a beanie like Marvin Gaye
Stalkin' walkin' in my big black chuck's
Standin' tall in your freestyle session holdin' my balls I'm peepin' game like a ref in '95
'Cause niggas be foul and bittin' other niggas styles
But if you're bittin' this you better bring the dentist
'Cause sucking these balls ah give yo ass lock jaws fool Which way shall I go nigga what should I do?
Should I bang with the red or should I truce with the blue?
Should I rock dope beats and grab the mic and stay down?
Or should I shoot out of town and flip this pound? Shit I never thought that my nuts ah get bigger
Checkin' major figures I'm hangin' with platinum niggas
It's Mack 10 and I'm Inglewood swangin'
No time fo bangin' but still got my cackeys hangin' Fuck one love it's the bloody glove killin' honkey hoes
Leaving blood stains on Broncos
In a Hertz rental I drive on the 405
Is he dead or alive? Motherfuck court took another snort
Jumpin' over chairs as I run through the airport
So I can catch a flight away from the drama
Number 32 chillin' in the Bahamas Sucky ducky quack quack niggas ain't knowin' how to act
Sucka ducks play the back
Nigga use to dis but now it's turning around and like Brandy
Motherfuckers wanna be down With this West Coast rap game I can give a fuck
If you wasn't down at first you can buck these nuts
Transformers get stole on boom
Get the picture killa Cali home of the body bags nigga Westside's on the map

Niggas represent the 70's and still never win gold
Westside's on the map
Niggas represent the 70's and still never win goldWestside

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