Bangin'

Beefy

West syy eed
Huh niggaz be like wonderin where tha Ice Cream Man been at
I been down South countin my marbles nigga
But I got two sides
Damn it feels good to be back in the Yea Area I mean the Westside
With these motherfuckin West Coast Bad Boyz
Westside Connection Ice Cube W.C. and Mack 10
Nigga y'all know the Westside is Bout It Bout It
It's the I N G L E here to trouble you, W double-oh D
See me, I take this gangbang shit to hold mouthes
Beach coup, the hood patrol wit my flag in ya mommas style
I throw my set up, I ret up, Nigga I break up
No hollow points so I don't jam tha tec up, dog
I put tha Cavi all day to parlay, when niggaz trip I spray
Then is anybody here all day, shit I trizit to my clizit
Who wanna fuck wit it, since tha World is a ghetto
looks like I'm stuck wit it, Killa Cali is the state murder
Everyday it's a homie, lay my rag in a casket and retaliate
Nigga who is you, what side is you, red or blue
I gets my drop on, I regulate the turf I stomp on
Everytime I see some I grabs me gun
Red rum red rum and Inglewood is where I be from
Boom boom bang on I bust back, fuck that
Loud strings in my chucks and a maroon velvet golf hat
I let my holsters hang loose, no truce, no tamin
Westside niggaz for life, it's gangbangin
Chorus:
Red rag blue rag, watchin niggaz sag
44 mag, throwin up flags
If you Bout it what you claimin, fuck what you slangin
Ain't no tamin Westside gangbangin
What do I got get high for, what would I lie for
And what would I die for
Westside is the best side you got to know
Keep a calico by the bedside, this what I'm all about
Now which one of y'all motherfuckers shot up my momma's house?
It ain't no rules when you ain't got
nuttin to lose, and a gang of tattoos
So throw ya muthaphukkin, set high in the air

If you don't care, to ride a wheelchair
Watch what hood you select
Many niggaz get checked for the tat on they neck
We got the cannabis bombay, G ride Hyundai, ya best ta pray we don't

Find out where ya stay, lookin at my momma thru a glass window
Up in L.A. before it was called South Central
Makin niggaz like new statistics while bumpin my Stylistics, and
I'm locin, smokin dat yermon as a youngsta
Now I'm big and strong as Herman Munster
It's the set I threw up, tha only way ta go
It's the way i grew up, the only way I know, fa sho'
It ain't about Crip or Blood, and it'll never die
Because there's too much love
Chorus
High as a ki-zite tonite, rollin on my ci-zite
With that Dub-S to that C-lite
I'm ready, but them niggaz on wait
Tey get beat like hussein by tis gangbang track
Young hustler, geyda pusher, leg crusher
Nigga make way for this Neighborhood quickster
Raised in a system, gang affiliated
America, take a look at what you created
Started in a section, grew like an erection, spreaded like cancer
Now tha country's infected, gangbangin world wide, beat the death pole
I guess the world really is a motherfuckin ghetto
But Westside niggaz are the craziest, that's why I'm keepin
My fingas on deez, loaded clips, cause we done served two of them men
Ain't no tellin what them niggaz gone get
If they done try to retaliate
I can't sleep, cause death is lookin foe me
I can't shake tha jacket, too many niggaz know me, Shazzam!!
I guess I'm in too deep, fuck cullas, I'm riddin over low term beef
Chorus 2X
Gang bangin, huh, Cube nigga wassup, W.C., Mack 10, Master P
Gang bangin nigga, uhhhh, we rowdy, we Bout It Bout It
Told y'all niggaz the Westside the best side
We gots sumpin foe all you hatas nigga regulate
Bringin the whole motherfuckin west side, red blue together
Makin green nigga, makin green
Chorus
Nigga it's all right ta be a G, Westside Connection
Live for red and blue, my nigga Masta P
But ain't no more God for us nigga
But we can live for that green

The legal way baby, the legal way
This song is dedicated, to everybody who fallen victim to gangbangin
World wide Westside, real niggaz of tha world unite

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