

Call 9-1-1

Westside Connection

This right here is considered a banger
Delivered with anger, your life is in danger
Beware of them strangers, holdin' them flamers
Them niggers were swagger, 'cuz they keep it gangsta
Just face it, I blaze shit yo shit is basic, my shit is matrix
Make you erase shit, niggaz won't say shit, but DJ's you ain't shit
'Cuz you don't play shit, unless it's that gay shit
I'm straight off the slave ship, my style is ancient
I'm rich and I'm famous, I'm on, I'm dangerous
I came wit that language, it's mad, it's brainless
You study at Cambridge, I'm fuckin' yo main bitch
Plus my Ebonics is full, of gin and tonic, erotic
Yeah you got it, hypnotic, plus I got it
After nine eleven niggaz got patriotic
On nine twelve I'm like fuck it nigga blaze the chronic
Call 9-11, then call your reverend
Then call Heaven, here I come Lord
Live by the gun, die by the gun
A eye for an eye when you live and die by this war
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Yeah, now it's the mornin' after the night I just rolled
9-1-1 ain't a area code it's a gangsta mode
And I'm still in amazement on how I put it down
Emptied round after round rat-tat-tat was the sound
Now understand the situation, it was urgent
We, handled this emergency urgently
I can't just have no nigga out there just workin' me, jerkin' me
Talkin' all kind of shit, dishin' dirt on me, shit
He was a local nigga sheisty and didn't wanna pay up
So I got dressed in all black and loaded the K up
And all I could think about is revenge as I lit the J up
And even though it was late night, I still fucked his whole day up
It was child's play, the youngster took me for a
joke
Not knowin' mack a maniac and I love the gun smoke
Make sparks in my barrel, shit flew through his apparel
Stupid motherfucker lost his life over Dinero but
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It ain't safe no fuckin' mo'
I swear on everything I love, my hood, my momma, my soul
This motherfuckin' dub, is hall of bang nigga, I claim nigga

Like PCP to the brain, it's like kel runnin my fame nigga
White lightnin' I'm sippin', snickerin', slippin' the crip
and like a fiend
I tremble, shiver and them blow your doam to smithereens
Act up, no actor, starch crease ragger
Dick harder than Viagra, dub push your ick backwards
Connect alumni, but the gun high bloods and crips
And when we touch down we turn niggaz hoods till the guy says grip
Squeeze lead, to the y'all dead, 'cuz I'm fucked up in the can
And I fuck a bitch over whether she can blew or all red
The industry most hated, nigga get at us, we ready, dub,
mack
And cube like Saddam, Bin Laden and no Jag in the Chevy
Back again, momma there go that man again
Grab the gun, them niggaz on one call 9-1-1
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