Pick Ya Side (feat. Fury Figeroa)

C-Smoke

chorus: niggaz ride for the west coast, and real niggas live to die on the west coast, now mutherfucker pick your side on the west coast, cuz you can run but you cant hide on the west coast. yeah nigga

im goin in for the golden state. we goin ham and eatin everything up on the plate. thats how we raised niggas savage in this habitat. you put it down and put yo hood up on the fuckin map.and thats a fact, more killin in the warzone. in killa cali cuz these youngstas keep keep that chrome on em ready to dome on em. lick shots and leave that gang sign, up in the air call that muthafucka hangtime nigga bang 9 hollow tips at yo residence. you know the saying if it dont make dollars than it dont make sense.so i guess thats why they thank a niggas insane, cuz smoke dogg let it rain for the damn gang say that damn thang. find yourself up on the local new, think its a game you better know the muthafuckin rules, know what im saying? cuz in cali you can lose your life, just ask a blood for a cigarette dont say it right, see what you get nigga.

chorus 2x

lowriders hydraulics nigga just picture me rollin, i put my caddy on d's and them bitches is stolen. aint nothin new except the bullets in the clip of the strap, because the gun that i just copped came with some bodies attached. Now how you want it come and get it semper fi we ride, known marines g stamped til the day that we die. in california street souldiers always putting in work, keep that sack out by the bushes and the strap in our shirt. foot on the wall niggas posted like a sign on the block, til niggas way to deep now that spot to hot. call it a day at the office niggaz campaigning they set, done put in work since the 90's now niggas call me a vet.in california residing until the day that i die, its c-smokin this fury repping for soldiers worldwide.

chorus 2x

french braids stunna shades got game from the og's, that salinas gang task on the hunt for parolees. we proceed to stack mail and just keeping it low key, cuz they killin black males we dont fuck with the police. had to smash it til its small put that knot in my draws, cuz they ripped apart my car wit no probable cause. and they sniffin with them dogs so they lock me up quick, aint that a bitch now the bustas trying to get me to snitch. i never rat and my blood is pumpin nothing but sav, catch a case before i ever rock a gun and a badge. moving fast for the cash still tucking the stash, cuz my life is pedal to the metal punching the gas . west coast is the deepest they serving coke and the reefer, if you come to california better go get a heater. put that thang in the trunk never know when you need it, i put that flame to the blunt now im smokin with ceaser, fury.

Chorus 2x

Lyrics Submitted by admin

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