

Westside

Mr. Shadow

Westside, Westside, Westside, Westside

Westside, Westside, Westside, WestsideIf you're feeling kind of tipsy and high tonight

 Take a choke, it's time to ride tonight

 It's alright on the Westside, the Westside

Break through Stacy Adams, Anchor Blue gangster steppingAin't nobody slipping, one of my boys got a weapon

 I'm headed to the park, jeans swinging left to right

 Feeling alright, keep my dogs all in sight

Baller night, shot caller night, helicopter light spinnersAnd it's barely the beginning

 Hot women spending big faces for hours

 Drinking White Russians and Mintory Sours

Leaning like the tower, bent to the limitTake another shot for the block, homey clear it

 I hear it in the back, I hear it in the front

 Westside, Killer Cal, whether you like it or not

Posted up at the spot, show me what you gotNext round is on me, believe me it don't stop

 Till you drop, that's the was we gonna handle this

From San Diego to Los Angeles, we're scandalousWestside, Westside, Westside

 Westside, Westside, WestsideHow about we play quarters or spin the bottle

 The rule of the game drink it all till it's hollow

 Follow my lead, take it to the brain

Whether we're swigging or hitting Mary JaneIf you can't hang or maintain me and my gang

 Under control and then we let the shots ring

 If you claim to be a baller, let it be known

Mr. Shadow from San DiegoKillaifornia making you bounce to this

 Worldwide, let's ride through the early mist

 If you ain't on the list then you ain't wanted here

Bring all the cups and the brew over hereWestside, Westside, Westside

 Westside, Westside, Westside

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