

# Just Clownin'

WC

(Talking) Back again...It's the jankiest the jankiest  
Still gettin' my stalk on walk on

Verse 1

One of the G'est WSC riders  
One about the Feds on camera with the folded bandanna  
It's me the G you be a seein' Nightrain sipper  
two fingers split I'ma get her once again I bring her  
Skip skip throw it up throw it up give it up or get rolled up  
swole up thought I told ya 'bout this Maad Circle Soldier  
Allstars locs pieces khakis and linens  
the OG Godfather with the blue feather in it  
The shadiest nigga what's crackin' who got the sack and  
nigga what they goin' for everybody's on the floor  
Make way for the loccest cutthroat with a beard long as Moses  
walkin' through yo camps and striking penitentiary poses  
A straight vet Connect Gang is my set  
Since a rook I did everything in the book  
Puttin' those thangs on ya like bing bing when I get ya  
Loc this rap game ain't ready for a real cap nigga

Chorus

Not just clownin' we got thousands  
still out bangin' the streets  
Playas get jacked from thinkin' I'm acting  
y'all can't see WC

(Repeat)

Verse 2

Now bow to the shadiest hood patrollin' west rollin'  
7 figure nigga still hi fi growin'  
Pistol holdin' bailin' with nothing but trues  
jumping out the fo' in the corduroy house shoes  
WC a G been in these streets for years  
been loccin' since the Force MD's were singing "Tears"  
Now what the fuck a new nigga got to say to me  
I was pullin' 211's when KDAY was the Beat  
1984 Lo Cali Sports Arena  
and off of jams I'm jackin' fools for Filas  
When Run DMC and Jam Master first bust  
we was snatchin' mothafuckas outta Nissan trucks  
Raised from a crew of real killers and knick kickers

that never ran on ya but was quick to put them hands on ya  
(Talking) Ha ha Man y'all better figure us out quick  
Ain't no rappers here we felons trying to make money at this here.

Chorus

Verse 3

It's the cap peeler night grinder west rider hood ratacider  
Deuce 4 7 all day everyday  
4 deep hittin' corners in a rag Chevrolet  
Started out nada before I turned rich I used to do it for free  
but now I ride for the paper  
Maad Circle hit 'em up like bam  
Where y'all from them enemies don't act dumb  
y'all know where we from  
It's that 15th letter 2 times with the S  
cut off Dickie wearing descendant from the West  
Steady square dumping in the center where the crowd  
with my flag on my head tied Aunt Jemima style  
But ain't nobody trippin' cause we all about the ends  
plus fool I don't set trip I set trends  
now after this I'm givin' y'all about a year  
We gone see how many niggas grow braids in they beard.  
Chorus with ad libs 'til end

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