

Wild Wild West (Re-Recorded / Remastered)

Kool Moe Dee

The wild wild west
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The wild wild westI used to live downtown, 129th Street
Convent, everything's upbeat
Parties, ball in the park
Nothing, but girls after dark
We chill, nobody gets ill
In the place we call the hill
But if you try 'em
That's when they will
Get wild, but they don't fight, they killAt the the wild wild west
The wild wild west
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The wild wild westI remember parties out in the park
With the girlies, rubbing up in the dark
I was smooth, until someone pulled a gun
It was over, they spoiled my fun
I was flying, just like a track star
Dying, nah, I ran through the back yard
Trying to get into my building
Saying, "Why in the heck won't somebody kill them?"
One day the fellas got together
They vowed that no one would ever
Come on our block, and terrorize us
The gangs that used to do it, now they idolize us
Guns, we don't like to use them
Unless, our enemies choose them
We prefer to fight you on like a man
And beat you down with our hands and body slam you at theThe wild wild west
The wild wild west
The wild wild west
The wild wild westWe don't start trouble, but boy do we end it

Our time, we like to spend it
 Snapping, boy do we heat up
 But we'll take time out to beat up
 A sucker, if he wants static
 Beat-down, yeah we got it
 Good, and we'll accommodate you
 Thanks to us, a lot of brothers hate to
 Come back, to this very day
 Cause losing's one thing we don't play
 If you're ever in a fight and you're beating one of us
 Break out, before you get bum-rushed At the the wild wild west
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 The wild wild west I'm talking about Nazareth, B.O., Tony and Milton
 Mike Mike Sluggo and Mike Chillion
 D.O.B., Reggie B, and Sidney
 Dana B, Derrick B, Sean B, and don't forget Big Hank,
 Don Ice and Sire Rock
 God bless Peter Wax, Chuck Chuck, and Po' Chop
 El Dorado George way back in the day
 Had all the brothers on the hill talking this way
 They said, "God, have mercy L.A.
 Sunshine," and my DJ
 Easy Lee, are from around the way
 Jock Jock, Philly Phil, Don D always
 But they're chillin', Keith Keith, KV
 Steve O, Ross Ross and A Fi
 Beroni, Toss Toss and Hung Hunk
 We fight with our hands and nobody's a punk! At the the wild wild west
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Songwriters

WILLIAM(BOOTS)Y EARL COLLINS, GEORGE CLINTON, MOHANDAS DEWESE, ROB FUSARI,
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