

Westside Story

The Game

Crip niggaz, Blood niggaz, Essay's, Asians,
Dominicans, Puerto Ricans, White Boyz, Jamaicans,
Latin Kingz, Disciples, Vicelords, Hatians,
All these motherfuckers been patiently waiting,
Since the west coast fell off the streets been watchin',
The west coast never fell off I was asleep in Compton,
Aftermath been here the beats been knocking,
Nate Dogg doing his thing DPG still popping,
I got California love, fucking bitches to that Pac shit,
And westside connection been had it locked bitch,
I'm in the rear view my guns is cockin',
I'll put red dots on that nigga head like Rodman,
All stars, phat laces, gun charge, court cases,
Fought that, not guilty I'm back,
Niggas hate me been there, done that, sold crack,
Got jacked, got shot, came back jumped on Dre's back, payback,
Homie I'll bring you're CA back,
And I don't do button up shirts or drive Maybacks,
All you old record labels trying to advance,
Aftermath bitch take it like a motherfucking man,

[Chorus: x2]

If you take a look in my eyes,
You see I'll be a gangsta till I die,
That California chronic got me so high,
Game tell them where your from,
Nigga westside!

I'm lowriding homie, 6 Tre impala,
Gold d spinning, chrome hydraulics
Run up on my low-low you stop breathing,
Hollow tips make niggas disappear like Houdini,
Gang banging is real,
Homie I'm living proof like Snoop Dogg see-Walking on top of the devils roof,
Rap critics want to converse, about this and that,
Cause red strings in this converse and this a Dre track,
Keep jibberin' jabbering I'll pull a .38 magnum,
And get the clicking and clacking,
You'll homies will want to kno what happened,

Come to Compton and see thriller like Mike Jackson,
I might be Spike Lee, of this gun clapping,
Prior to rapping I was drug traffic, and
In the dope spot playing John Madden,
Homie I ain't bragging, I took five,
If you want to die run up on that black 745

[Chorus: x2]

New York New York, big city of dreams,
I got my L.A Dodger fitted on I'm doing my thing,
Got me fucking wit G-Unit you know the drama that bring,
I got niggas in Westside Compton and Southside Queens,
And Buck told me in Cashville I'm good when I come through,
So I don't gotta tuck in my chain like DJ Poo,
I'm gangsta more like Deebo when he was Zeus,
Play bishop I paint that picture now who got the juice,
You niggas is nuts so, I take off you're roof,
Leave your ass stretched out like a Cadillac Coupe,
God gotta let me in heaven all the shit I been through,
I was an OG in the hood before I turned 22,
Homie I'll let the .38 special rip through that vest,
And I know Compton don't play whether or not he left that shit on the dresser,
Got Compton on my back,
I'm starting to feel the pressure,
I'm lyrically cool-g rapping these Dre records

[Chorus: x2]

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