Walk

WC

[Ice Cube]
1, 2, 3, 4
Get you a bitch up on the floor
You gotta get up and get down (WALK!)
You gotta get up and get down (WALK!)
[WC]
To the Weeeeeeest, MARCH
Bang, crease the starch
Uh oh, here we go again
Off the chain, that Dub SC gang
State yo name
[Ice Cube]
Ice Cube motherfucker
[WC]
What's your name
[Mack 10]
Mack 10 motherfucker
[WC]
Well bang on, swang on
Cause on mine I'ma G on, Dub C let a scene on
Get my green on, with my white sling on
Weather my rag in, with my khakis cuffed and dragging
Three wheels, make the heat squeal
This Westcoast shit is the shit that we built
Who wanna bust with or fuck with him, and confess
Y'all can't fuck with it, I'm out the roof with it, bang loose with it
Dub C, from that Dub SC
Fo sho to make ya peeps slang off the cheese man
[Chorus]
Walk, walk
Niggas let me see you walk
Walk, walk
Bitches let me see you walk - 2x
To the Weeeeeeest, MARCH
Calling all cars, niggas look hard
Near park cars, after dark
Get toe start
[Ice Cube]
Ice Cube motherfucker, I represent this

Don't mistake the masked up for the apprentice
All you bitch ass niggas are defenseless
Like a Catholic priest, and bout ten kids
It's sunday school, I run you fools
You ain't gone do shit
I got the flip shit, to plant
Spit it like I'm gone spit it
Niggas wanna get it, but they won't admit it
I'm connected and committed
All the way bided, while you bullshitted
I'm on exhibit, like a pitbull off the chain
Motherfuckers gone flip out, ropes get ripped out
Niggas gone trip out, crip out, get a four-fifth out
Get bout, with a brickhouse, with my dick out saying fuck ya
My whole career, I kept it gangsta and hustla
[Chorus]
[Mack 10]
It's for the ghetto and the gutter everytime I spit
For niggas that walk off that funkadelic shit
I just might go psycho, and grab the automatic
And let one off for the gangbang addicts
Cause I'm westside connected like a hand in the glove
And I'm the gangsta rap nigga that the D-Boys love
Hopped out braided and valetd in the front of the club
I hit the do' niggas speak, I hit em up with a dub
And even on the east coast, I rep Hoo Bangin
Iced out, creased khakis with a red flag hanging
Fin to bust a bitch to give head, that's eating the jaw
And if I let my hair down, all the hoes all hoes
Get ya hood, ya polo, ya tribe, ya ?
And ain't no niggas in the game that can beat this group
Mack 10 and Connect, is the hood I claim
We do the damn thang, and it's off the chain
To the Weeeeeeest, MARCH
Calling all cars, niggas look hard
Near park cars, after dark
Get toe start - 2x
[Chorus - 2x]
(*ad-libs*)

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