Westside

QT

I was just a young boy, ha ha
The remix, this is the way we do it
Now I'm standing on the corner, high as fuck
Thinking 'bout busting a nut
And you can say what you wanna
It's all about hips and butts and other ways to come
Why do they hate all our Khakis embrace
When you're right in the way
It's just another sunny day in California
Seven, eight bomb poppa Snoop Dogg dipping down the show with the dubs up
I thought you heard about it
I proclaim to hate
In the city where you bang and bang
Dames wear sexy things
Just to get you for your change
And chickens don't know
You'd better be careful this shit could take over your brain
Westside, Westside, where we bang, Westside, Westside
I bang with rock bottom solid, get them mad for the tip up out your wallet
Bitches I shine with a five hundred line long rhyme
I come from the State where the bitches be fine on main line
It ain't no crime to see I ride a whore when I hit it from behind
You must be out your rabbit ass mind you think your bitch jab a lot
You got chips cause here it don't matter when you ain't hit the right spot
'Cause you wanna roll with the thugs that ain't scared to get a swing on
Bang gone TQ the whisper that been this bomb bitch here, sing on
I'm bullet balling you low as my religion I ain't from 28
If you don't believe me then you can come and see me
I'm banking, folks had better not come from S.D.C
Biatch
Yeah, my nigga Jayo, today yo, y'all done heard about it?
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I live this west life see the stress strife
Knife and needles niggas with the sticky green
They make Viki jeans and white Filas
T-shirt, new chicks be hurting new tricks
You brake laws doing wrong, chewing those straws and two-fix
One time to greet you with a drawn gun
They can't stand to see us having fun these assholes be on one
Niggas on the run just like a free laid light
Don't house arrest her in an orange vest working on the free-way
But we play for keeps, my peeps I represent
I'm laying down a law and order boy and quarter Roy a time spinner
Venom like a snake, I make your muscles lock
So I give my spray can a shake and strike your whole block
Son, you've got me twisting like the cap on a Guinness stout beer
'Cause when it come to L.A. rap, I'm the tightest nigga out here
(Woo shit!) Niggas got amnesia but Kam sees ya
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