

The Gangsta, The Killa And The Dope Dealer

Westside Connection

Heaven, living in a California cage, y'all trying to study me
Gangbangin' a never die, it's too much love
You always gonna get niggas like us, you know what I mean
God damn how many more motherfuckin' penatentaries y'all gonna build
How many jars you gonna try to put us in you know what I'm saying
Killa county is a state, murda
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Killa county is a state, murda
Can't none of y'all niggas fuck with none of these niggas
These triggas we's killas, sittin' on the porch in between legs
Wit a bitch French braiding my head
Now I leave 'em 'til they matted forearm tatted
What's the Connection bitch you looking at it
It don't stop I hit mo' licks than it takes to get to the center of a blow pop
And it's gonna take a miracle to drive a car this color down Imperial
Yeah, I got heart but ain't trying to see Marcia Clark
So let's wait till it get dark, so many foe's walk in my [Incomprehensible]
It's like the international, house of pancakes
All on the grass, every bitch passed
A first not last, when we all hit the ass
Doin' tricks jacked up like a six, one pussy, and thirteen dicks
Gangsta's don't dance we boogie, niggas run out and get ya cookie
Killa county is a state, murda
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Who's that dumpin' out that window hoo riding
Nobody survives when I got my steel up
Throwing my shit up pulling the trigga
What the fuck you lookin' at nigga
True blue when I bust
Leavin' bodies hangin' like the tongue of my chucks
Chalk another one, homicidal in the G ride
I swear I'm killing every nigga standing outside
Letting 'em have it with my double barrel sawed off
I'm smoking everybody nigga bitches and all
Stretch 'em out in broad daylight muthafuck the witnesses
Eyes big as golf balls from the funny cigarette

As the sun frowns on my forehead
I sweat murder which makes me a walking dead man

Man bringing more bad news than shlepp rock when I bust shots

W.C. keep the hammer cocked

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What's crackin' well, it's the nigga that's housin' the scene

I got pounds of green and birds sittin' on the triple beams

I put it down on and off the record my flats a double decker

Marble floors all checkered

Now what can I say every bitch I lay

Be pure and Bombay like Peruvian yeah

So I brag and I boast man I got the most, man

I make more deliveries than the postman

My homie Carlito plug me with the amigos

And now it's kilos five and six double zeros

Now what's next I'm stuck like a Kotex

Blindin' niggas with the buggas in my Rolex

With my aces OT on a regular basis

We got pauveted faces fightin' federal cases

Cause ain't nothin' reala than niggas gettin' they scrilla

Like a gangsta, a killa but Mack I'll be the dope deala

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Damn it's a trip, all these cameras goin' up

I can't go here, I can't go there

I feel institutionalized

And I'm on the street

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