

Eazy-E

Murs

And if I hit the switch I can make the ass drop
Growing up they said the west had no lyricists
Can you imagine growing up hearing this?
So I took my hip hop serious
Years later now the pen game is Furious
Styles from a Boy-N-The-Hood
Post G-Funk Era trying to do good
What about Quik, and Dub C
King Tee, Eiht, Kurupt and Suga Free
They Master Ceremonies and they Move Crowds
See, I'm from the west coast and I'm so proud
This where crack started and yeah we act retarded
Niggas be scrapping in the parking lot at Target
It's fucked up, but it's kind of funny
And we be set tripping and it ain't over money
Red and blue is like Muslim and Jew
And I don't ever think they'll stop but I'm praying that they do
In '92 we had a truce for a little bit
Until they started back tripping over little shit
I was young making sense of this crazy world
And my childhood hero had a Jheri curl
When Eazy-E was playing on the radio
I knew exactly how my day would go
California sunshine coming in
Singing gangsta rap with all my friends
The origins of California hip hop
Where you can pop, lock, or you can get shot
Black, white, latin, asian, living in this melting pot
Throw up your W and it don't stop
My cousins up north they hit me to the game
It's all California, but we ain't all the same
To G's up there they had a different swag
They was grinding out the trunk getting hella cash
B-Legit man, E-40 dude
Del and Heiro got their start up under Cube
Love to my Bay Area fam
'93 Til Infinity is still the jam
And over 20 year later
They still rocking for the stoners and the skaters
I used to watch videos by Plan B
Dream about hitting up the Hubba Ledge or EMB
Shout out to Tommy G and Ray Barbee

Cause there ain't no party like a Bay Party
When Mac Dre died, I was brokenhearted
Show some love to where the independent game started
The 6-1-9, shout out to Jay-O
Masters Of The Universe, doing it in DayGo
I came up on drive-bys and chronic smoke
And it was hella crazy, but it was kinda dope
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It goes 6 In The Morning, police at my door
Fresh Adidas squeak across the bathroom floor
Ice was telling stories about an inner city war
He gave the world a taste and they came back for more
They said "bitch" and Fuck Tha Police
They said they'd never make a million talking about the streets
They said they'd never play it on the radio
Now all you hear is gangsta rap everyday and yo
We motherfucking pioneers
All of that shit started out right here
We didn't make it up but we made it famous
Then we spread it worldwide, go ahead and blame us
Growing up, gang culture taught us loyalty
And that everyone is equal, no royalty
So there's never been a king of the west coast
We got some OG's and we respect those
But anyone can get it if there's beef
And nobody's undefeated in the streets
I grew up on palm trees and gangsta rap
So pardon me, but I'm thankful for that
You know
Yeah, and I want to take a minute to give a shout out to
pioneers who started this shit
Rest in peace Mixmaster Spade, Toddy Tee, Greg Mack, K-Day
KMEL Too \$hort, Freddie B, Rappin' Ron & Diddy Dog
The Luniz, Shock G, Saafir, Casual, Del, Hobo Junction
I know I'm missing a gang of people, Kid Frost, Lighter Shade of Brown, Psycho Realm
Everybody that's a part of this great culture
Freestyle Fellowship, Cypress Hill, B-Real, Tha Dogg Pound
Did I miss anybody? I probably missed a gang of niggas man
Rest in peace to Eazy-E, Eric Wright
We out, west side
When Eazy-E was playing on the radio
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Songwriters

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