Tha Eastsidaz

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Mobbin, straight billin through the eastside
Never had a site to rhyme, but I'm still mobbinGoldie Loc-
Dope dealers, to the fullest
I keep my glock, stuffed with rocks, so watch out for the bullets
Eastside, young nigga sportin them chucks
Never givin a fuck, so watch out for the come up
Them eastside niggas be the crip, crip, craziest
Ride wit my niggas fool we gon die for this
No need to be a punk just dump when I say so
Empty the clip another block let's go
I don't give a fuck about some posted what
So see slide me the mac so I can rip shit up
We ain't finished with this mission so listen to what's crackin
We ain't rollin wit you niggas that's scared to do the jackin
The plan don't stop nigga, fuck the cops
If a nigga snitch he the first nigga to drop
That's all my game, we ride like macked up trucks
You know them niggas on the eastside be givin it up
Just blast for me, and I'ma blast for you
When I'm in jail, get cash, and I'ma mash for you
That's on the real homeboy don't let me down
I clown homeboy and I bang the pound(Chorus) x2
Tray Deee-
We Tha Eastsidaz, what define us, is we ridaz
And when we come through real niggas stand beside us
Killers, cutthroats, and knivers
Bringin it the livest, and leavin no survivorsTray Deee-
I still wear the same pair of khakis least three days
Nappy ass french braids and it ain't no thang
Hang with motherfuckers wanted for all types of crimes
Plus them little bitty niggas on they bikes wit nines
On the grind no I rhyme nigga times is hard
Got jugs of water buried all across my yard
One time on my line tryin ta find a cause
Toss a nigga in the street and reach up under my balls
Guns cocked, mug shots, cell blocks and locked down
But I done made it too far to stop now
Results of a banger, to most I'ma danger
No hope for those who come to close to the chamber

Bitches lovin I'ma gangster so fuck it
No matta if I hafta I get at em in a bucket
Tuckin in my shirt and all that shit don't work
First look, say I'ma crook that did dirt for the turf
High talk, high walk, when I stalk the street
Gurantee who try to see me come across the feet
It's a eastside lifestyle, wild and foul
Goin out, puttin it down sayin fuck the trial
Aim is to be famous wit major loot
A gang of juice, in case I gots to bring the troops
And everybody know the eastside the craziest
So motherfuckers know it ain't no fadin this

Songwriters
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