

Westside

Tq

This is goin' out
To the whole wide Westside
Know what I'm sayin'?
Yeah
Break it down for me
Steady Mobbin (Rock) rock on I was just a young boy livin' in the Hub City
Eastside Compton, G
Back in the days when Ice Cube and Eazy
Had every nigga talkin' 'bout, "Boy, you can't fuck with me"
Remember Ice-T had the power (Ooh, wee)
Hearin' gunshot lickin' by the hour
When Too \$hort ???fought in every super sport???
And told us all how to ride for the West Coast
To my peoples, if you hear me, where you at, throw your gloves
in the
air
And wave 'em like you just don't care
From L.A. to the Bay, what you say
All day, every day, any damn day
Take a look around, we got the whole world locked down
Goin' on and on, it don't stop, won't stop, can't stop
You could ride or die
That's why I put it down for the Westside
It would seem that long ago (Oh, no)
We were stealin' forties out the liquor store (Oh, no)
Mama started trippin', so it's time to go
Mob to the park with the locsters
Everybody broke smokin' roaches
DJ Quik was the s@#\$
Had every nigga claimin' he was from the CPT
y'all remember
One time tried to clown
We had to burn this b@#\$% on down
One time for my niggas in incarceration
I blaze a dime with you for havin' lots of patience
Two times for my sisters at the County building
I got some Westside love for all you ghetto children
Three times for my niggas that done passed away
I tip some Gin for you and pray for better days
One day everything's gonna be fine
But until that day my only reply
Is "Westside till I die"
To my peoples, if you hear me, where you at, throw your gloves in the

air
And wave ?em like you just don't care
From L.A. to the Bay, what you say
All day, every day, any damn day
Take a look around, we got the whole world locked down
Goin' on and on, it don't stop, won't stop, can't stop
You could ride or die
Got to give it up for the WestsideFrom Crenshaw to Foothill Boulevard
All I see is lolos in mob cars, Daytons and Five Stars
All the true h@#s is hittin' switches with all the finest riches
Of course the bombest b@#\$%es, don't get it twisted
Ask me what's a real G
Show me a nigga scrappin' back against the wall until his knuckles bleed
(Knuckles bleed)
Screamin' death to all our enemies and those who don't believe
West Coast livin' be the s@#\$ to meOne time for my niggas in incarceration (Ooh, yeah)
I blaze a dime with you for havin' lots of patience
Two times for my sisters at the County building
I got some love for all you little ghetto children
Three times for my niggas that done passed away
I tip some Gin for you and pray for better days
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Is "Westside till I die"To my peoples, if you hear me, where you at, throw your gloves in the

air
Wave ?em like you just don't care
From L.A. to the Bay, what you say
All day (All day), every day (Every day), any damn day (Any damn day)
Take a look around, we got the whole world locked down
Goin' on and on (Goin' on and on), it don't stop (And on and on), won't
stop, can't stop
You could ride or die
You got to give it up for the WestsideTo my peoples, if you hear me, where you at (Whoa?whoa?whoa?)
Throw your gloves in the air, wave ?em like you just don't care
From L.A. to the Bay, what you say
All day, every day (Every day), any damn day (Any damn day)
Take a look around, we got the whole world locked down
Goin' on and on (Goin' on and on), it don't stop (And on and on), won't
stop (And on and on), can't stop
You could ride or die
La, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, daTo my peoples, if you hear me, where you at, throw your gloves in the
air
Wave ?em like you just don't care
From L.A. to the Bay, what you say
All day (All day), every day (Every day), any damn day (Any damn day)

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Goin' on and on, it don't stop, won't stop, can't stop
You could ride or die
TQ gon' give it up for the WestsideTo my peoples, if you hear me, where you at, throw your gloves in the
air
Wave ?em like you just don't care
From L.A. to the Bay, what you say
All day, every day, any damn day
Take a look around, we got the whole world locked down
Goin' on and on, it don't stop, won't stop, can't stop
You could ride or die
Got to give it up for the WestsideDedicated to Eric "Eazy-E" Wright, Tupac Shakur
Rest in peace, homies

Songwriters

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