

Too West Coast (Ft. WC & Maylay)

Ice Cube

[Ice Cube]

My ego, is big as Heathrow
Yup this a lethal, easy as a free throw
Yes this negro, is rather lethal
You about as lethal, as a mojito
Be my amigo, eat my burrito
You a fuckin' seagull, up in Francisco
I'm up in a Regal, still in my pea coat
Murder's what she wrote, this is mo' evil
This is less than zero, don't be a hero
Nigga I'm a pharaoh, with double barrels
Goose bumps, hair rose, when I shoot these arrows
at your Camaro, pullin down Melrose
Still down with Elkos{?} 'til the fuckin' cell close
Nigga don't test me, you're gonna fail those
They should arrest me, blow like Dizzy Gillespie
I don't aim where yo' vest be (bang)[W.C.]
I'm too hot, to stop, walkin' up with two Glocks
Way more than two shots, that'll make your roof drop
House shoes, blue top, money like I move rocks
Dissin' will get you socked, and yo' bitch move wop
Whole crew popped, by this old school new shot
G niggaz still keep my weed in a shoebox
Dippin' rollin' through blocks, dippin' while the crew pops
Eatin' chicken dinners in my cutoffs and tube socks
Play my shit a lot of deejays they do not
Cause me and bitch niggaz don't mix like two cocks
Who knocks with them pocket rockets that'll shoot dots
Have your skull on the news lookin' like goulash
When they ask who the top don't mention us as foolish
Eat yo' ass up like a pack of barracudas
Put the barrel to ya, like we never knew ya
Send the metal through ya, Da Lench Mob shooters[Maylay]
I know vatos and they get popped most
Niggaz that flip mo' chicken than Bosco's
Squattin' down the block low, hop in that hot fo'
And I can spot Poles when they not in cop clothes
Squabble with the combos, Maylay got those
Crates or case, boxloads like they came from Costco's

They be poppin' bottles, we knockin hollows
Promise by tomorrow I can have the spot closed
Talkin' pronto, somethin' like a lotto
Chips and cheese fuck meat, nigga these nachos
Speakin' on guap' though, cause that's a combo
Keep my green on the side like it was cilantro
Comin' with the honchos, that's in a stock Rolls
And everythang up out they mouth is like the gospel
It won't stop flow oh I'm not though
Lench Mob, big swanger, don't bang is the motto[Chorus 4X: all]
Motherfuckers tell me, I'm too West coast
They act like they scared of me, I'm too West coast

Songwriters

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