

# 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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