

Don't Get Outta Pocket

Westside Connection

Westside
We live in la la, we smokin' la la
Fuck wit dada, boo, go bye bye
Nigga, ha ha
We live in la la, we smokin' la la
Fuck wit dada, boo, go bye bye
Nigga, ha ha Get outta pocket, we might just whoop yo' ass
Pull out a rocket, we might just take yo' cash
An' when I cock it, we might step out an' blast
But we ain't gon' let that bullshit pass I used to be a young phenom like LeBron
Now I'm doin' shit beyond Genghis Khan
Peon, you can't pass on Deon
The best rapper in the world ain't a European Look, respect my gangsta, nigga, obey
An' I been rich since my first pro day, ask O' Shea
West ridin' is my forte
An' will the hustle ever stop? Nigga, no way No, niggaz can't fuck wit Dub SC
Gang related an' leavin' 'em leakin' like STDs
C-Walkin' out of the SC, lettin' the tech breathe
Until I rest in peace, Dub gon' rep these streets K Mac is the one, nigga, fuck Neo
No love, hit 'em up with the dub wherever we go
My game's so cold, the hoes call me Sub Zero
Oh, you know that nigga pimpin', Ken? That's my hero Get outta pocket, we might just whoop yo' ass
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But we ain't gon' let that bullshit pass Get outta pocket, we might just whoop yo' ass
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But we ain't gon' let that bullshit pass It's catastrophic when I drop it
Atomic, demonic an' off that chronic
It's ironic how I flip them phonics
So fucked up, the product of 'Reaganomics' I heard the price of yola went up
My gun buddy had a drop, so the pistola went up
The heater hot, nigga, burn ya skin up
The fo' fifth hold a dime an' I shoot all ten up I'm about guns, fuck roses, I reeze over parole
Some man captured some folks the locstas never foes
Bacon soda aromas niggaz swingin' chrome motors
Dickey bombin', photo shootin' out of stolen automobiles I got diamonds on fingers an' watch on arms
Stay out a nigga way an' you won't be harmed
If I catch a bitch, I'll see for sure she'll be charmed

When I'm rollin' through the hood, a nigga heavily armed
Get outta pocket, we might just whoop yo' ass
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Shit, my life is like a rap show
I'm out the back door, so beware of the strap, bro
'Cause that's how my blast go
Ice Cube is a asshole just like Castro
Nigga, I spit flames, leave permanent scars
Connect gang bang an' we G's about ours
An' ain't shit changed, still stripes an' stars
An' I'm done already, ain't got but 4 bars
Holdin' it down, down, down, stoned down, bustin' rounds
I'm Dub, ghetto rich nigga since bow down
Squad down, sendin' flicks to my niggaz locked down
Doin' dolas in streets wit the ragtop down
Yo, write a book 'bout a nigga like me
I got loot like an athlete, just signed wit Nike
You lose ya life if ya ever get sheisty
Could Mac ever run out of snaps? Not likely
Get outta pocket, we might just whoop yo' ass
Pull out a rocket, we might just take yo' cash
An' when I cock it, we might step out an' blast
But we ain't gon' let that bullshit pass
Get outta pocket, we might just whoop yo' ass
Pull out a rocket, we might just take yo' cash
An' when I cock it, we might step out an' blast
But we ain't gon' let that bullshit pass
I pledge allegiance to the rag of the United Westside Connect Gang
An' to the W for which it stands
One neighborhood, under God
Invincible with luxuries an' riches for all
With luxuries an' riches for all
Just don't get outta pocket
Westside

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