

# WestSide

## Mr. Shadow

Westside, Westside, Westside, Westside  
Westside, Westside, Westside, Westside If you're feeling kind of tipsy and high tonight  
Take a choke, it's time to ride tonight  
It's alright on the Westside, the Westside  
Break through Stacy Adams, Anchor Blue gangster stepping Ain't nobody slipping, one of my boys got a weapon  
I'm headed to the park, jeans swinging left to right  
Feeling alright, keep my dogs all in sight  
Baller night, shot caller night, helicopter light spinners And it's barely the beginning  
Hot women spending big faces for hours  
Drinking White Russians and Mintory Sours  
Leaning like the tower, bent to the limit Take another shot for the block, homey clear it  
I hear it in the back, I hear it in the front  
Westside, Killer Cal, whether you like it or not  
Posted up at the spot, show me what you got Next round is on me, believe me it don't stop  
Till you drop, that's the way we gonna handle this  
From San Diego to Los Angeles, we're scandalous Westside, Westside, Westside, Westside  
Westside, Westside, Westside, Westside How about we play quarters or spin the bottle  
The rule of the game drink it all till it's hollow  
Follow my lead, take it to the brain  
Whether we're swigging or hitting Mary Jane If you can't hang or maintain me and my gang  
Under control and then we let the shots ring  
If you claim to be a baller, let it be known  
Mr. Shadow from San Diego Killaformia making you bounce to this  
Worldwide, let's ride through the early mist  
If you ain't on the list then you ain't wanted here  
Bring all the cups and the brew over here Westside, Westside, Westside, Westside  
Westside, Westside, Westside, Westside

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