

# IZM

## Westside Connection

[Mack 10]

Yo, somethin dangerous man... (gangstaa...)[Chorus]

Woaaa, do you want to pimp wit this guy

Do a buck on a ninety-five

Run with them hookers when they payin sheen

Talk of sex-appeal, I was born gangsta...

Shittt, don't play wit me, and in the game I'm as real as they come

Threw the knife, baby, out of the sun

Even a susperstar, 'cause I'm a gangsta...[W.C.]

Now let's get one thing straight

You fuckin with a nigga that's liable to catch a case

I'll turn ya birthday into your worst day

Bitch I'll have you on a high-speed chase on the first day

Umm, try 'n throw, I'm so, affiliated

This greenery got me sedated, I'm feelin faded

Hood life, the life of a robber on chrome wires n switches

A nigga wit mo' crimes to riches

A ghetto jumpstart, Post it up with the tiny homies in my momma's front yard

A hood pioneer, can't function without the smell of gunpowder

And fish fryin' in the air

I'm a sheist nigga, Check for ice nigga

Bitch, You got the wrong nigga if you want a nice nigga

I'm Dub see, fuck a MC, catch me in a MC on a buck twenty, Bitch fuck wit me...[Chorus][Ice Cube]

Some bitches don't believe I can spit that 'Izm

Till they wind up wit dick all in 'em.

Till they find theyself pullin' off denim

Intoxicated, off this venom

I kick game, big game, Nickname

Insane, Ice Cube spit flame

y'all niggaz gone feel it down-range

Body feel strange (Blah!!) No brain

I'm a throwback, that know how a gangsta do it and a hoe' act

Get off tha dick if you don't want to blow dat

'cause bitches trip the Bulls, act like Prozac.

Now there's Gangsta-ism, and tribalism

I'm only fuckin, wit survivalism

Fo-fo to the do' is my religion, Now wha's yours

Pray, before I bust yours...[Chorus]

Woaa! La la laa la la la la la la, gangsta...

Wooo! La la laa la la la la la la, I'm a gangsta...[Mack 10]

Every time I come around bitches starin at me

Point nigga Mack 10 from the Dub S-see

Wit a L.A. fitted hat and a fresh white tee

Fulla flair and pizzazz but I'm a straight up G

Cocky 'cause I'm rich, look good and I know it

But I'm confused on what to be, a deep boy or poet

Head is mandatory, bitch, there's so much to blow it

If I do fall for you I refuse to show it

So if you think I ain't pimpin, Man that shit is absurd

I stay hard on 'em, fulla 'izm, fuck what chu heard

You say you down for me, shit but that's only words

want to show me love bitch, I want to play wit a bird

So regardless of the weather, bitch don't get the chedda'

And keep big daddy ridin' two-three's or betta

Wood on the dash wit the peanut-butta' leather

And like that Al Qaeda love we can blow up togetha', Holla...[Chorus]Wooo! La la laa la la la la la la la,  
gangsta...

Wooo! La la laa la la la la la la, I'm a gangsta...

Songwriters

JACKSON/WEYMOUTH/HARRISON/ROLISON/CALHOUN/BYRNE/RIPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group, RESERVOIR MEDIA  
MANAGEMENT INC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>