Now We Lay 'Em Down

Tha Eastsidaz

It's like this and like that and like this and uh
Eastside, Long Beach drop the hits and uh
We got, so many niggas on the team nowadays
LB, QB, DP, GC P
Boy, my boys, the toys, the noise
Them Eastside boys is the real McCoys
We walkin through the projects sippin on a 40
Rippin, dippin, and spittin at your shorty
You may think I'm outta bounds but I think I'm in
I holla at my folks before I step on in
Spit at my nigga Andy Hilfiger
Slide up in the garden, next to Steve Martin
We settin up shop on the east coast now
Dogghouse nigga, the big bow wow
And we higher than a motherfucker, east side up
Like this and like that motherfucker
EastdideSo wide you can't get around it
So low you can't get under it, now
So high you can't get over it
I just want to make your dayWakin up late off a fucked up day
I was in Dogg sippin, straight DoggHouse crippin
Fuck wit us and get that ass bombed out
Need some smoke, for the homies from the south
This is what it's all about
It's the city of the beach where the gangsters bang
Sam wake that ass up, get fresh, let's do some thangs
Swerve through the eastside Loc, scoop up the homies
Bang them other fools cuz them busters don't know me
It seems like this is my only chance to get rich
Invest in my chips, never chippin off a bitch
Trip, bring that bomb to me
Underwater with cocaine, crackin with P O P
Up, up, up in smoke, you can hit it in a bong
I'm faded like Cheech and Chong
Watch out for the second hand smokeYeah, I was born and raised in the ways of a ridah
Representin mines to be a true Eastsidah
Survival of the fittest, how we live this shit
Fuck a bitch, dump a clip, out to get them chips
No restrictions, takin off as soon as friction

Pop, niggas drop once I pops the clip in
Pimp wearin khaki suits and stacy biscuits
And known like Capone to them gangsta bitches
Keep em workin somethin everywhere we go
Either dope or the stroll if the bitch is a hoe
West coast to the fullest but I bang the east
Mad motherfuckers side to that city Long Beach
So throw them gang signs up when you see me ride up
And know for sure I'm bouta throw the eastside up
And if a nigga got beef with that
That's where his ass'll be sleepin at
Point blank

Songwriters
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