

# Do You Like Criminals

## Westside Connection

Westside, Westside  
Say, hoe, I got way more dick  
Than them niggas who be rollin' you Lexos  
No punk ass Versace gear  
Just the nigga with the triple 1 braids in his beard  
Quick to get the pussy drippin', so quit trippin'  
Like you got a cap a nigga resemblin' Donnie Simpson  
Hoe I'm from the Wild, Wild West, fuck them preppy niggas  
You need to get with this malt liquor sipper  
Picture me sippin' over ya? Never, how ya figure  
I'll be cryin' over yo ass like a baby face nigga?  
Bitch, you better be glad, I got 3 strikes  
Because back in '85, I'd been done gave your ass a black eye  
See I been wavin' at your ass all week  
But all you do is roll your eyes like your shit don't stinks  
So now it's time a nigga clown'd your ass  
Because I can tell from the tattoos  
You's a high class hood rat  
Don't want to fuck with niggas in khakis  
But hoe, I bet for the dough  
You quick to jack that ass like a 4  
So quit frontin' on a nigga an' lick these  
An' bitch, hit the road with your fucked up weave  
How would you like to get a ruff nigga rugged an' raw  
Outlaw rollin' down the shaw?  
Do you want a mothafucka that's hard  
Or a bitch made nigga, cute as El Debarge?  
Do you like negros  
Him an' those individuals called criminals?  
How'd you figure a West Coast nigga?  
Drinkin' liquor, gots to know how to dig you  
When we dated, straight fade it, penetrated  
Ms. Sophisticated, no, Daddy hate it  
Never met a nigga quite as fly as me  
All bottled up in your high society  
You want to check my mental  
'Cause how could a nigga from South Central roll in a Benzo  
Spice in ya life is what you need  
You intrigued by the smell of my weed

I represent reality in your world full of lies  
An' I can see it in your eyes, you worried sick an' I'm chillin'  
Tell your family to fuck off an' roll with this villain  
Do you like negros  
Him an' those individuals called criminals?  
Do you like negros  
Him an' those individuals called criminals?  
Who wanna fuck wit it? I put it down for real tho  
It's Mack 10 an' let you niggas know I'm gung ho  
Baby, I guess, maybe I can get with your program  
With hunnit spode tonas on my front an' back Broham  
Hit a lick or two, make your whole life a thriller  
Make you wanna shake the nerd an' come ride with a killa  
Hot as sauce, out the floss, no need to be discreet

I swing the fuck out this bitch 'til my bumper touch the street  
On switches an' I'm workin', jerkin' hot, ya nigga smirkin'  
Jack the ass up an' down 'til my back wheels is chirpin'  
You need to be with me, bitch, you too fuckin' Bombay  
To be on the Shaw with a nigga with a Hyundai  
I take you through my neighborhood raise, where crime pays  
No Girbauds, no fades, just khakis an' French braids  
An' my friends is niggas that know what ends is  
In high top Chucks, pushin' V 12 Benzes  
With hoochy hoes, groopy hoes  
You know those with a gang of money lolo' an' penitentiary fo do's  
So shake him now, no need of waitin' for debatin'  
Slam the door on them five stars an' hop on these Daytons  
Dee, dee, dee, daddi, daddi, dee, dee, daddi day  
I come from the crew, I thought you knew that don't play  
I see your frownin' but I'm clownin' anyway  
Can't nobody fade K-Dee baby  
I know you're Catholic, but can you have dick?  
Up in them guts, all the way to these nuts  
Your a rich girl, far from skeezer  
I'm playin' at the mall with your Visa  
You wanna swang with K-Swinger  
When the West is in the house, oh, my God, danger  
But take a hit you'll live  
But when you hit it hoe you got to puff, puff give  
Now I see you gigglin'  
But all I wanna see is asses wigglin' an' titties jigglin'  
So what you wanna do?  
Don't go chasin' waterfalls  
Stick to them dicks an' balls, you're used to

Go ahead an' take a big lick  
'Cause girls look so good on the end of my dick  
That's right, is it tight? I know you ain't a dyke  
What type of nigga do you like, bitch?  
Do you like negros  
Him an' those individuals called criminals?  
Do you like negros  
Him an' those individuals called criminals?  
Bitch, I'm from the Wild, Wild West  
Can't you tell buy the 'S' on my chest  
We got hoes for days  
Plus we claimin' no stress, no mothafuckin' dress  
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