

Bow Down (Produced By Bud'da)

Westside Connection

The world is mine nigga get back
Don't fuck with my stack the gage is racked
About to drop the bomb I am the motherfucking don
Big fish in a small pond
Now the feds want to throw the book at the crook
But I shook they worm and they hook
Guppies hold they breath they want to miss me
When I am tipsey
Running everything west of the Mississippi
Its the unseen pulling strings wit my pinky ring
We got your woman so pucker up
Fo we fuck her up
Bow down before I make a phone call
Got 25 niggas running up on y'all
Fo the cheese we want them keys
Everybody freeze on ya knees butt naked please
Before any of you guppies get heart
Nigga rewind my part and (Bow Down)I take ten steps and I draw
Now who's dissing the mad ass Inglewood
Addition
I bust like a pimple my mind is ill mental
The Westside connects with me and south central
And a drag from the zig zag can't fuck with the
Philly's
Holding down the wild west like a kid they
Call Billy
Once again it's Mack 10 the gold crown hold of
Strong as a Coca-Cola with a crome pistola
Now who want to fuss so I can buss when I cuss
My look bring you fear with gear deom the Surplus
Since a teen I chased the green the crack scene
King
Lolos Cornishes and Bagguetts on my pieces
So recognize these real G's take the cheese
The west side connection keep it rolling like gold
D's
Three Wheeling and Dealing is like the California
Style
But in the mean while in my town you got to

BowBow Down when you come to my town
 Bow down when we west-ward bound 'cause
 We ain't no haters like you
 Bow Down to some nigga's that's greater than
 YouWell it's that chuck wearing still sporting a
 Beanie the shadiest
 Nigga in the click who want to see me as I slide
 My locs on let
 My khakis hang west side connect gang bing bing
 Bang run away run
 Away or get yo punk ass sprayed by this H double
 O to D to the
 S.T.A fuck hiding it I am gang related simple and
 Plain which
 Means I could give a fuck about you nigga's in
 The rap game
 Flashy nigga's get stuck up beat the fuck up when
 You come around
 Keep your chain tucked from this zero zero's
 Affiliated fuck a
 Studio lyricist I'm real with this talk the talk
 Walk the walk
 Dis me on wax and I am trying to saw your whole fucking
 Head off
 Nigga
 I'm platinum bond so bitch shut up punk all yea
 Could kiss my converse like sh'o 'noughBow Down when you come to my town
 Bow down when we west-ward bound 'cause
 We ain't no haters like you
 Bow Down to some nigga's that's greater than
 You(Yea lemme tell you something)
 (gangster's make the world go round)
 (you ain't gotta clown)
 (But if you living on the west side of yo town)
 (Make them other fool's bow down)

Songwriters

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