

# Walk

## Westside Connection

1, 2, 3, 4

Get you a bitch up on the floor  
You gotta get up and get down (Walk!)  
You gotta get up and get down (Walk!)

To the West, march  
Bang, crease the starch  
Uh oh, here we go again  
Off the chain, that Dub SC gang  
State yo name

Ice Cube motherfucker

What's your name

Mack 10 motherfucker

Well bang on, swang on  
Cause on mine I'm a G on, Dub see let a scene on  
Get my green on, with my white sling on  
Weather my rag in, with my khakis cuffed and dragging  
Three wheels, make the heat squeal  
This West coast shit is the shit that we built  
Who want to bust with or fuck with him, and confess  
y'all can't fuck with it, I'm out the roof with it, bang loose with it  
Dub see, from that Dub SC  
Fo sho to make ya peeps slang off the cheese man

[Chorus]  
Walk, walk  
Niggas let me see you walk  
Walk, walk  
Bitches let me see you walk  
Bitches let me see you walk  
To the West, march  
Calling all cars, niggas look hard  
Near park cars, after dark  
Get toe start

Ice Cube motherfucker, I represent this

Don't mistake the masked up for the apprentice  
All you bitch ass niggas are defenceless  
Like a Catholic priest, and bout ten kids  
It's Sunday school, I run you fools  
You ain't gone do shit  
I got the flip shit, to plant  
Spit it like I'm gone spit it  
Niggas want to get it, but they won't admit it  
I'm connected and committed  
All the way bided, while you bullshitted  
I'm on exhibit, like a pitbull off the chain  
Motherfuckers gone flip out, ropes get ripped out  
Niggas gone trip out, crip out, get a four-fifth out  
Get bout, with a brick house, with my dick out saying fuck ya  
My whole career, I kept it gangsta and hustla

[Chorus]

It's for the ghetto and the gutter every time I spit  
For niggas that walk off that funkadelic shit  
I just might go psycho, and grab the automatic  
And let one off for the gang bang addicts  
Cause I'm west side connected like a hand in the glove  
And I'm the gangsta rap nigga that the D-Boys love  
Hopped out braided and valeted in the front of the club  
I hit the do' niggas speak, I hit em up with a dub  
And even on the east coast, I rep Hoo Bangin  
Iced out, creased khakis with a red flag hanging  
Fin to bust a bitch to give head, that's eating the jaw  
And if I let my hair down, all the hoes all hoes  
Get ya hood, ya polo, ya tribe, ya?  
And ain't no niggas in the game that can beat this group  
Mack 10 and Connect, is the hood I claim  
We do the damn thang, and it's off the chain

To the West, march  
Calling all cars, niggas look hard  
Near park cars, after dark  
Get toe start  
Get toe start

[Chorus: x2]

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written by Gilliam, Kevin / Rolison, Dedrick D'Mon / Jackson, O'Shea / Calhoun, William, Jr.

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