

Paranoid (Prod. By Mr. Porterl)

WC

Bang that shit
No nice, I'm not nice
I'm not nice
But Fantasia without no makeup on
On the mike, I'm an ugly gare site
Noid, I got these niggaz all paranoid
Noid, I got the big boy joint
Noid, we got these niggaz all paranoid
Boy, Lench Mob is on point
I got to warn ya, this is California
Home grown, get ya dome blown, blow it back
South Central couldn't hold his potential
Monumental, hood credentials
W Sizzle, WC, it's like the fundamentals
In the back of Winchell's, with the 4.5 cocked
Keep it hood, everybody better hold they spot
Niggaz think they hot but no they not, no
Westside, the city where we ride
The city where that niggy put that green up in the sky
Off that Al Green, sippin' a OB
Who that G from the L to the E to the NCH, MO to the B?
Bustin' a 'chanical, back for the cash loc
It's that ignorant ass nigga, that motherfuckin' asshole
Backhandin' ya, strapped with another anthem
Hood nigga eatin' pastrami cheese fries in a Phantom
Product of them palm trees, make your lungs bleed
The Coast without me is like a sack of buck weed, nigga
Without me on the list the West is like a Chevy on stock rims
Better throw some D's on that bitch and lay low'
Cause erasin' me off the strip loc
It's like Ray J or Whitney, that shit's a joke
Who made it safe for y'all to walk and took it back?
Somebody hand me my locs, punk bitch, what you lookin' at?
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Packin' the heat and I'm back in these streets
Allow me to touch on y'all like a Catholic priest
Westside gritty hood nigga, kickin' mud on the glitter pants
On all you Pretty Ricky lookin' niggaz
WC baby, I got it locked down
Got the chopper-chopper that'll knock yo' ass down
Got the Harley if you niggaz wanna ground pound

Got the rag '57 with the top downFollow me, alive and kickin', pimpin' it's that Westside
Dippin' in a stretch Hummer eatin' Church's fried chicken
With that big double-barrel on me, niggaz can't ignore me

In a pair of Chuck Taylor's reclaimin' my territoryI got to warn ya, this is California
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Niggaz think they hot but no they not, noDamn, c'mon, back to the streets with it
Grip the Tec-9 like a spoon 'cause I eats with it
And I ain't a nigga to talk peace with it, I'll squeeze with it

Play for keeps with it, put you under the white sheet with itIt's back on, Lench Mobbin' in a big brawn
It's been a while but nigga not that long
Still Westside, dumpin' chronic ash with the cannons
Bustin' on you niggaz with them gay ass dancesFrom the T-shirts and Starter caps
Real recognize real, but y'all niggaz know where gangsta rap started at
Yeah, I said it and ain't afraid to say it

I'm from where the sun set, bite my tongue for shitYou know the place that introduced the world to thuggin'
and dippin'
The place that got these out of town niggaz bloodin' and crippin'
The place where we gun slang

The same place Kobe scored 81 in one motherfuckin' gameI got to warn ya, this is California
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Songwriters

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