Space Boogie

Kurupt

Yeah nigga, West coast
Westcoastin', floatin', oh so floatin'
Nigga, G'z Young Gotti
I'm like fuck a bitch and fuck you too
It's so many different things that I'm gon' do
Switches all fucked up livin' in the '80's
Jackin' niggas for Nissan trucks
A quarter piece to flip it's me and Daz and two bitches
I never gave a fuck, nigga Daz and Kurupt
They say, this ain't the way to get rich
I might as well get me a bitch
I don't get it, I take it put a glitch in the Matrix
Flip some bricks to strip ya bitch naked
'Cause I just don't care, live from "G" square
Wit a vest and a cup to put in the air
Nigga, fuck a bitch and fuck you too
What a punk mothafucka like you gon' do?
I holla'd at Dr. Dre, hit up Bigg Snoop
Wit the candy cut-cut perfectly on fueled
It's on one, nah he said, "It's on two"
On fifteen shells, ducked and detailed, de-railed
All you to want do, do what the fuck you want to do too
Get what ya got to get to get through
Light what ya wanna light to light fire
Big arsonist blew to white fire
Blast through ya home or blast to hit doors
Crap like the crap table, Canaan Abel
I'm signed-out Sinatra, galactic Gallagher
Metaphysical, sixteen Calibur metallica
'Sane asylum shanker, big and little banker
Punk mothafucka, bust a bank mothafucka, yeah nigga
We can go heads nigga you bitches be hatin' nigga
Heard what I said nigga, lend me some bread nigga
Keep ya chest bust like lead niggas
The fed nigga, Daz and Fred nigga
Kurupt Young Gotti, baby face Capone
We on Niastra, nigga on the microphone
Never, never have I ever gave a fuck
That Nigga Daz Dillinger, Fred, Kurupt

And we do what the fuck we want to just do

Get what we got to get to get through
And we blast what we got blast to get ours
Life of a gangsta in a world of stars
Light what ya wanna light to light fire
Big arsonist blew to white fire
Do what the fuck you want to do too
Get what ya got to get to get through
Through, just do it, don't stop
All my niggas on the North side
Getcha money right away
All my niggas on the South side
Let 'em know that you don't play
An' say, them niggas on the East side
Ain't some niggas you contest
Unless you stuck up in a time-warp
You all ready know about the West
They say, them niggas on the North side
Keep tabs on they skrill
All my niggas on the South side
Try to make anotha meal
All my niggas on the East side
Make million dollar bills
All my niggas on the West side
Been doin' this fo' years
Throw ya mothafuckin' hands up somebody
Throw ya mothafuckin' hood up somebody
What dem niggas do, they ride
What dem niggas do, they ride, ride
Throw ya mothafuckin' hands up somebody
Throw ya mothafuckin' hood up somebody
What dem niggas do, they ride
What dem niggas do, they ride, ride
Mac, Young Gotti, fuck the world nigga
Daz Dillinger, Fredwreck, Dogg Pound, L.A. life
Fucka on Beach world, 30 enemies 'cause
They tryna murder you, you know who I'm talkin' to nigga
2000, screech it on 'em, riders, real riders
Dogg Pound Gangsta riders, hoodsies
Fuck 'em

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