

Izm

Westside Connection

Yo, somethin' dangerous man, gangstaWoo, do you wanna pimp wit this guy
Do a buck on a ninety-five?
Run with them hookers when they payin' sheen
Talk of sex appeal, I was born gangstaShit, don't play wit me
An' in the game I'm as real as they come
Threw the knife, baby, outta the sun
Even a susperstar, 'cuz I'm a gangstaNow let's get one thing straight
You fuckin' with a nigga, that's liable to catch a case
I'll turn ya birthday into your worst day
Bitch, I'll have you on a high speed chase on the first dayUmm, try an' throw, I'm so affiliated
This greenery got me sedated, I'm feelin' faded
Hood life, the life of a robber on chrome wires an' switches
A nigga wit mo' crimes to richesA ghetto jump start
Post it up with the tiny homies in my momma's front yard
A hood pioneer, can't function without the smell of gunpowder
An' fish fryin' in the airI'm a sheist nigga, check for ice, nigga
Bitch, you got the wrong nigga if you want a nice nigga
I'm Dub C, fuck a MC, catch me in a MC
On a buck twenty, bitch, fuck wit me?Woo, do you wanna pimp wit this guy
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Even a susperstar, 'cuz I'm a gangstaNow some bitches don't believe I can spit that 'izm
Till they wind up wit dick all in 'em
Till they find theyself pullin' off denim
Intoxicated, off this venomI kick game, big game, nickname
Insane, Ice Cube spits flame
Y'all niggaz gone feel it down range
Body feel strange, blah, no brainI'm a throwback
That know how a gangsta do it an' a hoe act
Get off tha dick if you don't wanna blow dat
'Cuz bitches trip the bulls, act like prozacNow there's gangsta-ism an' tribalism
I'm only fuckin' wit survivalism
Fo-fo to the do' is my religion, now wha's yours?
Pray, before I bust yoursWoo, do you wanna pimp wit this guy
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Woo, la la la, gangsta
Woo, la la la, I'm a gangsta
Every time I come around bitches starin' at me
Point nigga Mack 10 from the Dub S.C
Wit a L.A. fitted hat an' a fresh white tee
Fulla flair an' pizzazz but I'm a straight up G
Cocky 'cuz I'm rich, look good an' I know it
But I'm confused on what to be, a deep boy or poet
Head is mandatory, bitch, there's so much to blow it
An' if I do fall for you, I refuse to show it
So if you think I ain't pimpin', man that shit is absurd
I stay hard on 'em, fulla 'izm, fuck whatchu heard
You say you down for me, shit, but that's only words
You wanna show me love, bitch, I wanna play wit a bird
So regardless of the weather, bitch, don't get the
chedda'
An' keep Big Daddy ridin' two-three's or betta
Wood on the dash wit the peanut butta' leather
An' like that Al Qaeda love, we can blow up togetha', holla
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'Cuz I'm a gangsta

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