

Westside

T.Q.

This is going out, to the whole wide westside...
Know what I'm sayin?
Break it down for me.
Steadily mobbin,
rock rock on.I was just the young boy,
Living in the hove city.
East Side Compton G
Back in the days when Ice Cube and Eazy
Had every nigga talkin bout
Boy you can't fuck with me
Remember Ice-T had the power
hearing gunshots licking by the hour.
When Too short bumping every super spot
And told us all how to ride for the West Coast
To my peoples if you with me where you at
Throw your dubs in the air,
and wave 'em like you just don't care
From L.A. to the Bay, what you say, all day every day any damn day
Take a look around, we got the whole world locked down, going on an on
It don't stop, won't stop, can't stop, nigga ride or die.
That's why I put it down for the West side Didn't seem that long ago, (oh no)
We was stealing 40s out the liquor sto (oh no)
Mama started tripping so it's time to go
Mob to the front with the locstaz
Everybody broke smoking roaches
DJ Quick was the shit, had every nigga clamin he was 4rm
the C-P-T
Y'all remember, Onetime tried to clown
We had to burn this bitch on down
One time for my niggaz in incarceration,
I blaze a dime with you, for having lotsa patience
Two times for my sisters at the county buildin
I got some West Side love for all you ghetto children
Three times for my niggaz that done passed away,
I tip some Gin for you, and pray for better days.
One day everything's gonna be fine,
but until that day my only reply, Is West Side till I die To my peoples if you with me where you
at
Throw your dubz in the air, and wave 'em like you just don't care
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Got to give it up for the West side
From Crenshaw to Foothill Boulevard
All I see is lowlows and mob cars, datins and five stars
All the true hoes is hitting switches
With all the finest riches.
Of course the finest bitches, don't get it twisted.
Ask me what's a real G? Show me a nigga scrappin
back against the wall until his knuckles bleed.
Screaming death to all our enemies, and those who don't believe.
West Coast living be the shit to me. One time for my niggas in incarceration,
I blaze a dime with you, for having lotza patience
Two times for my sisters at the county buildin
I got love for all your little ghetto children
Three times for my niggas that done passed away,
I tip some Gin for you, and pray for better days.
One day everything's gonna be fine...,
but until that day my only reply,
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It don't stop, won't stop, can't stop, nigga ride or die.
you gotta give it up for da westside.
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Throw your dubz in the air, and wave 'em like you just don't care
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Take a look around, we got the whole world locked down, going on an on
It don't stop, won't stop, can't stop, nigga ride or die.
la da a da da da da
To my peoples if you with me where you at
Throw your dubz in the air, and wave 'em like you just don't care
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Take a look around, we got the whole world locked down, going on an on
It don't stop, won't stop, can't stop, [nigga ride or die.
see you gonna give it up for da westside
To my peoples if you with me where you at
Throw your dubz in the air, and wave 'em like you just don't care
From L.A. to the Bay, what you say, all day every day any damn day
Take a look around, we got the whole world locked down, going on an on
It don't stop, won't stop, can't stop, [nigga ride or die.
gotta give it up for the westside.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>