

W.C. "Just Clownin'"

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(Talking) Back again...It's the jankiest the jankiest
Still gettin' my stalk on walk on

Verse 1

One of the G'est WSC riders

One about the Feds on camera with the folded
bandanna

It's me the G you be a seein' Nightrain sipper
two fingers split I'ma get her once again I bring her
Skip skip throw it up throw it up give it up or get rolled
up

swole up thought I told ya 'bout this Maad Circle Soldier
Allstars locs pieces khakis and linens

the OG Godfather with the blue feather in it

The shadiest nigga what's crackin' who got the sack
and

nigga what they goin' for everybody's on the floor
Make way for the loccest cutthroat with a beard long as
Moses

walkin' through yo camps and striking penitentiary
poses

A straight vet Connect Gang is my set

Since a rook I did everything in the book

Puttin' those thangs on ya like bing bing when I get ya

Loc this rap game ain't ready for a real cap nigga

Chorus

Not just clownin' we got thousands

still out bangin' the streets

Playas get jacked from thinkin' I'm acting

y'all can't see WC

(Repeat)

Verse 2

Now bow to the shadiest hood patrollin' west rollin'

7 figure nigga still hi fi growin'

Pistol holdin' bailin' with nothing but trues

jumping out the fo' in the corduroy house shoes

WC a G been in these streets for years

been loccin' since the Force MD's were singing "Tears"

Now what the fuck a new nigga got to say to me

I was pullin' 211's when KDAY was the Beat

1984 Lo Cali Sports Arena

and off of jams I'm jackin' fools for Filas

When Run DMC and Jam Master first bust

we was snatchin' mothafuckas outta Nissan trucks
Raised from a crew of real killers and knick kickers
that never ran on ya but was quick to put them hands
on ya

(Talking) Ha ha Man y'all better figure us out quick
Ain't no rappers here we felons trying to make money
at this here.

Chorus

Verse 3

It's the cap peeler night grinder west rider hood
ratacider

Deuce 4 7 all day everyday

4 deep hittin' corners in a rag Chevrolet

Started out nada before I turned rich I used to do it for
free

but now I ride for the paper

Maad Circle hit 'em up like bam

Where y'all from them enemies don't act dumb
y'all know where we from

It's that 15th letter 2 times with the S

cut off Dickie wearing descendant from the West

Steady square dumping in the center where the crowd
with my flag on my head tied Aunt Jemima style

But ain't nobody trippin' cause we all about the ends
plus fool I don't set trip I set trends

now after this I'm givin' y'all about a year

We gone see how many niggas grow braids in they
beard.

Chorus with ad libs 'til end

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