

W.C. "Walkin In My Taylors"

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I'm Banged out like the tongue on my chucks
Wes, wes, wes, west, ya'll
Yeah Hit em again hey
Now Dub C Show em What tiiiime it is

It ain't hard to figure it out
Dub C yall whats all the bickerin about
Lench mob nigga
Throw rocks duck and dis us
Niggas say fuck us but ain't fuckin with us

Yall don't wanna see me like medusa
We get moola
Can't barricade the barracuda
Take my legs from me look around and I'll be still there
Like Michael(?) countin money in my wheel chair

All day every day roll It up celebrate
How you niggas ever figure me and pimpin separate
Im trifle psycho loaded like a rifle
Nigga I could do this in my sleep with my eyes closed

You rockin with a "G" on the west
I know a nigga this grown shouldn't be so fresh
But I do this for my true fans who made me
So if you aint a fan I could give a fuck if you play me
cause I'm

Hood famous
Gettin' paper
It won't change up
Walkin in my Taylors

Fuck haters
Im getting paper
Throwin my dub up
Walkin in my Taylors

Hood nigga forever
Put a dub in the game
Still surviving the weather
Cause I done seen it all

That's why fuck with a chosen few
And keep my back up against the wall
Cause yall niggas might (?) for the chippas
Actin like you got a pussy up unda that zippa
But me to the script im stickin when I walk
Goin keep keeping it raw
Cut from a different cloth
Made money lost money
got It back touch plaques
crip walk had the whole world on my nutsack

lead spitter bread winner red getter ran through a lotta
figures
holla at a lot a niggas
stayed true neva sold out kept it tight yall
now im here which motherfuckers gonna write me off
nobody feelin em I guess so
catch you niggas in the line at my next show
cause im

(chorus)

Cadillac tinted
Been in it for a minute
Mother fuck a gimmick
It's the west side defended
While you other niggas mimick
I really live It to push It to the limit

Fly like a G5
A Cali nigga with the NY to the side of my head like Ely
In my slingshot o levis
Rollin on Sunset with dope in my car like T.I.
Itchin to put you in a box like a mortician
Wit the (?) George Clinton
Fuck a love song slugs is thrown
And I been with it since poppin with the white gloves on
Walkin in the function
Pickin up the Henn
Lookin for something to take home and stick
something in
Dub Sizzlean pumpin in your hole like gasoline
If you lookin for It I got what you need cause I'm

(chorus)

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