

W.C.

"Young Locs Slow Down"

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[WC talking]

[Warren G]Take notes young locs, I advise y'all to slow down

Glocks, K's, and eagles trying to put a murder down

Watching fools servin' found

Put your eyes on the prize, hitting switches

And getting bitches with plenty riches

And if you bang homie, do that

But when your ass gets slapped with that 25, handle that

And all you see is the glamor and gold

Don't know the other side of the game is where it's scandalous and cold

Your destiny is in your hands, you got control

Wasting time with your life until your ass is old

Trying to be bold, a hog and a pimp

Eighteen years old, HIV in the limp

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]Can't fuck with, what you asked for

Sometimes you just should let go

Get what you need and not want

Some folks believe and some don't

These are the ones that don't last

Hard head makes soft ass

But it was something that I had to have

I just had to have

[WC]Whats crackin' gangsta

Little woe G sake with a bang loose

Dickie sagging how should kicking it

Bangs with me, nigga let me swang with you

Hop in this cut dog, and split this game to ya

I see them niggas that got ya tatted and called it padderling

A clutch and a glock, banging on niggas at the bus stop

Putting in work, leave you broke, cloke white shirt

Doing dirt trying to gain strikes for the turf

Loc, what up, shit I knew your brother

You used to bang with him, when you was a little

motherfucker

Until they amputated both of my legs, circled the block

Caught your brother slippin' and flippin' the lead

Retaliation was swift, furious, just know this hood shit is
serious-acapo

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