

Westside Connection "Call 9-1-1"

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[Chorus - Ice Cube]

This right here is considered a banger
Delivered With anger, your life is in danger
Beware of them strangers, holdin' them flamers
Them niggers were swagger, cuz they keep it gangsta

[Verse 1 - Ice Cube]

Just face it, I blaze shit
Yo shit is basic, my shit is matrix
Make you erase shit
Niggaz won't say shit, but DJs you ain't shit
Cuz you don't play shit, unless it's that gay shit
I'm straight off the slave ship, my style is ancient
I'm rich and I'm famous, I'm on, I'm dangerous
I came wit that language, it's mad, it's brainless
You study at Cambridge, I'm fuckin' yo main bitch
Plus my ebonics is full, of gin and tonic, erotic
Yeah you got it, hypnotic, plus I got it, brrr
After nine eleven niggaz got patriotic
On nine twelve I'm like fuck it nigga blaze the chronic

[Hook - Ice Cube]

Call nine eleven, then call your reverend
Then call heaven, here I come lord
Live by the gun, die by the gun
A eye for an eye when you live and die by this war

[Chorus - Ice Cube]

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[Verse 2 - Mack 10]

Yeah, now it's the mornin' after the night I just rolled
9-1-1 ain't a area code it's a gangsta mode
And I'm still in amazement on how I put it down
Emptied round after round rat-tat-tat was the sound
Now understand the situation, it was urgent
We, handeled this emergency urgently
I can't just have no nigga out there just workin' me,
jerkin' me

Talkin' all kind of shit, dishin dirt on me, shit
He was a local nigga sheisty and didn't wanna pay up
So I got dressed in all black and loaded the K up
And all I could think about is revenge as I lit the J up

And even though it was late night, I still fucked his
whole day up
It was child's play, the youngster took me for a joke
Not knowin' Mack a maniac and I love the gun smoke
Make sparks in my barrel, shit flew through his apparel
Stupid motherfucker lost his life over dinero

[Hook - Ice Cube]

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[Verse 3 - WC]

It ain't safe no fuckin' mo'
I swear on everything I love, my hood, my momma, my
soul
This motherfuckin' Dub, is hall of bang nigga, I claim
nigga
Like PCP to the brain, it's like kel runnin my fame nigga
White lightnin' I'm sippin', snickerin', slippin' the crip
And like a fiend, I tremble, shiver and them blow your
doam to smitherens
Act up, no actor, starch crease ragger
Dick harder than viagra, Dub push your ick backwards
Connect alumni, but the gun high
Bloods and crips and when we touch down we turn
niggaz hoods 'til the guy
says grip
Squeeze lead, to the y'all dead, cuz I'm fucked up in
the can and I
Fuck a bitch over whether she can blew or all red
The industry most hated, nigga get at us, we ready,
Dub, Mack and Cube
Like Saddam, Bin Laden and no jag in the Chevy
Back again, momma there go that man again
Grab the gun, them niggaz on one
Call 9-1-1

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