

## Westside Connection "Izm"

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Yo, somethin' dangerous man, gangsta

Woo, do you wanna pimp wit this guy  
Do a buck on a ninety-five?  
Run with them hookers when they payin' sheen  
Talk of sex appeal, I was born gangsta

Shit, don't play wit me  
An' in the game I'm as real as they come  
Threw the knife, baby, outta the sun  
Even a susperstar, 'cuz I'm a gangsta

Now let's get one thing straight  
You fuckin' with a nigga, that's liable to catch a case  
I'll turn ya birthday into your worst day  
Bitch, I'll have you on a high speed chase on the first  
day

Umm, try an' throw, I'm so affiliated  
This greenery got me sedated, I'm feelin' faded  
Hood life, the life of a robber on chrome wires an'  
switches  
A nigga wit mo' crimes to riches

A ghetto jump start  
Post it up with the tiny homies in my momma's front  
yard  
A hood pioneer, can't function without the smell of  
gunpowder  
An' fish fryin' in the air

I'm a sheist nigga, check for ice, nigga  
Bitch, you got the wrong nigga if you want a nice nigga  
I'm Dub C, fuck a MC, catch me in a MC  
On a buck twenty, bitch, fuck wit me?

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Now some bitches don't believe I can spit that 'izm  
Till they wind up wit dick all in 'em  
Till they find theyself pullin' off denim  
Intoxicated, off this venom

I kick game, big game, nickname  
Insane, Ice Cube spits flame  
Y'all niggaz gone feel it down range  
Body feel strange, blah, no brain

I'm a throwback  
That know how a gangsta do it an' a hoe act  
Get off tha dick if you don't wanna blow dat  
'Cuz bitches trip the bulls, act like prozac

Now there's gangsta-ism an' tribalism  
I'm only fuckin' wit survivalism  
Fo-fo to the do' is my religion, now wha's yours?  
Pray, before I bust yours

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Woo, la la la, gangsta  
Woo, la la la, I'm a gangsta

Every time I come around bitches starin' at me  
Point nigga Mack 10 from the Dub S.C  
Wit a L.A. fitted hat an' a fresh white tee  
Fulla flair an' pizzazz but I'm a straight up G

Cocky 'cuz I'm rich, look good an' I know it  
But I'm confused on what to be, a deep boy or poet  
Head is mandatory, bitch, there's so much to blow it  
An' if I do fall for you, I refuse to show it

So if you think I ain't pimpin', man that shit is absurd  
I stay hard on 'em, fulla 'izm, fuck whatchu heard  
You say you down for me, shit, but that's only words  
You wanna show me love, bitch, I wanna play wit a bird

So regardless of the weather, bitch, don't get the  
chedda'  
An' keep Big Daddy ridin' two-three's or betta  
Wood on the dash wit the peanut butta' leather  
An' like that Al Qaeda love, we can blow up togetha',  
holla

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Gangsta  
'Cuz I'm a gangsta

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