

Westside Connection "Lights Out"

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Now that's cool, you know
I chill wit ch'all though a little bit
Fuck the music
I ain't give a fuck about that nigga

And he came hittin? my weed
He came drinkin? my Hen'
Matter fact if I see him in traffic
Even know y'all fuck with him
It's on

All lights are on
This is for the G in me, let's go
Would ya party on with me? Lights out
I'll give you everythin' you need and more

On the mike, I been a demon since seamen
How you screamin'
Oh mama, here come that young O'Sama
With that Al-Qaeda drama, fuck no

It's the Dalai Lama with that West World Order
Now MC's bow down and treat me like Yoda
When they catch me in the corner after club
Like "nigga what?", They t'ow up the dub

So you can tell Samuel L. I'ma keep ac'in
You can even tell that motherfucker Jessie Jackson
Pay your child support, keep your payments up
Put a rubber on and don't fuck with us

All lights are on
This is for the G in me, let's go
Would ya party all with me? Lights out
I'll give you everything you need and more

And don?t fuck with us, come on Trick

Mack shows up in the rag, Chevy laid her ass
And crumble green on a zigzag and lacin? with hash
I keep a 9 millimeter cocked and ready to blast
So when the phone jump off a nigga ready to smash

I drink my 'gnac out the bottle, I don't fuck wit a glass
And I ain't sip trippin' dog, that's a thing of the past
And I stay in good shape so my stamina last
And put hands on a motherfucker 'bout my cash

I was a stick up kid, I snatch your chain and dash
And if the pawn shop wanted it I bound it fast
Or I'm creepin' through your window breakin' out your
glass
Then I rob the whole party lookin' through a ski-mask,
c'mon

All lights are on
This is for the G in me, let's go
Would ya party all with me? Lights out
I'll give you everythin' you need and more

From the land of the Lakers, bird breakers, Impala
Peddles
While we chop dollars wit those the Supremo's
It's the check a hoe when the cutlass checkin' doe
So, so ghetto dub let's rep the boat

Ball Grady but a Cuba Hog's wit me
And VIP yo for Mad Dog 20/20
Dub C chunkin' up at 23th
And better go still Swiss hangin' like a testicle

Lick 1, 2 to the nose, my butt was swaz, huh
Take my picture, trick my foe's posin' like the heinsman
I'm burnin' money, tryna slice some in you tummy,
what?
Leave your panties gummy, have you walkin' funny,
trick

All lights are on
This is for the G in me, let's go, motherfuckers
Would ya party all with me? Lights out
I'll give you everythin' you need and more, yeah
Ooh, lights out

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