

Westside Connection "Potential Victims"

Visit "[Potential Victims](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I pledge allegiance to the rag
Of the United Westside Connection
And took a W for which it stands
One neighborhood, under [Incomprehensible]
Invincible with luxuries [Incomprehensible]

Ice Cube, WCE and Mack 10
The gangsta, the killa and the dope dealer

Got 'em, look nigga, you fit the description
This is dedicated to potential victims
'Coz who's the fiction, ain't no fiction
Too much bitching, get your ass beat into submission

To all my white niggaz, to all my light niggaz
To all my dark niggaz, I'm tryin' to spark niggaz
I want to shot niggaz, not to mark niggaz
Fuck the park niggaz, I want your heart niggaz

The 'hood most sine able, carnage and hymeneal, prep
nigga
Prosecuted from making your brain sweat, nigga
And Crocker sense is the Westside nickel
We're proud of you bitches of the backward window,
yeah

From Mo Jay, to MJ and Michael Tyson
They fucked up Saddam like my nigga gangsta mind
You don't have to be a Taliban to fill the per tarn
Don't walk the double-u, victims of the rare black and
blue

I kick's in the door, wavin' a automatic
I'm mad as fuck, breathin' hard as a asthmatic
Attitude's unpredictable, behavior is boratic
Could snap at any time, and right now, I ain't had it,
bitch

Make no mistake about it
Your life has just been threatened
Threatened, threatened, threatened

To all my white niggaz, to all my light niggaz
To all my dark niggaz, I'm tryin' to spark niggaz
I want to shot niggaz, not to mark niggaz
Fuck the park niggaz, I want your heart niggaz

Got 'em, look nigga, you fit the description
This is dedicated to potential victims
Because who's the fiction, ain't no fiction
Too much bitching, get your ass beat into submission

I clocked the camera, fuckin' up the camera, was
working the things
Like holdin' was drama, dirt up my name
Mo money, mo drama, my nigga fuck the hype, flash
the light
I'm Dub-C connected to the afterlife, come on

You look hard, act hard, in the backyard
Front yard, lunch card, but the nigga run hard
I run yards, punk guards, nigga so large
If I get caught, nigga no charge

Here come a westcoast gangsta in cagey and creases
Plus a pink slip nigga, you punks is leases
My wife, Bentley got peanut butter guts like Reece's
Blood peeled niggaz is red like endangered species,
fucker

In his age of terror, fear is the killer
One thing remains constant
The Westside motherfucking Connection

You might as well keep it gangsta
They've got us all under surveillance

Bitch, you know the side
World motherfucking wide

To all my white niggaz, to all my light niggaz
To all my dark niggaz, I'm tryin' to spark niggaz
I want to shot niggaz, not to mark niggaz
Fuck the park niggaz, I want your heart niggaz

Too many lost
Too many lost

Visit [Westside Connection](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.