

Westside Connection

"The Gangsta the Killa and the Dope Deala"

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[Intro: Ice Cube]

Hey, living in a California cage--ya'll trying to study me
Gangbanging a never die--it's too much love
You always gonna get niggas like us, you know what I
mean
God damn--how many more motherfuckin'
penitentaries ya'll gonna build
How many jars you gonna try to put us in
You know what I'm saying

Killa county is a state, murda [repeat 4X]

[Ice Cube]

Can't none of ya'll niggas fuck with none of these
niggas
These triggas we's killas (hahaha)
Sittin' on the porch in between legs
Wit a bitch French braiding my head
Leave 'em til they matted forearm tatted
What's the Connection bitch you looking at it
It don't stop
I hit mo' licks than it
Takes to get to the center (once, two, three) of a blow
pop
And it's gonna take a miracle
To drive a car this color down Imperial
Yeah, I got heart but ain't trying to see Marcia Clark
(Punk ass nigga)
So let's wait till it get dark
So many foe's walk in my ??
It's like the international, house of pancakes
All on the grass, every bitch passed
A first not last, when we all hit the ass
Doin' tricks jacked up like a six (what)
One Pussy, and thirteen dicks
Gangsta's don't dance we boogie (ahhh)
Niggas run out and get ya cookie
[Westside]

Killa county is a state, murda [repeat 4X]

[W.C.]

Who's that dumpin' out that window hoo riding
(westsiide)

Nobody survives when I got my steel up

Throwing my shit up pulling the trigga

What the fuck you lookin' at nigga [whistle]

True blue when I bust

Leavin' bodies hangin' like the tongue of my chucks

Chalk another one, homicidal in the G ride

I swear I'm killing every nigga standing outside

Letting 'em have it

With my double barrel sawed off

I'm smoking everybody nigga bitches and all

Stretch 'em out in broad daylight muthafuck the
witnesses

Eyes big as golf balls from the funny cigarette [haha]

As the sun frowns on my forehead

I sweat murder which makes me a walking dead man

Man bringing more bad news than shlepp rock

When I bust shots

W.C. keep the hammer cocked

The gangsta, the killa, and the dope deala [repeat 4X]

[Mack 10]

What's crackin

Well, it's the nigga that's housin' the scene

I got pounds of green and birds sittin' on the triple
beams

I put it down on and off the record my flats a

Double decker, marble floors all checkered

Now what can I say every bitch I lay be pure and

Bombay like Peruvian yae

So I brag and I boast man I got the most, man

I make more deliveries than the postman

My homie Carlito plug me with the amigos an

Now it's kilos five and six double zeros

Now what's next I'm stuck like a Kotex

Blindin' niggas with the buggas in my Rolex

With my aces o-t on a regular basis

We got pauveted faces fightin' federal cases

Cause ain't nothin' reala' than niggas gettin' they scrilla

Like a gangsta, a killa

But Mack I'll be the dope deala

Killa county is a state, murda [repeat 4X]

The gangsta the killa and the dope deala (murda)

[repeat 8X]

Damn it's a trip, all these cameras goin up

I cant go here, I can't go there

I feel institutionalized
And i'm on the street

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