

## Westside Connection

# "The Gangsta, The Killa And The Dope Dealer"

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Heaven, living in a California cage, y'all trying to study  
me  
Gangbangin' 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'  
penatentaries y'all gonna build  
How many jars you gonna try to put us in you know  
what I'm saying

Killa county is a state, murda  
Killa county is a state, murda  
Killa county is a state, murda  
Killa county is a state, murda

Can't none of y'all niggas fuck with none of these  
niggas  
These triggas we's killas, sittin' on the porch in  
between legs  
Wit a bitch French braiding my head  
Now I 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 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  
So let's wait till it get dark, so many foe's walk in my  
[Incomprehensible]  
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, one pussy, and thirteen  
dicks  
Gangsta's don't dance we boogie, niggas run out and  
get ya cookie

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Who's that dumpin' out that window hoo riding  
Nobody survives when I got my steel up  
Throwing my shit up pulling the trigga  
What the fuck you lookin' at nigga  
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  
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 dealer  
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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 yeah

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  
And 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 OT 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  
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The gangsta the killa and the dope dealer  
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Damn it's a trip, all these cameras goin' up  
I can't go here, I can't go there  
I feel institutionalized  
And I'm on the street

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