

Solange Knowles F/ Murphy Lee**"Westside"**

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Westside, Westside

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[Chorus x2]

If you're feeling kind of tipsy and high tonight

Take a choke it's time to ride tonight

It's alright on the Westside, the Westside

Break through Stacy Adams, Anchor Blue gangster
stepping

Ain't nobody slipping, one of my boys got a weapon

I'm headed to the park, jeans swinging left to right

Feeling alright, keep my dogs all in sight

Baller night, shot caller night, helicopter light spinners

And it's barely the beginning

Hot women spending big faces for hours

Drinking White Russians and Mintory Sours

Leaning like the tower, bent to the limit

Take another shot for the block, homey clear it

I hear it in the back, I hear it in the front

Westside, Killer Cal, whether you like it or not

Posted up at the spot, show me what you got

Next round is on me, believe me it don't stop

Till you drop, that's the way we gonna handle this

From San Diego to Los Angeles we're scandalous

[Chorus x2]

How about we play quarters or spin the bottle

The rule of the game drink it all till it's hollow

Follow my lead, take it to the brain

Whether we're swigging or hitting Mary Jane

If you can't hang or maintain me and my gang

Under control and then we let the shots ring

If you claim to be a baller let it be known

Mr. Shadow from San Diego

Killafornia making you bounce to this

Worldwide let's ride through the early mist

If you ain't on the list then you ain't wanted here

Bring all the cups and the brew over here

[Chorus x2]

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