

## Wilson Pickett

### "Western Ways"

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[Intro]

Yo what up, yeah yeah, that's so it determine  
Delinquent habits and the Puerto Rican bandit  
"Big Pun" yo check it out yo

[Big Punisher]

Yo now thats the last straw  
I ain't wanna shatter your glass jaw  
I rather blast it to levels that's past yours  
And left you all alone among the dumb  
How you gone win a one on one were I'm from  
That's like throwing Pun a gun and trying to run  
With no equal-belia, I turn a mil-lion, now its really on  
Squeeze a mil-lion, freeze is killin'em  
leave'em chillin' in front of a buildin-on  
Squinting like he swallow hel-ium, the streets of  
Vietnam  
An I'm the perfect weapon, who wanna learn they  
lesson  
I burn they vest in less than thirty seconds  
Teflon the steal lets get it on for real  
I penetrate any plate with the fifty-mack god-drunill  
I'm hard to kill like Aids, ganja still I blaze  
You want the real I'm craze, don't ever play around  
I blaze you down like you weigh a pound  
an spray the town with the mack hundred eighty rounds

[JuJu]

Zip the O.T., puffing on tron till I O.D.  
Y'all mad cus all y'all hoes know me  
Thugged out Dominican cat with a gold tee  
Remotely resided here in Brooklyn till they deport me

Quote me "I'm nice with the hands don't provoke me"  
Matter of fact bite off your arms if you owe me  
Locally holding New York down like Olkaly  
And openly demolish you vocally  
See money ain't a issue I just spend it an laugh  
Fill my pockets with shit never bend it in half  
Fuck owning a car I just jump in a cab  
Go to the Ave, heal my self buy me a bag

Back to the lab, doing it for Rick and for Gab  
But all these niggas on my shirt tell living it drag  
Isn't it sad, wishing you making me mad  
Don't make me stab'em till they painfully shitting in bag

[Chorus]

All we wanna do is make the whole crowd bounce  
We keep it moving shaking like they puff a whole ounce  
All we wanna do is live our lifestyle fly  
By merts to get me high by friends we get by, (2X)

[Ives]

Now the world way hand tech stretch  
East to West todos pull up un street krons sketch  
I bring bomb home grown from con seed  
To some we all feel heads jump and get back to  
something  
Now who the fool that blew through  
That said who you?  
Somos delinquentes Big Pun, and Juju  
So time to break up-roll and piggy puff y'all  
You could bring a libra and it wouldn't be enough yo  
Cus is a gun, clap your ribs up infested  
Stick up, throw your clique up and get arrested  
Cus when the sun sets the moon gone rise  
With cheeky eyes with no surprise let the weed smoke  
rise

[Kemo]

The hypothetical scenario straight the imperial lyrical  
Blaxican el baron pistolero cyclone taps again  
Cracking your dome piece shaking your bone piece  
Heads banging will be slanging to you hating suckas  
With a new role don't plan to complain  
I wreck your frame  
Bite your tongue before you mention my name  
From L.A. to Nueva York where some vatos be slanging  
coca  
While others be moving mota  
Keeping trucha from the chota  
Me and my crew we break on through to the other side  
Words spread like the hepatitis virus shit  
I need like Cyrus my platoon through the traitorous  
rains rise up  
Proud of your name we had joy, fun, seasons in the sun  
Put the wine in the zone like the season had begun  
All but one in my son the latin seasons is upon us  
With an open invitation to my sisters and my brothers

[Chorus]

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We keep it moving shaking like they puff a whole ounce  
All we wanna do is live our lifestyle fly  
By merts to get me high by friends we get by, (2X)

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