Tha Dogg Pound f/ The Game "Anybody Killa"

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[The Game]

West Coast, it's all about survival nigga
West Coast, California's own
Black Wall Street, D.P.G.C
You niggaz know what it is
Compton and Long Beach back together again..

[Daz Dillinger]

You know it's, murda-murda, bring the drama for ya mama

Got them .223's in the back of the Impala
Niggaz got a problem, nigga this how we could fix it
Ten or twenty of my homies goin' all on a mission
Lookin' for them niggaz to let 'em know that it's on
Send a couple niggaz to the funeral home
Them niggaz that you love is back (Like that?)
(Chrome gat motherfucker, where it's at?)
I'm only fuckin' with them real niggaz who stay in the
street

I'm only fuckin' with them real niggaz who playin' for keep

With a street sweeper sweepin' your whole block with a tool

I'm old school with it, I don't play by the rules Bundles of cash, two thousand grams, turnin' soft into hard

Don't you know we the shit up on the boulevard? Don't you know that niggaz died just for playin' hard? 0-8' chrome shoes, bulletproof car

[Chorus]

And we don't give a fuck where you from (Anybody Killa)
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[The Game]

It's too much gangsta shit goin' on in the fuckin' world for niggaz to be actin' like girls I'm the Gangbang General, never rhyme a subliminal 12-gauge shotty to your body, a fuckin' criminal A animal, West Coast beat cannibal Who got the antidote? I'm sick on this gangsta shit Not Blood or a Crip, I'm a Anybody Killa For reala, half Blood half motherfuckin' gorilla Suicidal, my flow is a automatic rifle My rag is a flag, I should hang it from the fuckin' Eiffel Tower, MC's I devour, a lyrical time bomb I explode to the next episode Cutlass ridin', butler drivin' Head low 'cause it's all about motherfuckin' survivin' In the city I claim, Westside we bang The Game, and the D.P.G.C. gang

[Chorus]

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[Kurupt]

Dogg Pound Gangstas, let it rain motherfucker
It ain't really nothin' to explain motherfucker
Just the other day I was posted talkin' some numbers
Tryin' to get it right, underneath my Chinchilla it was
winter
And plus I had to conceal the sinja

Gotta get it right, full scale pushin'

Everything I'm livin' for, I'm more on these bustas I'm sick of shit, and every nigga pushin' with me sick of shit

Where the paper bitch?

Next word I hear from ya I'll I'm domin' ya all Sometimes I feel like hittin' hoes and domin' ya all Ride out with me, come out that drought with me Come scout with me, come find out what it's about with me

Motherfucker, "Ya'll Must Have Forgot" like Roy Jones All about the home invasion, gangstas on Vogue's You'll never be able to put the gangstas on hold Motherfucker, keep it G and get the P to roll In and out this niggaz shit, fast in a flash Keep talkin' shit nigga see how fast on the flash We'll be in that ass, through the pockets, get the cash, me and Daz

[Chorus]

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