

## W.C. f/ The Game

### "West Coast Voodoo"

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[W.C.]

Twist the cap back and turn it up and  
Back to get it crackin' in this motherfucker  
Comin' through like pardon me, excuse me  
Smellin' like ooh-wee in a blue T, y'all know who I be  
Dub Sizzleen, eyes full of Visine  
Leanin' in a 745-LI Beam'  
Big bucks and big trucks, buzzed and faded  
You and that toothpick lookin' drug related  
New money, new day - same to nigga to pull over  
jump out and knock the Murray's Grease out your tupay  
West West baby baby, don't test baby baby  
(Here I come with my hankerchief in hand)  
I got 'em packin' the spot like back in the spot  
This West Coast shit is like crack in the pot  
Can't nobody serve it like I serve it  
Got 'em shakin' like Michael J. Fox, these niggaz lookin'  
nervous

[Chorus]

We do what we do  
This West Coast is voodoo on you  
(See the Lord is my shephard  
Got me so hood, a nigga can't help it)  
We do, what we do  
This West Coast is voodoo on you  
(And just for the record  
I came in this world by myself and butt naked)

[The Game]

Nigga it's time for the re-up  
Since everybody wanna be us, then G up  
Blaze the motherfuckin' weed up  
Everywhere we go they showin' us love  
And by the time we leave they throwin' up dubs  
I've been in this shit, almost got 10 in this shit  
Your favorite rapper I done been in his bitch  
Who showed you how to put gold D's on a Bentley?  
The nigga that showed me, he from Eastside 20's  
I'm the West Coast Don, the Compton phenom  
that drop bombs on you niggaz, nothin' but dope

rhymes

I was coached by the O.G.'s, taught to stay low-key  
Now everybody know me, Mr. Fuck the Police  
Unite the Coast, bury the snitches  
All my niggaz got two strikes and they stare at your  
bitches  
Like what the fuck you gon' do when niggaz run up on  
you  
with a gun up on you and pull the trigger nigga  
Welcome to California

[Chorus]

We do what we do  
This West Coast is voodoo on you  
(See the Lord is my shephard  
Got me so hood, a nigga can't help it)  
We do, what we do  
This West Coast is voodoo on you  
(And just for the record  
I came in this world by myself and butt naked)

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