

WC & the Maad Circle

"West Up"

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featuring Mack 10, Ice Cube

Intro: WC

Wessyde-fa-life-in-ya!!

("Throwin up the W" -- Ice Cube) 2X

Yeah, I'm with this, what we throwin up?

("Throwin up the W" -- Ice Cube)

All you busta ass niggaz out there

I got my motherfuckin homeboys in the house
("Throwin up the W")

My nigga Ice Cube ("Throwin up the W"), Mack 10

Back to set the record straight for all these busta ass
niggaz

who trip, this how we do it nigga

Chorus: WC

Front back side to side

We be givin it up, till the day we die

Niggaz hit me up, I'ma have ta erupt

So motherfucker West Up!

(repeat 2X)

Verse One: WC

Nigga clear the lane, here I come, once again

With this, gangsta click, droppin this, gangsta shit

Strictly for the riders who ride us I gotta WestSider

rhymer for them niggaz that's sittin on them Dayton wires

Pump the bass, hit the switch

Cause Ice Cube, Mack 10, and Dub-C, back up in this b-i-itch

Straight hoodsta for life, ain't no lookin back

Ink in my flesh, WestSide tattered on my chest

Walkin with the shadow of death

Through the land of the skanless, South Central Los Angeles

Home of the Crips and the Bloods

Where even the strongest niggaz is drug through the mud

And visitors from outta town best to stay in Hollywood

You get that tourist ass ganked strollin through my hood

West coast till the casket drop

I be throwin it up, so motherfucker West Up!

Verse Two: Mack 10

It's gun ho Mack one-oh please you can't fuck wit deez

Ice Cubez and Dub-Ceez is my G'z

And hip-hop, top three niggaz the new bosses

Never slippin cause we flosses, packin Nina Rosses

Nigga, thought you knew how we do it

Ain't a Damn Thing Changed, always on them thangs

forever and a day, so back up, gimme room, don't neglect

Just respect and everything I can't check I wreck

Now you can cross out the bustas and snitches

Shit only killers hootchie bitches and hot hydraulic
switches allowed

On the turf where the real hogs dwell

Sewed up the hood, the fattest bolas on the block for
sale

Inglewood City, the throne I call home

Niggaz be so bright, you might need your locs on

to bail through, it's fin you're in with Mack 10

And I gotta confess up, nigga this West Up! for life

Chorus

Verse Three: Ice Cube

Now I got ta show you how the West coast rocks

No razor blades, in my mouth, just a glock

And I'm hittin you up, with that W-S

The sun, rises in the East, but it sets in the West

No gold teeth, you gets a wreath

So hand me the goodies, stockin mask, no hoodies

Christmas day, I'm in a tre

While some of you niggaz got the robe reindeer and a
sleigh

We don't call it five-oh, we call it one time

It's my life my life my life my life, in the sunshine!

One nine weighs a ton

How the fuck you think that the West was won?

Now shit can be squashed over a forty ounce of
backwash

No jokes, the land of locs and hundred spokes

In the East, we can be brothers

But when you come to L.A., watch your motherfuckin
colors

West Up! nigga

Chorus

Verse Four: WC

Give it up, give it up

Like the nigga James Brown, me and my niggaz are
puttin it down

So bustas be wary cause see we represent the city

Where niggaz caught slippin is left with they brains
drippin

City of the Angels, more like a concrete jungle

full of macks Cadillacs and crack sacks

I pledge allegiance to the shit till I die

[Mack 10] So let the five-twenty slide and put it down
from the WestSide

Chorus

WestSide!!!

("Throwin up the W

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