

Centory F/ Trey D

"Dancin' Smokin' Drinkin'"

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[Chorus x2: Mr. Shadow]

Dancing, smoking, drinking
Slowly blinking
Another Cali weekend
Dancing, smoking, drinking
Slowly blinking
Another Cali weekend

[Kurupt]

The nerve of the trick, the nerve of the trick
The nerve of the trick, the nerve of the trick
The nerve of the trick, I swerve with the trick
Calicos, out to Moe's, imperial with faness
Kick left, six hop to the trisket, get to kick rock
I'ma make something bounce high as the moon
Coast with the homies, roll through, do what I do

[Mr. Shadow]

In the coast where the best roam, you'll get your chest
blown
Killa Kali be so strange you throw a vest on
We step on in blue'd up flashing signs
For the 213 and 619 we ride
Westside hard grind, Killa Kali the state
All day, all night, choking smoking the tray
Bombay cascades, gangster stepping through blocks
Common shots tell me what's hot and what's not

[Chorus x2]

[Cisco]

Now my weekends are similar but never the same
Me and the homies ain't particular, we getting the brain
Politicing the game, call a chick out her name
And when I'm hitting the thang I be like ripping the
frame
See I'm a pimp in the game, Cisco is the name
Me and the homies smoking, the West Coast ain't
changed
Don't trip, we the shit, me and my clique all riders
Quick to scoop your main chick and go and pull an all-

nighter
Posted up at the twin towers
Overlooking the Bay, popping champagne after hours
Ladies offer powder, players offer pills
Money and the power, making million dollar deals
Got the house on the hills
Hit the clubs bouncing on chrome wheels
Hop out with that thug appeal
Blow the bar up, keep your guard up in Cali
Cuz my G's is starving hard up, waiting in the alley
Who you hating on homey, better turn around slowly
Blinking, start flashing, what this fool thinking
Too much smoking, nah, too much drinking
Nah, just another, just another, Cali weekend

[Chorus x2]

[Kurupt]

Out here we agaholics, indo-alcoholic, blazaholics, it's
simple
They make a few cuz together it multiplies the
multitude ripple
The sides to stabilize the Cripple, Valentinos
Orange juice Jones, blacks and Latinos, Lancaster and
Chino
Ladies dipping banging, Shalamar
High priced lizards off blocks of calamari
Eating on something like fish and chips
I can't fuck with, and this is something you just can't
fuck with
What's up Shadow

[Mr. Shadow]

We military minded fools
With shaved heads, baggy clothes and tattoos
No excuse, we all bangers
Westside riders, g'd up is how you'll find us homiciders
We're chart climbers, ain't no messing with us
Mr. Shadow, Cisco, and the homey Kurupt, now what's
up

[Chorus til fade]

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