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415 "Side Show"

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(Hurry, hurry, step right up and see the side show in town for only 50 cents)

[D-Loc] Wait, wait, cut this shit, man This ain't no muthafuckin side show Rich, kick the side show

(\*D| Daryl cuts up\*) (1)(2) (3) (Make it funky)

[Richie Rich]

It's a Saturday night, my girl's actin real shitty Due to the fact I just left Campbell City Straight lace Zeniths and vogues all on point On my way to the Town to get a doja joint Pushed it to the 7 to get some dank Hit the liquor store to cold get drank Now I got my doja, sippin on Nitro Peace playboy, I'm on my way to the side show Down [Street Name] to the light Let me warm it up, I (?) tight There's a Chevy on my side, windows straight tinted I think he got hype when he saw me spin it I'm up outta there, sideways to the next life Vogues kinda smokin but Zeniths still tight I'm at the side show, parlayin and playin Music on hit, head straight swayin To the sounds of the 415 and the Locster Girlie on the corner on jock, so I approached her Spoke real smooth and said, "Hey, what's happenin?" She said, "Dubble-R, is that you rappin?" I said, "Ah nah, baby, that ain't me You listen to the sounds of the L-o-c The same clique, the 415, we make paper But back up, bitch, I can see you got the vapors" A lazy, towed up, tore down hoe She's lookin for some dick at the side show

You know what I'm sayin? In Oakland, California, every Saturday night, brothers be ridin Straight lace Zeniths, rag tops, buckets, high performance We really don't be trippin, you know what I'm sayin? But now it's like this

[Richie Rich]

Police came through, but now they're gone In other words, the side show's on Troy's in a Maxima straight up lit Short's comin through in a Benz with a kit Oakland's movin somethin, and that's real Bruce from the Deuce comin through in a 'Ville

This is a side show, boy, we don't fake it Police come through on a fluke and try to break it Up like that with a riot hat You're gonna need more than a billy club and a gat To stop the side show, officer, just think Maybe you should come and hit the spot with a tank Cause the brothers from the O are gonna keep on ridin Yo can hit a tight one, straight sidin See, we ain't really trippin off jail or the tickets A brother wants to post, make mail and kick it Now listen, this is the code to the show For the people out there who just don't know If your shit is hella clean, then bring it If it's high performance, then swing it If it's a motorcycle, you better serve it And if you get a ticket, you better deserve it As long as you can say, "Man, I let em know" Then peace, you did it at the side show

## It's a everyday thing

Every Saturday night brothers be tearin up cars Brothers be comin through swingin em I don't know what's goin on, I'm juiced I'm in the Town, I strikes through I see bitches, corner to corner, block to block You know, basically it's just (funky)

## [Richie Rich]

Corner to corner, block to block Flock Zeuses and EV's that knock Gold-diggin bitches in the City of O Lookin for a nigga with a cash flow That's the type of shit that gets em off Material shit, at the side show, boss Brothers get started, and man, don't quit Kiki's on the engine about to tear up shit It's about 2 o'clock and the show's still goin Bitches all at the gas station hoein A nigga like me never ever spends cash on hoes Nah, I need a new set of vogues Candy paint will make a bitch peep But she'll never get a muthafuckin dime out of me Peace to everybody in the O that I know Dubble-R get with you at the side show

Believe that Cause it's real

This one goes out to my DJ Daryl-Ski My homeboy L-o-c And of course the Jigga, the Jed

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