

Nas f/ Breeze, Candyman, Conscious Daughters, Ice-T, KAM, King Tee, Sir Mix-A-Lot, Threat

"Where Are They Now?"

Visit "[Where Are They Now?](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro] This is the Court DJ Exclusive.... [Nas] Aiyyo, check it out This is Nas, is Hip-Hop dead or is it still alive? Ha ha ha, well, check it out Right about, I'm ridin' with my homies from the West Side West Coast -----> Showin' love West Coast -----> I asked where are they now? West Coast -----> 2007, they right here, here, here Where are they now? -----> KAM [Breeze] Yo, it's time to rhyme, keep it in mind I'm gifted, with the script, the dough, the lift And if it's, rough enough to keep the crowd Wonderin' Breeze and L.A. Posse, Where Are They Now? Still layin' in the land of the Palm Trees Warm breeze, sippin' on Don Pees, still chillin' with King TEE Snore on MCin, pass the CVs creen Gettin' money of the words I spit, yo, Still Gee-in' Still the young somber, now, a nigga got a baby girl Tryin' to raise her right and guide her through this crazy world Still got a slow flow, and fast rap snow Swervin' twenty years, still gettin' asked about cheques Still, spittin' the truth, when I mention the youth On how they be professional, when they step in the booth And never coppin' the Mic, so you can hear me clear Nas wondered, yo, where are they now? I'm right here G [KAM] Goddamn, that nigga KAM back on the scene With the O.G. west, on the same team Hittin' corners in a Six Trey Choverlet Rag-Top Impala, gettin' Dollars everyday For pushin' heavy Yay, through this Rap Shit Fuckin' with niggaz I done put L.A. on the Map wit So that the Legacy'll last long We're givin' it up, for all the homies that done passed on And can you check Bobcat file He can tell you who we are, what we did and where we at now This bullshit, nigga's tired of that Fools runnin' their mouths, so Where the South side riders at? [Chorus: Breeze, KAM, Nas, King TEE] Everybody is talkin' about the South and the East Coast But what about the West Coast? West Coast ----> Everybody is talkin' about this South and the East Coast But what about the West Coast? West Coast yeah, Nas's ridin' with you right here The Who? West Coast [King TEE] Aiy, aiy, watch your resurrect from the jump House

shoes, Khaki suit, wild gauge pump Black Raider hat
with Bitch Please on the side Central and Green leaf,
Nineteen Eighty nine Just in time, King TEE pushed the
line The G's had to have it, Eazy and 'Dre have it I was a
damn fool, now dudes wanna act it Where Are They
Now? - he's still active We go back like the Jerry Curl
Shag We pull this from the Gate, Battle cat was from
the Aves I was in that green 64 with the Rag Pull back,
and slow motion, Tila show's openin' They're lookin' for
that West Coast Torjan Thought to be an X-ed out but
I'm just postin' Blessed to be the best, that cracked the
West Coast open King Tila back mothafucker, it's a rap
[The Candyman] Ugh, Ugh, The CA- to the N-D-Y-The-
M-A-N I still nut in your mouth, not in your hand I love to
hear the story, again and again But it originated from
this man, The Candyman Damn, it feels good to hear
my West Coast peers Makes me wanna shed a tear for
the ones who ain't hear I was just a young player in this
Westside streets Motivated to be innovator like Ice-T
King TEE, Toddy TEE, R.I.P. that Mix-Master-Spade MC
Trouble, Lootie, Part DEE And it's a trip to witness trap
Rack Brought up on that first album cover with Eazy-E
doin' that shit wayback Hell yeah, we need a new West,
Dirty South respects I remember doin' shows out there
They never tripped of the West Side Spendin' all their
chips at the best buyin' Givin' like they just don't care
[Deadly Threat] No more snakes can get away Dumpin'
with them funky rhymes Yet, that's MC Deadly Bet, they
play them on the Radio all the time I love my folks, I
love my G's They can't kill Cali' - they love my weed
West Coast done it, East Coast did it Then the South
came with it like let's go get it Threat, go and spit it like
the ones before The Battle Grammy came and took all
the glory I got an Army like Uncle James, K-Dee, AY
pumped the jam Bobcat, Battle Cat and DJ Pooh, L.A. -
S.C. but we say Zoo It's still never rained or snowed in
Cali' We're gettin' blunted in the back of the boilin'
Alley, like.. [Chorus: Breeze, KAM] Everybody is talkin'
about the South and the East Coast But what about the
West Coast? West Coast ----> Everybody is talkin' about
the South and the East Coast But what about the West
Coast? Where are they Now? [Ice-T] This is it, dope
from the fly kid Ice Berg bang for the West, servin' the
life bid West Side nigga, for life, Ride-Or-Die I get so
Gangster, I stay so fly Saggin' my Khakis, raggin' my
flag Nigga break out the gun, bitch, let's play tag
Everyday in the street, some body called be Cube I tell
him that's my loved one, but this Ice-T, dude I come
from that Crenshaw stripped, you heard? Sway crippled
up chrome when the 64 lift up It's hard to rock a party,
L.A. don't like nobody Nigga's rather pump the trucks

and dump shotie [Sir Mix-A-Lot] I'ma show my nigga
Nas, what I got in my garage Yeah, I'ma publishin' this
large What a Fountains in my yard The Posse left
Broadway to get them on the glass I got class, but still I
like the fat ass Mix-A-Lot sheenin' with this S-Class
gleamin' Aggressive Pimp leanin, marked the game
like the Demon From Tvs to Movies, Hollywood use my
shit Seven figure years keep comin, who's your pimp?
F4-30 with this black battle shifters That's made of out
bliffter, I'm still takin' pictures And I'm lovin' all you
sisters, Mix'll never disrespect you West Side vet, you
need your paper, I'll connect you [Chorus: The
Conscious Daughters, King TEE] Everybody is talkin'
about the South and the East Coast But what about the
West Coast? West Coast ----> Everybody is talkin' about
the South and the East Coast But what about the West
Coast? The who? [The Conscious Daughters] The West
Coast It's the rhyme spittin' team You never hittin, the
legendary, all time great phenomenon female,
monarch, hittin' charts Flowin' automatic nines, spittin'
shoe like darts Blowin' bitches apart It's The Conscious
Daughters, still stompin' over soil Holler at your folks,
the females that's royal Bay Area, OG's, still gettin'
cheese Like besidin' all the block with 'Pac and Eazy-E
(*echoes*)

Visit [Nas f/ Breeze, Candyman, Conscious Daughters, Ice-T, KAM, King Tee, Sir Mix-A-Lot, Threat](#) page on
MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.