

Bad Azz

"2001 4 Dr. Cadillac"

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[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

Up early in the morn', the morn'
I'm drinking as I yawn, as I yawn
What am I gonna do
Well I should call my crew, I call my crew
Man what a pretty day, pretty day
All the women wanna play, to play
But time is moving fast
So I should move my ass

[Bad Azz]

Come on let's go get out
Let's show 'em what the West Coast's about
Street life, cars with switches we live on tv's
Or next to the stars with riches you couldn't see me
Smashin' in a Bentley coupe through L.B.
In an expensive suit you tell me
Me and Sylk-E. Fyne platinum on this Blaqtoven beat
And you're in trouble like when you need a gat to go to
sleep
We hot nicks like Meth and Redman make you black out
Back that ass up, get to this and throw your back out
We thug to the bone that's why I keep it all in harmony
And still I rise, won't you come along with me
Let's hit the streets and feel the sunshine
I've been out all day long and I ain't even seen one time
Let's hit the beach then swerve through the West side
Let's drink, toast, smoke and give it up for the best
side

[Chorus]

[Sylk-E. Fyne]

I'm waking up early even before the sun crack
Up collecting my paper in a brown paper bag with my
nigga Bad
Purse fat with a lot of cash
While them bitches mad, we C Walk and we smash
Stomp and stampede over the emenies
Still shining and glistening you can catch me in the
streets

With my thugs, hoodstas and hustle-ahs
I love my niggaz I'm at the club with my niggaz
cause it ain't my fault they say I'm the bossiest
And it ain't my fault me, Bad and Ras can floss our shit
Ghetto stars we're our own entourage
We drive 'em far, chauffers to roll our cars
So hell yeah, Mr. Bad I'ma go with ya
From sunset to sunrise we them go-getters
And at the end of the yellow brick road
It's gold and platinum so come on let's roll

[Chorus] - 2X

[Ras Kass]

I'm like a walking night club
Wherever I go we got bud
Nigga want some drinks I got a dub
In these L.A. streets we got love
Big booty hoes we got hugs
You got a motherfucking problem we got slugs, we got thugs
Need a Romy on chrome, no place like home
Benzes and Broughams
We're all the same like clones
Lil', lil', lil' niggaz with big homes
We're platinum in the streets so the getting is good
Be a mansion on the hill or still living in the hood
I'm a Watts baby, 99th and Mc Kinley
Raised in C-arson so haters can come and get me
Sun roof, 80 proof still fo' much
Certain songs and watch all the homeys throw up
We bang different sets but we all claim the west
Let's get rich nigga, please collect the checks

[Butch Cassidy]

You don't want to fool with us
You best be cool with us
Pretty women we wanna fuck
I'll never leave cause, in the West I trust
You don't want to fool with us
You best be cool with us
Pretty ladies we wanna bust
I'll never leave, cause in the west I trust

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