

## **Bad Religion**

### **"LBC Thang"**

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( Tray-Dee )

Once upon a time not long ago  
4 way befo da dayz I wuz known 2 flow  
I wuz showin str8 luv in da beach  
Hugz frum da freaks  
Even by tha thugz wit da heats  
Now it seem da hole damn hood dun switchd up  
Used ta put our fists up see hoo lip git bust  
Hallain out da set as we sweat at da hutch  
Come frum out of bounds mess around git stuck  
So tell me wuts up wit dis LBC thang  
Homies hatin homies wen we on dis G thang  
Now peep game it's about ta be da next centerury  
It ain't about life witout da penetentaries  
It git ta be a damn shame at times  
Knowin we da strongest wen thangs cumbine  
Bang da 9 dub an' insane 4 life  
West an' North side keep brangin it rite

( hook, Butch Cassidy )

Let's all come 2getha leave that bull alone  
I'm tired of playin games man wuts goin on  
We all shood luv one anutha put da guns away  
An' kick it with each otha on dis luvly thang

( Snoop )

We pushin da real about da LBC  
Dirty D, Reeseeka, an' Big Skrappy  
C-Dogg on da switch cuz dis is Eastside good  
Beach City 2 da fullest wut chall thout dis wuz  
I'm hallain at my family Jimmy Brown frum da beach  
He told me dat da hood wuz back crackin at peace  
So u know me I'ma throw us a feast  
Fa all my homeboyz frum da muthafuckin East  
Y'all deserve it I'm swervin in da beema now  
I wish all my dead homeboyz kood see me now  
I'm driftin thinkin back how it wuz  
But all dis muneey kan't bring da homies back up  
So take it 4 wut it wuz worth  
Frum da earth 2 da dirt  
We gunna du dis til yo head hurt

My time keeps slippin away  
Me an' my niggaz keep chippin away  
I rememba wen my nigga Fay wuz lockd away  
We used 2 tell him how we dreamd about gittin payd  
An' now we takin trips wile we mix alize  
An' we du dis in da LBC kinda way

( hook )

( Goldie Loc )  
U got me on da muneey makin mission  
But my moms at da house stedy wishin  
That I don't roll out cuz she know sumthin rong  
So I take anutha git frum da bomb  
I leave da house ta git wit dis gangsta hits  
Doggs an' locs git redy ta manage a grip  
Dirty Dale frum insane an' lil Sag frum da dub  
Dem both of bruthas I gots ta giv em luv  
Now wut dis sound like  
Me blastin anyone of my kind foo dat ain't rite  
I still repent on evrythang that I did  
Let me put my thangs up I gots ta raise me a kid  
Baby Goldie gunna hav it jus like Spanky  
Let me git my funds rite homie don't playa hate me  
Lite it up blaze it up ain't no need fa chokin  
Eastside Long Beach foo we West Coast

( hook )

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