

## **Box Car Racer**

### **"W.C. Rocks"**

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[ Young Prod ]

What's up

Cartel representin for all the real niggas that represent  
from both coasts

East and west, nigga, like that

To all you bitch-ass niggas dissin this gangsta shit

Fuck y'all, no love

What's up, Treach, Kay Gee, Vin-Rock

Youknowmsayin, puttin it down

Ill and Al Skratch

All the west coast homies

Knowmsayin?

Let's rock

[ Young Prod ]

I felt the slaughter and thought I oughta rip off niggas'  
faces

Interphase my razorblades, cause this is gangsta

Collapse perhaps when a strap split you between your  
eyes

40mm infrared beams, homicides

.45's, .44 Desert Eagles to the skies

Tec-9s, Mac-10s, the biggest to the smallest size

And I ride these ghetto streets when I'm high

L.A.C., S.C.C. d.o.g. and that's right

I put that on my mama, I hears the drama from the  
bitch coast

Killer, better feel a realer nigga from the west coast

Now just suppose you was on the west coast

And you got caught up in the drama with the baby locs

You say it ain't real, but now you're feelin like a hoe

Cause a nigga 13 done knocked yo ass to the flo'

[ Rhimeson ]

Now nigga, what's happenin, it's the cavi and the gee  
that c-ride

My chest full of that doja, finna slug, hittin the thai

The Hen got a nigga brain cells on nutty

Come with a Tec, roll in a bucket, broke as fuck, yellin

"Fuck it!"

I'm hittin niggas up as I swerve down your block

Yellin "Cartel", yo westside rider, it don't stop

Put a slug in a nigga's ass like a c  
Knock him off like a d, beatin his ass like a tree  
Rhimeson regulatin more blocks than Fort Knox  
I'm the baddest batter parlayin clippin up yo blocks  
Drop-top storin glocks, and if the battery's hot, it's on  
Brigades that ice-skates and put marks in funeral  
homes  
The g shit won't quit, loc, as we dip through  
Loadin clips, fool, for your whole crew, yellin "Fuck  
you!"  
Gangstas, teams leavin hoes and toes frozen  
Tags in teams rollin and casket doors closin

[ CHORUS ]

[ Young Prod ]

West coast niggas don't give a fuck  
So when you hear that milimeter bust, it be us  
Peepin how you're dissin, sayin our missions ain't real  
But when the Cartel's through, you bitch-ass niggas we  
gon' still...

(Eastside niggas, Westside niggas)  
Now we finna show you how the west coast rocks  
(Westside niggas, Eastside niggas)  
Now we finna show you how the west coast rocks

[ Prode'je ]

Like Cube I'ma show you how the west coast rocks  
Put the clips in the glocks and let em go pop-pop  
Eastsider, S.C.G.'s, the representers of the gory  
Keep talkin that shit, you catch a flurry  
I bury muthafuckas, they call me Buckus, not Fuckus  
But I'm quick to put a rush on all you bustas  
Enough is enough is, now who's the fuckin roughest  
The toughest, and in the end, who's gonna need the  
crutches?  
I said it once before, and I respect the realer niggas  
The realer niggas pullin killer-triggas on the iggas  
It figures, cause who's the bigger niggas when it's  
payday?  
We parlay and give the props to niggas and what they  
say  
It's okay, cause gangstas movin deeper to the masses  
Others kissin asses, we comin with the blastas  
We smashes, and kickin at your asses like some stress  
is  
The gangstas puttin it down for the pound where the  
west is  
[ Young Prod ]  
When I'm in a low-low rollin slow mo' to the east  
I be a thief like Coolio and roll with 40 Thevz

Gees in the backseat, clippin up the heat  
I'm leanin out the window, dumpin niggas yellin  
"Peace!"  
Release hollow-points, splittin between your joints  
Shots explode, eyes close, niggas get my point  
West coast niggas don't give a fuck  
So when you hear that milimeter bust, it be us  
Peepin how you're dissin, sayin our missions ain't real  
But when the Cartel's through, you bitch-ass niggas we  
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(Eastside niggas, Westside niggas)  
Now we finna show you how the west coast rocks  
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Now we finna show you how the west coast rocks

[ ? ]  
Now I came through the do', I said it befo'  
It's all about that west coast flow and the .44  
So get a grip, niggas dissin best to listen  
Fuck all you hooks, and I ain't talkin about fishin  
Got this mission that I'm completin, and niggas that I'm  
deletin  
And I'm heatin up your block with the Tec and the  
infrared glock  
Servin niggas with Mac-10 triggers  
The bigger the nigga size, the bigger the hole he lies in  
Cause that's the lifestyle I'm livin, so I express it in my  
raps  
For snaps and collapse fools with the straps  
Perhaps the west coast is too hardcore  
Kickin down your front do' with the infrared .44  
Like [name], but on a mission for props  
Everybody hit the flo', no beef no mo'

[ ? ]  
Nigga, don't expect for us to let that shit ride on this  
side  
Yeah, you're safe at home, but over here you best to  
hide  
I'm capable of servin niggas problems with my heater  
I'm down to put the strap down to let my fist met ya  
Niggas don't want no problems now, nigga, you will get  
broke down  
Nigga, you find yourself dead on the ??? bound  
Cause I get so hot, niggas, you cannot stop me  
West coast comin hard, so your ass best to copy  
Sloppy-ass marks, y'all don't wanna see me  
I throw heat on your ass and bust a cap, cause it's easy  
Keep it real

[ CHORUS ]

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