

E-A-Ski

"Westside Driveby"

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[E A Ski talking]Yay, Yay
Wassup Kay Slay, Its the big homie E A Ski
Ya know, And I brought some West Coast riders with
me
That'll ride on ya bitch ass
You got a problem with Kay, You got a problem with us
nigga
Ya know, Got MC Ren and the West Coast Kam
Hey yo Ren spit it

[MC Ren]Nigga who tryin to fuck with the Ville'
Grab my dick, Fuck this trick and slay my scrill
Slap the taste right outta ya grill
When I'm fuckin' with Kam and Ski nigga shit is fa real
Straight blastin' fools with these West Coast shots
Compton and Watts, My Bay niggaz got glocks
Niggaz runnin' an yellin' an screamin' an shit an cussin'
Ren smoked a blunt while Ski and Kam was bustin'
Now you bitch ass niggaz ain't sayin nothin'
When we pull to the curb, Nigga stop gruntin'
This West Coast shit, Cant be fucked with
Or duplicated, You bitches can hate it
Mothafuckin Villian is back with Ski
While he blast with his back to me
West Coast drive-by, it happens like everyday
Bitch ass mothafuckas gettin' chased away
It go

[Chorus: MC Ren]Woop, Woop
Thats them fuckin' police
Woop, Woop
Them bitches comin' for me
You know the West gone ride
Nigga hit'em up
Bitches run from the drive-by
When we pass by
Nigga
Woop, Woop
Thats them fuckin' police
Woop, Woop
Them bitches comin' for me

You know the West gone ride
Nigga hit'em up
Bitches run from the drive-by
When we pass by

[E A Ski]I've been known for the AK, Glocks, and Tech's
Hit ya block up, Leave a nigga soakin' wet
So I'd watch niggaz scatter like roaches with the lights
on
You on the block, But you won't make it back home
You better hope that this bullet got God in it, (Pray)
And I miss, When I got my fuckin' eye on it

And I'm shootin' to blow the back and the spine out
It's all real, I would hate for you to find out
Who the fuck makes it happen
Uhh, Its West Side nigga, This drive-by is whats
crackin'
And the corners is gettin' caught off
The funeral homes is gettin' rich off the costs
Dogg, Lay you flat down
Empty out the clips 'til you hear the (Click) sound
Uh-huh, You better know who the fuck you dealin' with,
(Who's that)
It's Mr. Ski, The West Coast Kill-A-Bitch

[Chorus]
[Kam]Niggaz hate me for the bank I'm foldin'
The rank I'm holdin'
The dank I'm polin'
They just hate to see a gangsta rollin'
I gutter ball like I'm bowling, Collectin' my ends
Tryin' to throw strikes at all these redneck white pins
In the Beamer or the Benz, Wagon or the truck
'Til my people delevered, Man I don't give a fuck
Stay pushin' the line with mine
Treat peeps I'm with good
Anti-Hollywood and I keep my shit hood
A true thug, Ya gotta admit it
I bail into a club tennis shoes, jeans, white tee and a
fitted
Tryin' to get it crackin', Wassup, I'm sayin'
You tryin' to go or what, I mean, You playin'
Dyke girls actin' like niggas, Niggaz actin' like bitches
So I just kick back and keep stackin' my riches
Focus on my chips and give niggaz real talk
So Bloods can skip to it and the Crips can still walk

[Chorus]
[MC Ren]It go
Woop, Woop

Thats them fuckin' police
Woop, Woop
Them bitches comin' for me
You know the West gone ride
Nigga hit'em up
Bitches run from the drive-by
When we pass by
Nigga, When we pass by
Nigga, When we pass by
You bitches run from the drive-by
Drive-by, Bitches run from the drive-by
Drive-by

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