

Game "Westside Story"

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Crip niggaz, Blood niggaz, Ese's, Asians
Dominicans, Puerto Ricans, White boys, Jamaicans
Latin Kings, Disciples, Vice Lords, Haitians
All these motherfuckers been patiently waitin'
Since the West coast fell off, the streets been watchin'
The West coast never fell off, I was sleepin' in Compton
Aftermath been here, the beats been knockin'
Nate Dogg doin' his thing, DPG still poppin'

I got 'California Love' fuckin' bitches to that 'Pac shit
And Westside Connection, been had it locked bitch
I'm in the rearview, my guns is cockin'
I put red dots on that nigga head like Rodman
All stars, fat laces, gun charge, court cases
Fought that, not guilty, I'm back
Niggaz hate me been here, done that, sold crack, got
jacked
Got shot, came back, jumped on Dre's back

Payback, homey I'm bringin' C.A. back
And I don't do button up shirts or drive Maybachs
All you old record labels tryin' to advance
Aftermath bitch, take it like a muh'fuckin' man

If you take a look in my eyes
To see I'll be a gangsta 'til I die
That California chronic got me so high
Game tell 'em where you from, nigga Westside

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I'm lowridin' homey, six trey Impala
Gold D's spinnin', chrome hydraulics
Run up on my lo-lo, you stop breathin'
Hollow tips make niggaz disappear like Houdini
Gang bangin' is real, homey I'm living proof
Like Snoop Dogg, C-walkin' on top of the devil's roof
Rap critics wanna converse, about this and that
'Cause red strings in his converse, and this a Dre track

Keep jibbin' and jabbin' I pull the thirty eight magnum
And get to clickin' and clackin' your homies wanna
know what happened
Come to Compton see 'Thriller' like Mike Jackson
I might be, Spike Lee, of this gun clappin'
Prior to rappin', I was drug traffickin'
In the dope spot playin' John Madden
Homey I ain't braggin', I took five
You wanna die, run up on that black 745

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New York, New York, big city of dreams
I got my L.A. Dodger fitted on, I'm doin' my thing
Got me fuckin' with G-Unit, you know the drama that
bring
I got niggaz in Westside Compton and Southside
Queens
And Buck told me in Cashville, I'm good when I come
through
So I ain't gotta tuck in my chain like DJ Pooh
I'm gangsta, more like D-Bo when he was Zeus
Play Bishop I paint that picture now who got the juice?

You niggaz is nutso, I take off your roof
Leave yo' ass stretched out like a Cadillac Coupe
God gotta let me in Heaven, all the shit I've been
through
I was a O.G. in the hood before I turned twenty-two
Homey I let the 38 special ripped through that vest
And I don't contemplate whether or not he left his shit
on the dresser
I got Compton on my back, I'm startin' to feel the
pressure
I'm lyrically Kool G. rap on these Dre records

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