

## Ice Cube "West Up!"

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Wessyde fa life in ya  
Throwin' up the W, throwin' up the W  
Yeah, I'm with this, what we throwin' up?  
Throwin up the W  
All you busta ass niggaz out there

I got my motherfuckin' homeboys in the house  
My nigga Ice Cube, Mack 10  
Back to set the record straight  
For all these busta ass niggaz  
Who trip, this how we do it nigga

Front back, side to side  
We be givin' it up till the day we die  
Niggaz hit me up, I'ma have to erupt  
So motherfucker west up

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Nigga clear the lane, here I come once again  
With this, gangsta click, droppin' this, gangsta shit  
Strictly for the riders who ride us I gotta west sider  
Rhymer for them niggaz that's sittin' on them Dayton  
wires

Pump the bass, hit the switch 'cause Ice Cube  
Mack 10 and Dub-C, back up in this B I itch  
Straight hoodsta for life, ain't no lookin' back  
Ink in my flesh, west side tattered on my chest

Walkin' with the shadow of death through the land  
Of the skankless, south central Los Angeles  
Home of the Crips and the Bloods  
Where even the strongest niggaz is drug through the  
mud

And visitors from outta town best to stay in Hollywood  
You get that tourist ass ganked strollin' through my  
hood

West coast till the casket drop  
I be throwin' it up, so motherfucker west up

It's gun ho mack one, oh please, you can't fuck wit deez  
Ice Cubez and Dub-Ceez is my G'z  
And hip-hop, top three niggaz the new bosses  
Never slippin' 'cause we flosses, packin' Nina Ross'

Nigga, thought you knew how we do it  
Ain't a damn thing changed, always on them thangs  
Forever and a day, so back up, gimme room, don't  
neglect  
Just respect and everything I can't check I wreck

Now you can cross out the bustas and snitches  
Shit only killers hootchie bitches and hot hydraulic  
switches allowed  
On the turf where the real hogs dwell  
Sewed up the hood, the fattest bolas on the block for  
sale

Inglewood city, the throne I call home  
Niggaz be so bright, you might need your locs on  
To bail through, it's fin you're in with Mack 10  
And I gotta confess up, nigga this west up for life

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Now I got ta show you how the west coast rocks  
No razor blades in my mouth, just a glock  
And I'm hittin' you up, with that W S  
The sun rises in the east but it sets in the west

No gold teeth, you gets a wreath  
So hand me the goodies, stockin' mask, no hoodies  
Christmas day, I'm in a tre  
While some of you niggaz got the robe reindeer and a  
sleigh

We don't call it five, oh, we call it one time  
It's my life my life my life my life in the sunshine  
One nine weighs a ton  
How the fuck you think that the west was won?

Now shit can be squashed over a forty ounce of  
backwash  
No jokes, the land of locs and hundred spokes  
In the east, we can be brothers but when you come to  
L.A.  
Watch your motherfuckin' colors west up, nigga

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Give it up, give it up like the nigga James Brown  
Me and my niggaz are puttin' it down  
So bustas be wary cause see we represent the city  
Where niggaz caught slippin' is left with they brains  
drippin'

City of the angels, more like a concrete jungle  
Full of macks Cadillacs and crack sacks  
I pledge allegiance to the shit till I die  
So let the five-twenty slide  
And put it down from the west side

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West side  
Throwin' up the W

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