

Iron Maiden

"Westside Story"

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[Intro: The Game]

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

[Verse 1: The Game]

Since the west coast fell off the streets been watchin
The west coast never fell off I was sleep in Compton
Aftermath been here, the beats been knockin
Nate Dogg still 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 rear view my guns is cocking
I put red dots on that nigga head like Rodman
All Star, 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 mu'fuckin man

[Chorus: Snoop Dogg]

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

[Verse 2: The Game]

I'm low ridin homey, six trey Impala
Gold D's spinnin, chrome hydraulics
Run up on my LoLo, you stop breathin
Hollow tips make niggaz disappear like Houdini
Gang bangin is real, homey I'm livinproof
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 the clickin and clackin your homeys 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 seven forty five

[Chorus: Snoop Dogg]

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[Verse 3: The Game]

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 thirty eight special ripped through that
vest
And I don't contemplate whether or not he left shit on
the dresser
Got Compton on my back, I'm startin to feel the
pressure
I'm lyrically Kool G. Rap on these Dre Records

[Chorus: Snoop Dogg]

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