

## John Williamson

### "West Riden"

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Intro:

Yeah, Young jock up in this beezee  
Claiming and representing that S-P geezee shit  
Putting it down with my nigga the big bad ass  
Spice 1 and King T  
High siding and westside riding  
Got my nigga from the feezee up in this beezee  
We doing big thangs in the nine seezee  
Kicking bitches in the booty and pointing out their  
duty  
Yeah any motherfucker that wanna try us knows where  
to find us  
Motherfucker

King Tee:

This shit couldn't get no harder  
Niggas is about to make me flip and commit  
manslaughter  
All my dreams result to nightmares  
So I walk around the hood strapped like I don't care  
Truth or dare, I dare you to dis the west coast  
The truth is them niggas will split your vest loc  
With hollowpoint slugs, Crips and Bloods, we come  
deep  
And roll in those Range Rover Jeeps  
I was a made man at fifteen years  
Cuz mamma didn't raise no faggotty queer  
I got paid fronting bad colors in the ninth grade  
And on the westside is where I play  
Straight sick, when my big uncle smoked dip  
And grabbed his four four and took me with him on a  
lick  
And sure as the sun will come up and just shine  
The niggas couldn't believe the Rolex was all mine

Spice-1:

Yeah divine niggas the lexy shine and the fatty  
Motherfuckers ain't ready, see they won't hold their

heads steady  
when we come with the fifty caliber Desert Eagle  
Feeling you motherfuckers over slugs equal  
You these diamonds on the pinky, Rolex up on the wrist  
Next nigga run up on me for my pieces is catching  
whole clips  
No sucker to the G-A in me  
You fail to realize sometimes that I dump on G-P  
Black Bossalini, King T-E-E and S-P-I  
Born to die, westside riding staying high  
187 proof a ma-a-mack ten shooter  
Hope the ba-a-black talons go right through you  
Been mobbing since a youngster, laced like hundred  
spokes  
Ain't no rules in the game, niggas die and go for broke  
He didn't no I was strapped, he didn't no I was ready  
Blow a hole in his chest and take off with a nigga's fetty

Chorus:

Real killers on the westside don't be fooled  
We in the sun where the kids wear their vests to school  
Soft niggas don't survive they be taking a dive  
(West Side)  
Refuse to leave them player haters alive  
Real killers on the westside don't be fooled  
We out west where the kids wear their vests to school  
Soft niggas don't survive they be taking a dive  
(West Side)  
Refuse to leave them player haters alive

King Tee:

Ah yes all the way to niggas in projects  
That heard about the King that be strapped with two  
techs  
Rolling in a Lex with them twenty inch chrome rims  
Trying to find a ho for some trim  
Laid back, smoking on the doja loc  
At the light all the hos watch me cough and choke  
Young player, can I take a ride with you  
Hell no, can I trust my life with you  
You look shady just left four ??? with four babies  
And I can hear your ass screaming save me  
Trick I'm in a zone guns, clips and chipped up phones  
And Vibe tapes of old love songs straight gone  
Dipping and giving a fuck at who's tripping  
Catch a nigga at the airport slipping  
Huh, what a shame send his ass back from where it  
came in a casket  
California love turned drastic

I'm come G'd up, niggas getting beat up  
And I'm smoking all their dirt cess weed up  
King T's G style got them hiding  
Cuz this is what we call west riding

Spice-1:

See some of the haters try to fade you partner, but  
ain't nobody coming close  
I keep some scissors up in the cut, so give me ten feet  
at the most  
Ain't no generic artificial, Realer than you can imagine  
Passing out in the back of limos with a lap full of cash  
and mashing  
Dreaming of mad tales, with waterfalls in swimming  
pools  
I'm living the life of a rap star  
Eighty thousand dollar cars, jaccuzzi rooms with  
minibars  
Hit the casino dropping fetty on tables smoking Cuban  
cigars  
You need to quit  
Sprinkle a motherfucker that will leave you split  
Tore back ass out bringing you your hat  
Flat broke, talking about fuck that nigga S-P-I  
But you can't go one on one Spice 1 because I'm born  
to die  
I gets medieval up on they ass like punk bitches in  
ditches  
The gangsterism resulting in murderism  
Bailing up in your hooptie at the gas station  
You facing the killer for real-a punk ass nigga  
Where the scrilla  
Jacking you for your shit, taking your ends pull off my  
mask  
Hitting the corner, hopping up in my Benz with your  
cash  
Mobbing I mash out, you ass out  
Left you shot up in your seven-trey glasshouse

Chorus

West side Riding while we getting higher  
That's the way we do it  
West side Riding while we getting higher  
That's the way we do it  
On the Westside

