

Jt Money

"Bounce, Rock, Golden State"

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West, South Central

[Verse 1: Ras Kass]

If money ain't foldin' homie I'm not rollin'
Talk a gang of shit, spit out my colon
Rip Dog and Non-Affiliated made us, we dirt
Make you wanna go to the swap meet and buy a white t-shirt
What's a G worth
The turf we lurk was worth a G before my birth
I walk these streets throwin' dirt wads
99th and Watts, playin' in the feed lots
We not afraid to bang, go to keys knot
And knees off, summertime swim in that real rugged piece off
Then see y'all, let a nigga know
What info gat, Beretta nigga know
Talkin' bout a po-po, undercover in the low-low
Tryin' to extort you for yo dough
That's a no, no
Take 3 outta 4 like the Late Show

[Chorus]

Bounce, rock, Golden State
From the place where the one time is known to hate
What's right, what's wrong, erase the line
Make up ya mind and choose ya side
Bounce, rock, Golden State
From the place where the one time is known to hate
What's right, what's wrong, cross the line
Off everything I love, I'ma handle mine

[Verse 2: Saafir]

I'm sick of these punk ass po-po's
Bendin' my corners in slow-mo, lookin' for my cuzo
In the west-bound to DP
To Bernie Park down to Dog Town, West Coast to roll,
it's hot now
With choppers that spit them hollow point tips
To get off that shit, between they come and they lips
I keeps it cause I heard the streets runnin' this shit

My nigga Rafe doin' eleven in the Fed, to the head
Off the Motorola kite, late night life (What chu' dealin'
with)
I'm gettin' rich so we can get bricks that you can end
with
And if you from the pen then pesos and yen
Even then them boys behind me
The government poised but I got L's, gats, insurance
And I'm ridin' with a decoy slumpin'
The coast is clear, yo the roast is here

[Chorus]

[Golden State Warriors]

Talk the street life, walk the street life
Love the street life, live the street life
By the street life, supply the street life
Ride and stay tight, what's that life like
Talk the street life, walk the street life
Love the street life, live the street life
By the street life, supply the street life
Ride and stay tight, what's that life like

[Verse 3: Xzibit]

I could care less who was suckin' on the president's
dick
While me people formin' habits they can't kick
Makin' me sick to my stomach
And you can try to look away
But everyday I'm reminded that we came from it
We got our name from it
I set the tone, loose chrome, flesh and bone
And protect my own
I ain't unique there's five million of us runnin' the
streets
And the rest is on lockdown for tryin' to hold the block
down
I gotta a right to be hostile
Used to drink a little Henny and cool it
Now I abuse it
My only justice is when I lock, load, aim, and use it
Smooth the trigga, fill the whole room with chamber
music
I know niggas that had it all and blew it
Had like a big-body Mercedes so get into it
Smash the gas pedal, heavy-metal
It's the never-ending saga of God versus the Devil

[Chorus x2]

