

**Kam****"Westside Driveby"**

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[E A Ski talking]Yay, Yay  
Wassup Kay Slay, Its the big homie E A Ski  
Ya know, And I brought some West Coast riders with  
me  
That'll ride on ya bitch ass  
You got a problem with Kay, You got a problem with us  
nigga  
Ya know, Got MC Ren and the West Coast Kam  
Hey yo Ren spit it

[MC Ren]Nigga who tryin to fuck with the Ville'  
Grab my dick, Fuck this trick and slay my scrill  
Slap the taste right outta ya grill  
When I'm fuckin' with Kam and Ski nigga shit is fa real  
Straight blastin' fools with these West Coast shots  
Compton and Watts, My Bay niggaz got glocks  
Niggaz runnin' an yellin' an screamin' an shit an cussin'  
Ren smoked a blunt while Ski and Kam was bustin'  
Now you bitch ass niggaz ain't sayin nothin'  
When we pull to the curb, Nigga stop gruntin'  
This West Coast shit, Cant be fucked with  
Or duplicated, You bitches can hate it  
Mothafuckin Villian is back with Ski  
While he blast with his back to me  
West Coast drive-by, it happens like everyday  
Bitch ass mothafuckas gettin' chased away  
It go

[Chorus: MC Ren]Woop, Woop  
Thats them fuckin' police  
Woop, Woop  
Them bitches comin' for me  
You know the West gone ride  
Nigga hit'em up  
Bitches run from the drive-by  
When we pass by  
Nigga  
Woop, Woop  
Thats them fuckin' police  
Woop, Woop  
Them bitches comin' for me

You know the West gone ride  
Nigga hit'em up  
Bitches run from the drive-by  
When we pass by

[E A Ski]I've been known for the AK, Glocks, and Tech's  
Hit ya block up, Leave a nigga soakin' wet  
So I'd watch niggaz scatter like roaches with the lights  
on  
You on the block, But you won't make it back home  
You better hope that this bullet got God in it, (Pray)  
And I miss, When I got my fuckin' eye on it

And I'm shootin' to blow the back and the spine out  
It's all real, I would hate for you to find out  
Who the fuck makes it happen  
Uhh, Its West Side nigga, This drive-by is whats  
crackin'  
And the corners is gettin' caught off  
The funeral homes is gettin' rich off the costs  
Dogg, Lay you flat down  
Empty out the clips 'til you hear the (Click) sound  
Uh-huh, You better know who the fuck you dealin' with,  
(Who's that)  
It's Mr. Ski, The West Coast Kill-A-Bitch

[Chorus]  
[Kam]Niggaz hate me for the bank I'm foldin'  
The rank I'm holdin'  
The dank I'm polin'  
They just hate to see a gangsta rollin'  
I gutter ball like I'm bowling, Collectin' my ends  
Tryin' to throw strikes at all these redneck white pins  
In the Beamer or the Benz, Wagon or the truck  
'Til my people delevered, Man I don't give a fuck  
Stay pushin' the line with mine  
Treat peeps I'm with good  
Anti-Hollywood and I keep my shit hood  
A true thug, Ya gotta admit it  
I bail into a club tennis shoes, jeans, white tee and a  
fitted  
Tryin' to get it crackin', Wassup, I'm sayin'  
You tryin' to go or what, I mean, You playin'  
Dyke girls actin' like niggas, Niggaz actin' like bitches  
So I just kick back and keep stackin' my riches  
Focus on my chips and give niggaz real talk  
So Bloods can skip to it and the Crips can still walk

[Chorus]  
[MC Ren]It go  
Woop, Woop

Thats them fuckin' police  
Woop, Woop  
Them bitches comin' for me  
You know the West gone ride  
Nigga hit'em up  
Bitches run from the drive-by  
When we pass by  
Nigga, When we pass by  
Nigga, When we pass by  
You bitches run from the drive-by  
Drive-by, Bitches run from the drive-by  
Drive-by

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