

Cassidy

"West Coast Got It"

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[Chorus: Bizz]

Everything you want in me
The West Coast got it
If you want some bomb sticky trees
The West Coast got it
Spending on dubs and D's
The West Coast got it
And if it's fine honey's you need
The West Coast got it

[DTTX]

You know the West Coast got whatever you want
We in the land of em dawgs ain't no time to (?)
And it's all about getting paid in a major way
You can say what say up in the land do it all day
There ain't no stopin' a player can't you tell
Like the e-mail, Scott tail, in in there, hit me now
Let it work for hot stanks and the city life
And Dub C we just riders do it all night
We the bash got you flossin the flash
Latin thugs want a holler when I mash and don't get it
twisted
We got the bomb and it on in here
Picture clear in the West got nothin to fear

[Chorus: Bizz]

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[Proper Dos]

We got what you need indeed
Smokey rock with the finest weed
I'll make you bleed
Cause we can slip either way in Southern Cal
So your hospitality or the hospital

If you wanna hate we can accommodate
I'd rather put the top down
And bump the sounds of the Phosgene
Hittin corners slow like my tank is on E
But make tank is on Full ese, Im Frank V
You had love for me since Latin rappers kind of new
But ten years later you turn hater
But ese you a no brainer a no gamer
A couple albums out but you still a no namer
But that's on you cause I'm Low Pro'd out
Could of got on the bus but now the bus rolled out
So now I'm bling bling and it time for a toast
Cause that's how we do it on the wicked West Coast

[Chorus: Bizz]

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[Point Blank]

We got gold D's and sticky trees
Packed chrome heat
Trick's up my sleeve
Baby keep that heat discrete
We worldwide so you already know it's Low Pro
When we hit the concrete roll by your pad slow
Another hit but it ain't that type
Creep the night then hits all right
Bumping out you boom box late night
I got you loked up enough
To break them suckas down your block
We stayed heated with them platinum cuts, it don't stop
Keep it hot killer Cali style we flippin' them hits
That make that bad little brick house smile feel the
breeze
Palm trees and old gees satiate the streets
Known for bring bomb beats always comin' complete
It's Point Blank baby let it be known
West Coast old San no bunch straight lava it's on
Hold my on cause once again it on no doubt
Representin' through the fullest baby doll and I'm out

[Chorus: Bizz]

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