

## **Mack 10**

# **"Westside Slaughterhouse"**

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(mack 10)

Microphone check i.o. from the west coast beller and  
tella  
I cuss like a sella when you see her she's a gonna  
Moved to california blew the bitch up put the gangsta  
twist on  
Her sunny southern cal it never snows  
Niggas yellin' ha's and ho's we dumpin out of 64's  
When it comes to the gun play we vets  
It's west coast foe life no crew only sets

(ice cube)

It's the dog breathe through the smog  
I'm a hog of this gangster shit  
Don of the click  
All you suckas want to dis the pacific  
But you buster niggas never get specific  
Used to love her mad cause we fucked  
Her pussy whipped bitch with no common sense  
Hip hop started in the west  
Ice cube bailin' through the east without a vest

(w.c)

Now as I look to my riznight and to my left  
I see motherfuckers staring like they wanna step  
So I'm grabin' my rusty screw driver  
In case I got to cut ya deeper than vanessa del rio's  
vagina  
Finda notha crew of niggas that can fuck with this  
Lyrical bully given verbal bruises to crews fool  
You must be on dick dope and dynamite  
How you figure speed on before you get peed on nigga

(mack 10)

Fool what side is you  
Red or the blue  
While as the l.a. zoo it's round two  
I ignite grab the mic tight strike like a ratle bring  
Rhymes and nines to the mutherfuckin battle  
So sun down to sun up run up with my gun up  
All brakes get to pumpin'  
They know a nigga dumpin'

You dred like a rasta when I lock like a terrier  
Mack 10 the nigga with the heat that I'll berry ya

(ice cube)

Oh ah, oh ah, do a walk by and watch everybody die  
Niggas into gangs thangs and narcotics  
Freak bitches riches and hydrolics  
Pull heat knock you off yo feet  
Clear the whole block both sides of the street  
Even crips and bloods hear my thuds  
Fee fy foe fum a nigga where you from "westside"

(w.c.)

Fuck all you niggas I'm yellin'  
This is maad circle to the fullest everybody 187um  
Toons play the piano fuck a battle  
I'm socking rappers like mad man santiago  
'cause you niggas ain't impressin' me plus you singin'  
big red records  
So nigga fuck what you tellin' me  
Sit down jr. you couldn't see me if you wanted to  
Look y'all it mack 10, cube and the double you  
(mack 10)  
I just had a scrap fo the neighborhood inglewood  
stereotype  
Got to deal with the hype  
Known to kick back with the fat sack fuck that  
Where my gat at nigga trippin off my bulls hat  
About to let loose with the chrome tray dude 5 shots  
And I put holes in yo bandana  
I push a benz you still rollin' gs  
So nigga miss me with the set trip  
And start slangin' keys

(ice cube)

When I say itchy citchy  
Niggas get bitchy bitchy cause they heard of ah  
Natural born murderah  
I'm like frankenstein is spankin' time  
Layin' in the sunshine  
With only one nine  
Now who wants to bust with the never rust  
Goin' platinum plus every time I cuss  
So fuck the whole world black niggas  
Better hope I don't grow my jeri curl back

(w.c.)

Steper murderah stepin' out a chevrolet  
Sportin' a beenie like marvin gaye  
Stalkin' walkin' in my big black chuck's  
Standin' t'all in your freestyle session holdin' my balls

I'm peepin' game like a ref in '95  
'cause niggas be foul and bitten other niggas styles  
But if you're bitten this you better bring a dentist  
'cause sucking these balls ah give yo ass lock jaws

(mack 10)

Which way shall I go nigga what should I do  
Should I bang with the red should I truce with the blue  
Should I rock dope beats grab the mic and stay down  
Or should I shoot out of town and flip this pound  
Shit I never knew that my nuts ah get bigger  
Checkin' major figures I'm hangin with platinum niggas  
It's mack 10 and I'm inglewood swangin  
No time fo bangin'  
But still got my cackeys hangin'

(ice cube)

Fuck one love it's the bloody glove killin' honkey hoes  
Leaving blood stains on broncos  
In a hertz rental I drive on the 405  
Is he dead or alive  
Motherfuckin court took another snort  
Jumpin' over chairs as I run through the airport  
So I can catch a flight away from the drama  
Number 32 chillin' in the bahamas

(w.c.)

Sucky ducky quack niggas ain't knowin' how to act  
Sucka ducks play the back  
Nigga use to dis now it's turning around and like  
brandy  
Motherfuckers wanna be down  
With this west coast rap game I can give a fuck  
If you wasn't down at first you can buck these nuts  
Transformers get stole on boom (boom)  
Get the picture killa cali home of the body bags nigga

Westside (x2)

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