

Mark Chestnutt

"Southeastwest"

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[Mr. Lil One] Woo, that's right, that's right
Lil' One and Sicc
Representing for the Southeast clan
[Young Sicc] Uh, homie
Straight up dog
[Mr. Lil One] You know how we do this
[Young Sicc] Gangsta Gangsta
[Mr. Lil One] Too many of you fools be selling woof
tickets
Beyond be doing the thing man
[Young Sicc] Ain't knowing how these eses put it down
homie
[Mr. Lil One] I'ma break it down like this
Sicc, tell em how we do dog

[Young Sicc]
It be that real riding steelo dog, that we're bringing
To keep it gangsta, having everybody swingin
Never try and test those riders from the West Coast
Stomping through hoods packing heat up in the
trenchcoats
Sicc and the Lil' bring flavor like skittles
Ladies all hyped up screaming in the middle
Something never seen before, styles they've been
fiending for
Something for them knuckleheads rolling with them
beenies low
Gangsters make the world go round
So now they all bow to the Dago town
I put it down for all the homies from the hood to the pen
Six-trey Chevrolet got me hopping again
I got all my girlies loving it, because we're thugging it
And got the industry knowing who be running it
Everybody loving it, everybody bumping
Southern Cali represent just to bring a little something

[Chorus: Young Sicc]
For my South, Southsiders, siders
For the East, Eastsiders, siders
For the West, Westsiders, siders
For my Southeast riders

For my South, Southsiders, siders
For the East, Eastsiders, siders
For the West, Westsiders, siders
For my Killer Cal riders

[Mr. Lil One]

Beware of the big dog, I get ferocious
Hypnosis, here's a dozen roses
Poses for the camera, seems that we're having a
Merry old time, shit this outta be a crime
Look at all these nickles trying to plug up with the
Sickos
Begging for me to tickle them, begging for my pickle
and
I'ma give it to em, but first I gotta finish up this verse
For my little homie Sicc, how it hurts
The worst is yet to come, it's Sicc and Lil' One
The party just begun, bottles full of rum
Ladies in bikinis, cholos with their beanie
Every little nickle got a bottle like they're genies
Granting me whatever, but never never slip
I'm I rider from the South and I'm all about my chips
Sicc much love dog, handle what you gotta
Mr. Lil' got your back, Mr. Evil Stigmata

[Chorus]

[Young Sicc]

You know we bring it the sick way, you got that heat
pass it this way
Yeah, you know you're riding with some eses
Who got the game sewed up from block to block
Hit em with something proper leave em all
+Shellshocked+
I got bloods b-walking, got crips c-walking
Others done bowed down to the stuff that we're talking
Known for keeping it gangster cuz gangster is what it is
Much love to my cousins Hoggy Dog and G-Whiz
For my BG's and double OG's and shot callers
Love to my doggy Spanks up in Chukawala
From the South Bay back to Southeast to Oceanside
Riders in the streets just wait to colide
San Diego tizown to the LBC
Compton and South Central to the SMB
The SGV, the East LA, y'all know what's up
For my Killer Cal riders, let me see you toss it up

[Chorus x2]

