

## Mark Ronson

### "Westside Story"

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I never did like a mark  
And you can ask my momma, all my niggas had drama  
Coming from the W.S., go the length  
And doing more dirt than Tide with extra strength  
You can ask the people that I fucked with  
Not one of them ever got their duck sick  
Punk, I ain't gonna blow ya  
Cause the hunt for the Red October is over  
And if I let you slap it, flip, rub it  
You'll love it, my shit'll have you pussy whipped  
I remember the time my nigga had a G-ride  
Looking like the Westside Bonnie & Clyde  
Yep it was a Cutlass  
And he'll knock your ass straight out like Dick Butkis  
So I'm down with the G  
When all those other girls would've went out like a bad  
knee  
I never did punk  
Even with a chicken in the trunk, smelling like skunk  
About to do a drop-off  
So he can get some Dayton's with the knock-offs  
And if you think I'm slipping you're trippin  
Yep, I got it going on plus I'm dippin  
Never did like the marks, cause marks just bore me  
I'm coming with that Westside Story

Throwing up the Westside G-Ride hoo ride! (Repeat 4x)

You can run but you can't hide from the Westside  
(Scratched 2x)

You say you want a gangsta bitch like Apache  
Yo Yo's in the house, you can't match me  
Huh, whatever  
Smoking more blunts than Cypress Hill and Cheech &  
Chong put together  
See I'm still rolling and I thought you knew  
The fuck do I do, the Sherriff, us, or you  
Shit goddamn the man and Yo-Yo never was a fan of  
Silver Brand  
I need to retire

He came up to my window and asked "Where's the fire?"

I showed a little thigh, batted my eye  
And then got away with a few lies  
And when I let my hair blow  
All that fool can say is "Drive careful"  
Never did like a mark, cause marks just bore me  
I'm coming with a Westside Story

Throwing up the Westside G-Ride hoo ride! (Repeat 4x)

You can run but you can't hide from the Westside  
(Scratched 2x)

Now it's '93 and I'm cruising  
Met me a man that's down with revolution  
A G of another type  
Not just a nigga trying to get another stripe  
And when we see the cops he put the stare on em  
When every nigga that I know is just scared of em  
He don't want to slap it, flip it, rub it  
He just want to check it and protect it  
And when the riots jumped off he showed power  
Serving more cocktails than happy hour  
He told me that the government never was a friend of me  
But the real enemy  
So now I do dirt of a different kind  
Cause now Yo-Yo has got a different mind  
Never did like a mark, cause marks just bore me  
I'm coming with a Westside Story

Throwing up the Westside G-Ride hoo ride! (Repeat 4x)

You can run but you can't hide from the Westside  
(Scratched 2x)

Throwing up the Westside G-Ride hoo ride!  
Throwing up the Eastside G-Ride hoo ride!  
Throwing up the Northside G-Ride hoo ride!  
Throwing up the Southside G-Ride hoo ride!

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