

Paulina Rubio

"Westward Ho"

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[Ice Cube]

Check it hoe shut your mouth and get naked
I'm connected plus I'm makin' hit records
So, if you wanna win hop in and take a spin
That's W.C. and Mack 10
What's your name girlfriend
You can have some fun wit us lay in the sun wit us
Pack a gun wit us and make a run wit us
To these illegal amigos who wanna buy bald eagles
out my regals we shoppin' at Spiegels
So what you wanna do
Decision, decisions
And what you think about dick and pussy collisions
You're a irrisistable bitch and all that
Me I'm rich as fuck plus I smell like yack so come on

Chorus, Repeat 2X:

Irristable bitch let's go
Where we goin'
Westward ho

[Mack 10:]

A nigga gots to get chose it's a house full of hoes
I suppose at least one of those want
Mister flossy with the kilos
You know it's quick fast shit it's all about the cash
Pauveted Rolex' and Benz' in the S class
Don't get it twisted nigga you know the word
Cube got the herb and I don't fuck with nothin' less than
a bird
I make yo whole crew scatter what ya say don't matter
cause nigga you's a punk so tell yo bitch I need to
holler at her
I take fo shows hop in my Benzo
I stomp my Chuck to the flo as I head Westward with yo
ho
It's Mack 1-0 so fuck what she say
I put it down the G way

I'm gettin' head on the freeway.

Chorus

[W.C.]

Hoe you need some dick in yo life dick in yo life
like Jodeci I'm fiending to fuck you 'til your bleeding
you need to be rolling
with this cap peela, fuck that sucka for love lolly pop
toe
lickin' ass nigga
See you say you want a real G so why don't you
play like Jayo Felony and bitch take a ride with me
because I can
use a ho like you a bitch down to blast
and help me twist this
mutha fucking plastic because you're a true bitch from
the westside
About five-ten, two-twenty with scars on your thighs
And that's they type of hoe I want down with me
so bitch get your ass in and let's rob the whole city

[Ice Cube:]

Did I mention I think about you when I'm benchin'
and running my trigger finger all through your
extensions
It's intense dreamin' of a black picket fence
His and her nine's teach you how to rhyme on the mic
You Tina I'm Ike
Know you ain't a dike cause you seem to like
the way I lay pipe
Keep it tight let's put this mattress to the test
Yes, I must confess, I got some prior arrest
Fa show ya know we're goin' westward hoe
can you handle
half a chicken in the door panel
We at the mo' with a four-O and a joint
We got high, fucked around
and missed the drop off point

Chorus

[Mack 10:]

I put it down all around Westbound is where I'm headed
Since I keep my heat leaded if you trip you get wetted
We be huffing like hogs nigga who can see my crew
No better yet me and you nigga what you wanna do,
fool

Cause all I do is wreck from the hip I teck
and when I come from the shoulders I straight
Westside Connect
I got chickens by the flock I got the block on lock
Around the clock I sell rock so ain't a bitch I can't knock
So handcuff your trick if she's a good lookin' ho
cause dog I run with niggas that the Fed's is lookin' fo'
They wanna get us because our pockets is the fattest
And bitches be jockin' us because we got the baller
status

[W.C.]

I want a janky bitch, a janky bitch,
a bitch straight down
penitentiary bound
with the qualifications of a hoe like you
C-sections tattoos stretch marks and bullet wounds
A rough bitch in a beanie the type of bitch that's down
to do
a drive by on my enemies
like Mary J. you're all I need
when I'm in jail the kind of hoe that's down to keester
me weed
Fantasies of you and me I keep
Having 'em at the park smoking on a hump sharing a
tall can of Magnum
fucking in the back of the coup let's get it cracking
So pass the stick and tell me hoe what's happening

Chorus

This West Coast gangsta' shit got it crackin'
We all mackin' so baby how you actin'
This West Coast gangsta' shit got it crackin'
We all mackin' so baby how you actin'

Chorus

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