

Rick Guard

"West Coast Mentality"

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[Ras Kass]

Strike three, hehe

It's-just-thug-men-tal-i-ty, nigga..

Ha, YEAHHH, ha, yeah-YEAHHH, uh-uhh, uhh..

Ras Kass register Richter with nine point eight tectonic plate quakes

Firm rubber no breaks, California plates Golden State

Catch me sittin on the roof, bumpin Snoop

"Gin and Juice" reminiscin bout the rides and gang truce

Seventy degrees in the winter - tropical weather

and vendettas cause L.A. niggaz be all about they cheddar

Hoochie bitches and B.G.'s too big for they britches

Curb servin, they double up to get richer

Fuck around them lil' niggaz comin to get'cha and get wit'cha

Dump until six hit'cha, don't let the sunshine and palm trees

fool you get the picture, niggaz be in Hollywood thinkin it's all good

But everything South of Wilshire, is all hood

Niggaz committin murder

Later that night at Tommy's eatin a chili-cheese burger

Menace II Society, seen that

Kobe and Shaq - Lakers bout to bring the championship ring back

From Ladera Heights to Venice Beach

Dime pieces with BMW leases and Cartier timepieces

I was born to raise West coast til my casket drop

Throw up a dub, spittin at the camera like 'Pac, ptooeey

Chorus: Ras Kass (repeat 2X)

Would y'all get down for me, I'ma represent my town

so y'all represent y'all town for me

If a G's gettin made, put it down with me

Homey that's a West Coast Mentality

[Ras Kass]

Three-hundred and ten angels, flossin nine-hundred
and nine fdangles(?)
Two-hundred and thirteen sets to gangbang too
Three-hundred and twenty-three hungry homies want
steak
Never been greedy, if I ate/eight, one-eight (donate)
So if I gotta choose a coast, I got to choose the West
Born and raised out there, so don't - go there
Oh yeah, I'm the illest nigga, clownin y'all fools
with everything y'all say like Luther Luffeigh
I swoop through L.A. hoe, bendin y'all bitches like clay
dough
Fuck what you say doe, these streets are fatal pendejo
So everywhere I go I take West coast with me
Home of the driveby, Thug Life and dickies
What you know about silk shirts (huh?)
Cross corded snakeskin belts, flippin off the front
porch
Lesson number one - niggaz don't give a fuck
and lesson number two remember lesson number one

Chorus

[Ras Kass]

See in L.A., niggaz don't walk, niggaz drive whips with
beats
Weak niggaz trick, most niggaz say bitches ain't shit
but hoes gotta eat too, they all be at Club Lingerie
with a gay down to meet you
But fuck a three-piece suit
Y'all niggaz dressin like y'all goin to church
Either me and my homies get in lookin like this or we
skert
(errrrrrrrrr) and if they bullshittin, we just parkin-lot
pimpin'
Sunday night, Jamaican gold, hip-hop and cheeba
Tuesday lesbian divas be up in Peanuts (what)
I be fuckin baby girl and her stud
Plus she said my dick was big, my shit be up in the gut
Waitress bitch tryin to front like we broke, "Whattup
loc?"
Give me a Henn' and O.J. without slashin Nicole's throat
C-arson nigga, I'm just the illest emcee
All California Love, rest in peace Bigga B.

Chorus 2X

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