

Young Soldierz "Eastside - Westside"

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Eastside nigga, Westside nigga
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Here I come with a fo'teen Mossberg
Pistol whipped pumped, now punk fools freely get
served
Chillin' in a gap Benz down with my road doggs
Smokin' a blunt now my car's fulla 'erb smog

Gangstas are wise, they grew up by the gang shit
It's time to get paid to deliver over til famous
Some are still piecin', some ain't down with West trip
I'm rollin' OD's, I got my number in 1-6

Stupid bustas come to [unverified] so he's brave
But I'm afraid to be slave and that keeps me
And 'em lookin' off in the grave, punk

G Popz once again I'm back
Fresh black chuck still twisted off the Cognac
You messed up but you gave it your best
Yes, we're down with the set trip but you want the funk

I draw down, pistol whip ya then I take your lump
If it's trouble you want, fool grab your Glock
(It's the Westside Ridahs)
G Pops, I keep it goin' if it's on and it's popping
Yes, I fold yo, win yo Soldierz

Still stuck on the streets starvin', stomach grumblin'
My knuckles mad scarred from all the rumblin'
Stumblin' over bodies, damn they almost got me good
Neither cops nor caps can neither stop me hood

Should I serve 'em and swerve 'em and skip town?
Oh yeah, we're gone get down, fool you gone get
clowned
How did you figure the trigger weapon wouldn't jump in
all rounds?

I'll be duppin' all slugs, I'd be pumpin' off

Puffin' Eastside-Westside to set it off
You got somethin' on your chest, fool, let it off

Once again, once again, the dogg is back
Wuz up to all the hookers and peace to the hoodrats
My hood is double 0-2, than tip-top
([Unverified])
I got enough jackers, get around like 2PAC

Damn, here comes the one-time, what's it all about?
Bullets scrap in the bushes, put the yea in my mouth
Gotta get away, can't be goin' to jail-in

Nothin' but smooth sailin', uhh, uhh, uhh
The Westside got it poppin', fools steady droppin'
Young doggs are hoggs, Westside

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Little homey who is true, wuz happenin'?
([Unverified])
Is you rollin' with the Warriors? Yes it's on and crackin'
It's the kingpin gangsta with no balls, at no cost
A loud mother, get ya broke off

Now we can step into the streets and we can chunk 'em
All I say is, "Give me no hesitation, no way, no dumpin"
As I bail down the vibe as a wild G

Nuthin' but a dogg but the projects is in me
And that's really all I know, why yes to the brain
Eastside til I die, stayin' real with this thang

It's the Y B I G, punks break wild
Watchin' niggas stumble bank, chippin' off and say you
lack
As I tweak in my seat on a new wild pact
Fools homicide, keepin' up the Westside

As you know I ain't no joke or no riddle
Quit when I set trip, bailin' up the middle
(Watch it)

They caught us first, we can never be no gentlemen
I wear chucks, boxer trunks and a pendleton
As I step, now I'm fresh out the shower
It's all the Westside, bustas [unverified]

Lil' Stretch here to face, come to check nuts

Layin' 'em down, so tell me now who's fixed up?
I'm hittin' corners in full ass lifted-up back
To the Eastside, fool, as I hit you up

Big nuts, black chucks and a fresh Glock
Fresh socks, khaki cut-offs and tank-tops
So if you really hear me fool, won't cha let me know?
Roll up the window, fire up that Indo
I'ma do the same as a wild G, throw back
To the Eastside where we known to jack, huh

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Eastside nigga, Westside nigga

Wuz up trick? Wuz up trick?
Wo, wo, wo, wo
Wuz up trick? Wuz up trick?
Wo, wo, wo, wo
Wuz up trick? Wuz up trick?
Wo, wo, wo, wo

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