

## Cappuccino

### "West Coast Got It"

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[Chorus: Bizz]

Everything you want in me  
The West Coast got it  
If you want some bomb sticky trees  
The West Coast got it  
Spending on dubs and D's  
The West Coast got it  
And if it's fine honey's you need  
The West Coast got it

[DTTX]

You know the West Coast got whatever you want  
We in the land of em dawgs ain't no time to (?)  
And it's all about getting paid in a major way  
You can say what say up in the land do it all day  
There ain't no stopin' a player can't you tell  
Like the e-mail, Scott tail, in in there, hit me now  
Let it work for hot stanks and the city life  
And Dub C we just riders do it all night  
We the bash got you flossin the flash  
Latin thugs want a holler when I mash and don't get it  
twisted  
We got the bomb and it on in here  
Picture clear in the West got nothin to fear

[Chorus: Bizz]

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The West Coast got it  
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The West Coast got it  
Spending on dubs and D's  
The West Coast got it  
And if it's fine honey's you need  
The West Coast got it

[Proper Dos]

We got what you need indeed  
Smokey rock with the finest weed  
I'll make you bleed  
Cause we can slip either way in Southern Cal  
So your hospitality or the hospital

If you wanna hate we can accommodate  
I'd rather put the top down  
And bump the sounds of the Phosgene  
Hittin corners slow like my tank is on E  
But make tank is on Full ese, Im Frank V  
You had love for me since Latin rappers kind of new  
But ten years later you turn hater  
But ese you a no brainer a no gamer  
A couple albums out but you still a no namer  
But that's on you cause I'm Low Pro'd out  
Could of got on the bus but now the bus rolled out  
So now I'm bling bling and it time for a toast  
Cause that's how we do it on the wicked West Coast

[Chorus: Bizz]

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[Point Blank]

We got gold D's and sticky trees  
Packed chrome heat  
Trick's up my sleeve  
Baby keep that heat discrete  
We worldwide so you already know it's Low Pro  
When we hit the concrete roll by your pad slow  
Another hit but it ain't that type  
Creep the night then hits all right  
Bumping out you boom box late night  
I got you loked up enough  
To break them suckas down your block  
We stayed heated with them platinum cuts, it don't stop  
Keep it hot killer Cali style we flippin' them hits  
That make that bad little brick house smile feel the  
breeze  
Palm trees and old gees satiate the streets  
Known for bring bomb beats always comin' complete  
It's Point Blank baby let it be known  
West Coast old San no bunch straight lava it's on  
Hold my on cause once again it on no doubt  
Representin' through the fullest baby doll and I'm out

[Chorus: Bizz]

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The West Coast got it  
If you want some bomb sticky trees

The West Coast got it  
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The West Coast got it  
And if it's fine honey's you need  
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