Domino Fats "Eastside, Westside"

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[Chill talkin]

what's happenin

let's drop this shit off for the homie from Long Beach let's say Compton and the L-B-C meet the east and west again

motherfuckin Half Dead in this bitch my nigga Tray in this bitch they call me the hurricane Chill, check it out

[Chill verse]

a little sumthin for the clubs, crips, rucks for your ride G'z and locs from the east and the westside dedicated to the gang related fuckin fools down makin the other side runnin high throw your straps in the sky one time buck buck, buck, we don't give a fuck lay yo ass in the gutter or shit keep the bust to my niggaz from the east and the west click

[Lil' 1/2 Dead singin and (talkin)]

this is dedicated to the east and the westside (yeah, this is dedicated to the east and the westside baby)

so put your shit in the deck or just replace and let the take ride

(we gon put it in and let it ride baby)

cuz me and my homie Chill are droppin gangsta shit (we droppin enough of that gangsta shit) the type o' shit that none of you bustaz can fuck with

(that's right, where none of you bustaz can fuck with) so step the fuck back before you smacked all in ya face (before you get smacked up)

cuz when it comes to puttin it down Half Dead runs the whole place (yeah)

[Chill chorus]

we chillin on the eastside, smokin weed on the westside gettin drunk on the eastside, fuckin bitches on the

westside gettin jacked on the eastside, one times on the westside O.G.'z on the eastside, O.G.'z on the westside one two, one two

[Chill verse]

now that shit ain't got thick
so I'm throwin up the westside on the one hype click
slumped up in an 8-5 cuthey
indo smoke, bumpin my buddy
on my way to the east, don't need no strap cuz niggaz
act peace
no nigga set-trippin and thangs
just a couple o' homies throwin up gang, mayne
everybody got dodo, oh no
here comes the homies in the lo-lo
eastside, westside (westside)
niggaz stay down for your crown, hoo-ride

[Lil' 1/2 Dead verse]

you know I gotsta stay down for my crown I be's that crazy ass nigga from the (eastsiiide) eastside part of town the H-A-L-F D-E-A and to the D straight born and raised in the L-B-C

[Chill chorus]

smokin weed on the eastside, gettin drunk on the westside mothafuckas on the eastside, mothafuckas on the westside gang o' hoes on the eastside, gang o' tricks on the westside big booty on the eastside, big ass buttery on the westside

[Lil' 1/2 Dead verse]

on a mission on my way back to the east and like my nigga Chill said the east is all about peace ain't no more gang-bangin, just cavvy slangin late night niggaz on the corner hangin trynna make a buck, and still don't give a fuck so run up and your ass will get stuck so take heas to the words that I kick cuz I drops nuttin but gangsta shit, beyotch

[Lil' 1/2 Dead singin]

this is dedicated to the east and the westside so put your shit in the deck or just replace and let the take ride

cuz me and my homie Chill are droppin gangsta shit the type o' shit that none of you bustaz can fuck with so step the fuck back before you smacked all in ya face cuz when it comes to puttin it down Half Dead runs the whole place

[Chill chorus]

gettin drunk on the eastside, motherfuckers on the westside

they gettin loaded down the eastside, big bitches on the westside

niggaz slangin on the eastside, niggaz hangin on the westside

one times on the eastside, big bitches on the westside one two, one two

[Chill talkin while DJ Baby G scratches "yea"]
this is fo' them punk ass bitches
you thought you knew
westside and eastsida, rida, fo' life
you lil' trick, ol' beyotch
murderin shit
me and my nigga Half Dead and my nigga Tray, yo yo
yo yo
niggaz, makin them motherfuckin tracks for the
westcoast
westcoast
westcoast, gangsta most
containin the truth nigga, like this anybody can do
for my nigga Half Dead
Compton on=

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