

Spm

"West coast, gulf coast, east coast"

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[Chorus:]

Now these West Coast players and we love to ball...
And these Gulf Coast Hustlers love to do it all...
And them East Coast killas ought to represent
And when we ride together we're gonna kill some shit...

[Verse 1]

I got my mind made up, I'm strapped and I'm riddin
high
West Side till I die, money multiplied
Down and dirty hooked up with my phones
Gulf Coast in a hurry cadillacs and gold jewelry
And we blow big candy cane
Playa hattin dirty Mex don't understand tha game
Baby beach, baby beth, latino's if ever do you gang
bang
I can't do it cause I'm all about my money man
Hoggin and doggin cheddar cheese full of scratch
And got them super fly fish tags full of tash
That's how we do it, hustle fluit runnin through my
veins
I got soldiers that'll dump for a little change...

[Carlos Coy]

Ring around the police, pockets full of hoezies
It's the wizard tha 36 ozies
Swingin n swervin jealous man's burden
Hoe's see my ride and wanna say they a virgin
20 inch turnin keep they heart hurtin
H-town city slicker, buy my German
Sippin' on bourban, back woods a burnin'
Back in the days I couldn't get one wordin
Now I park valet wit boys outta Cali
Playas on pro's like the mother fuckin valley
If you were me, u'd be surrounded by security
Dope House, known for our purity

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Yeah, these west coast riders with the down south G's

17 shots pulled back an squeeze
Take Keys break 'em down the o's and p's
And I'll ball like a mother fuckin' C-fee toe
I'm laced in this bitch like PCP, with SPM, and LOW-G
Down with the click, I'm Baby Beesh
and I'm a Hillwood Hustla 'til I die motherfucker
I'ma grind in L.A. 'til my very last day
It's a struggle but I gotta bubble baby, please believe it
I guess that's the reason I roll with my rival
And like I said big frost is a hard act to follow...

[3rd verse - Rasheed]

It's the - Philly Alumni
on the drum I, come I
wit the type of funk that make a sucka cry
but he need no paper to fly
I ain't gon' lie,
my organization down wit World Wide Hustlaz
gettin' sick, wit Salty Waters' Lifestyl livin' life-a
the homie force that's gon' hop up on the plane
seize, that Baby Beesh without the west coast mary
jane
on the east coast, they're going whacko for that stack
of paper
on the South Side, they run wit slangaz and they stack
that paper
we screamin' YAAY YAAY
wit the baskets full of blaze
South Park Mexican and Rasheed makin' power moves
ev-ery day
cashin' in the money,
like Universal comin' wit Def Jam
and do a hater we gon' have to...

[Chorus x2]

[Low G]

It's yo boy Low G from the center of the planet
I feel it get crunk and take control like Janet
When you hear the hit, what show you gonna jam in
Can't hang with the bandit, haters can't stand it
Recommended a mendez, ta win dis
The Menace most worse that Dennis
Mmmmm, Me entiendes? Raches apendes
Remember me Low-G from the block of rock
Second war with the nine millemeter glock
Keep it endless, stayin friendless
Cali flex the next
Kid Frost, Baby Beesh, Rasheed and the South Park
Mex...

[Chorus x2]

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