

Mr. Shadow "Westside"

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Westside, Westside, Westside, Westside
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If you're feeling kind of tipsy and high tonight
Take a choke, it's time to ride tonight
It's alright on the Westside, the Westside
Break through Stacy Adams, Anchor Blue gangster
stepping

Ain't nobody slipping, one of my boys got a weapon
I'm headed to the park, jeans swinging left to right
Feeling alright, keep my dogs all in sight
Baller night, shot caller night, helicopter light spinners

And it's barely the beginning
Hot women spending big faces for hours
Drinking White Russians and Mintory Sours
Leaning like the tower, bent to the limit

Take another shot for the block, homey clear it
I hear it in the back, I hear it in the front
Westside, Killer Cal, whether you like it or not
Posted up at the spot, show me what you got

Next round is on me, believe me it don't stop
Till you drop, that's the way we gonna handle this
From San Diego to Los Angeles, we're scandalous

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How about we play quarters or spin the bottle
The rule of the game drink it all till it's hollow
Follow my lead, take it to the brain
Whether we're swigging or hitting Mary Jane

If you can't hang or maintain me and my gang
Under control and then we let the shots ring
If you claim to be a baller, let it be known
Mr. Shadow from San Diego

Killafornia making you bounce to this

Worldwide, let's ride through the early mist
If you ain't on the list then you ain't wanted here
Bring all the cups and the brew over here

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