

L-Burna "Midwest-Westcoast Connection"

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[Intro: Mr. Criminal] + (Layzie)

Let 'em know where you at homie (I'm on the Westside
for real baby)

That's right homie, what's up Layzie? (What's happenin
baby?)

Ha ha, yeah, we clickin up homie (let's get this gangsta
shit crackin)

Takin over the motherfuckin game, ha ha

Let's do it homie (yeah)

[Hook: Mr. Criminal] + (Layzie)

(From the 2-1-6 to the 2-1-3)

From Cleveland to California droppin nothin but heat
Lowridin and gangbangin cause I'm into 'caine slangin
Hi Power Soldiers, on the frontline aimin

(From the 2-1-6 to the 2-1-3)

From Cleveland to California droppin nothin but heat
And once again you know it's on, Mr. Criminal, Layzie
Bone

Packin straps whenever we roam, haters leave that shit
alone

I'm on a whole 'nother level, we probably care with this
gangsta shit

Representin the streets, and every rider I'm bangin with
Mr. Criminal, Layzie Bone from the Thug, there ain't no
claimin it

Haters talkin that madness, I'mma show 'em what I'm
aimin with

And fools hate me cause I rose from the gutter
And I'm that lad from the southern side that flows like
no other

Bustas spendin big bucks just to flop every summer
While we're pullin up in Escalades, Benz's and
Hummers, ha ha

They said those motherfuckers came up
Infested the streets, and sewed the game up
But still, hoes wanna see me, still see dick with eyes
closed

So on the +1st of Tha Month+, I send 'em to +Tha
Crossroads+

Will I live or I die tonight? Only God knows

Keepin haters in my sight, enemies in my scope
From the streets of Cleveland to southern Cali ride on

100 spokes
Bar heads, blue wax and brown skin when I approach -
that's it
From the 2-1-6 to the 2-1-3
Where the loc's and the motherfuckin gangstas be
We be stompin in the South, mobbin through the East
We givin up love, holla Eazy-E
Straight from the motherfuckin Theive-land
Where you can cop you a forty, for a dollar-ninety even
Drink a brew or be a true nut and a alcoholic
You got a problem with the bosses then my crew will
solve it
Don't try to trip, I got the gauge in the trunk
Double cock that bitch and just dump
Organized crime bring residuals
I'm fuckin with the Criminal, real individual
Westside, let 'em know we strapped
Y'all can't hold us back, we too thug for that, nigga
Criminal minded, you've been blinded
Lookin for some shit like ours, you can't find it
From the 2-1-6 to the 2-1-3
From East 1999 out to these West Coast streets
We some G's, we some riders tonight, we ready to
clown
Ready to smash, put it down, represent for the brown
And uh, it's kinda crazy, got a call from the homie
Layzie
'Bout to show these motherfuckers how we represent
daily
It's a 2-11 homie, that's a jack in progress
And I bang for the South, still I rep for the West
Who get sunk up in the street, for the heat I possess
And this ain't a game of checkers, motherfuckers this
chess
So uh, I think it's time for the game to recognize
Open your eyes motherfuckers, Hi Power, we on the
rise
Like times almost in my face, I'mma rep it when I
complete ya
On the real, I feel that I'm the West's best kept secret
Cause these fools be claimin they gangstas but they
ain't no motherfuckin G's
They really want some drama, come to the 2-1-6 and 2-
1-3
Yeah yeah, from the 2-1-6 to the 2-1-3 homie
Mr. Criminal, Layzie Bone
Hi Power Soldiers! {*echoes*}
Mess with that Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, lil' homie
Haters keep hatin, Bone Thugs, connect {*echoes*}

