

Chappo

"Westside Story"

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I never did like a mark

And you can ask my momma, all my niggas had drama

Coming from the W.S., go the length

And doing more dirt than Tide with extra strength

You can ask the people that I fucked with

Not one of them ever got their duck sick

Punk, I ain't gonna blow ya

Cause the hunt for the Red October is over

And if I let you slap it, flip, rub it

You'll love it, my shit'll have you pussy whipped

I remember the time my nigga had a G-ride

Looking like the Westside Bonnie & Clyde

Yep it was a Cutlass

And he'll knock your ass straight out like Dick Butkis

So I'm down with the G

When all those other girls would've went out like a bad
knee

I never did punk

Even with a chicken in the trunk, smelling like skunk

About to do a drop-off

So he can get some Daytons with the knock-offs

And if you think I'm slipping you're trippin

Yep, I got it going on plus I'm dippin

Never did like the marks, cause marks just bore me

I'm coming with that Westside Story

Throwing up the Westside G-Ride hoo ride! (Repeat 4x)

You can run but you can't hide from the Westside
(Scratched 2x)

You say you want a gangsta bitch like Apache

Yo Yo's in the house, you can't match me

Huh, whatever

Smoking more blunts than Cypress Hill and Cheech &
Chong put together

See I'm still rolling and I thought you knew

The fuck do I do, the Sherriff, us, or you

Shit goddamn the man and Yo-Yo never was a fan of
Silver Brand

I need to retire

He came up to my window and asked "Where's the
fire?"

I showed a little thigh, batted my eye

And then got away with a few lies

And when I let my hair blow

All that fool can say is "Drive careful"

Never did like a mark, cause marks just bore me

I'm coming with a Westside Story

Throwing up the Westside G-Ride hoo ride! (Repeat 4x)

You can run but you can't hide from the Westside
(Scratched 2x)

Now it's '93 and I'm cruising
Met me a man that's down with revolution
A G of another type
Not just a nigga trying to get another stripe
And when we see the cops he put the stare on em
When every nigga that I know is just scared of em
He don't want to slap it, flip it, rub it
He just want to check it and protect it
And when the riots jumped off he showed power
Serving more cocktails than happy hour
He told me that the government never was a friend of
me
But the real enemy
So now I do dirt of a different kind
Cause now Yo-Yo has got a different mind
Never did like a mark, cause marks just bore me
I'm coming with a Westside Story
Throwing up the Westside G-Ride hoo ride! (Repeat 4x)
You can run but you can't hide from the Westside
(Scratched 2x)
Throwing up the Westside G-Ride hoo ride!
Throwing up the Eastside G-Ride hoo ride!
Throwing up the Northside G-Ride hoo ride!
Throwing up the Southside G-Ride hoo ride!

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