

## 12 Stones

### "Westside Part III"

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*[TQ:]* I was just a young boy, ha ha  
The remix, this is the way we do it

*[TQ:]* Now I'm standing on the corner, high as fuck  
Thinking 'bout busting a nut  
And you can say what you wanna  
It's all about hips and butts and other ways to come  
Why do they hate all our Khakis embrace  
When you're right in the way  
It's just another sunny day in California  
Seven, eight bomb poppa Snoop Dogg dipping down  
the show with the dubs up

*[Chorus]*

*[TQ:]* I thought you heard about it  
I proclaim to hate  
In the city where you bang and bang  
Dames wear sexy things  
Just to get you for your change  
And chickens don't know  
You'd better be careful this shit could take over your  
brain  
Westside, westside, where we bang, westside,  
westside

*[Jayo Felony:]* I bang with rock bottom solid, get them  
mad for the tip up out your wallet  
Bitches I shine with a five hundred line long rhyme  
I come from the State where the bitches be fine on  
main line  
It ain't no crime to see I ride a whore when I hit it from  
behind  
You must be out your rabbit ass mind you think your  
bitch jab a lot  
You got chips cause here it don't matter when you ain't  
hit the right spot  
'Cause you wanna roll with the thugs that ain't scared  
to get a swing on  
Bang gone TQ the whisper that been this bomb bitch  
here, sing on  
I'm bullet balling you low as my religion I ain't from 28

If you don't believe me then you can come and see me  
I'm banking, folks had better not come from S.D.C.  
BIATCH!!!

[TQ:] Yeah, my nigga Jayo, today yo, y'all done heard  
about it?

[Chorus]

[TQ:] I thought you heard about it  
I proclaim to hate  
In the city where you bang and bang  
Dames wear sexy things  
Just to get you for your change  
And chickens don't know  
You'd better be careful this shit could take over your  
brain  
Westside, westside, where we bang, westside,  
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[Kam:] I live this westlife see the stress strife  
Knife and needles niggas with the sticky green  
They make Viki jeans and white Filas  
T-shirt, new chicks be hurting new tricks  
You brake laws doing wrong, chewing those straws and  
two-fix  
One time to greet you with a drawn gun  
They can't stand to see us having fun these assholes  
be on one  
Niggas on the run just like a free laid light  
Don't house arrest her in an orange vest working on the  
free-way  
But we play for keeps, my peeps I represent  
I'm laying down a law and order boy and quarter roy a  
time spinner  
Venom like a snake, I make your muscles lock  
So I give my spray can a shake and strike your whole  
block  
Son, you've got me twisting like the cap on a Guinness  
stout beer  
'Cause when it come to L.A. rap, I'm the tightest nigga  
out here  
(Woo shit!) Niggas got amnesia but Kam sees ya

[Chorus]

[TQ:] I thought you heard about it  
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*[Chorus]*

*[TQ:]* I thought you heard about it  
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In the city where you bang and bang  
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brain  
Westside, westside, where we bang, westside,  
westside

*[Repeat 'Westside, westside' through out outro]*

*[TQ:]* Yeah! On the remix, in case y'all didn't know that  
was my nigga Jayo, my homeboy Kam and TQ  
Y'all never saw us coming  
Westside westside  
Westside westside

*[Thanks to gillian@tqfan.fsnet.co.uk for these lyrics]*

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