

## **Allen Iverson f/ Harlem World, Mysonne**

### **"Westside 'G' Style"**

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[Big Unc]

As I ride in this Westside sunshine  
Duckin from the one time, while playa haters wanna  
straight run mine  
Into the ground cause they're full of hate  
Cant stand to see a brother up and steadily pushin  
weight  
But as long as I have breath Ima claim His name  
And realize through the blood of Christ I can change  
the game  
Connect thangz in a spiritual realm  
Reject flames in a physical hell  
No longer a victim of the circumstance  
Been given a key, set free, best believe we're gonna  
dance  
Rr gangsta boogie, or whatever you wanna call it  
Tweak my body to the side, up and down just like  
hydraulics  
So lets see if we can hop hop hop it  
Then drop drop drop it, when the 3rd wheel locks it  
And hit em up wit that holy g funk  
Get the Westside pump when your homie Big Unc  
dumps  
Upon a track that my brotha supplied  
Bout to go nationwide, so lets ride to da

[Chorus]

Dub to the E to S T side  
Westside, right right  
Dub to the E to S T side  
G style riders ride

[Big Unc]

Breaker 1 9 we got a hit and run  
Its Big Unc on that 210 swervin and havin fun  
Runnin over haters in life like a mac truck  
Gotta be a playa for Christ so Satan back up  
Ima make sure that you know when I flow I be hittin  
corners  
Flossin on threes is how I be sittin on daytonas  
Wit a gold cross and a herringbone on my neck

Keep tha Lord upon my chest and Satan's monkeys on  
my back  
And everyday its seems to me to be a struggle  
Livin in this world of trouble got me stuck inside a  
concrete jungle  
Throwin up sets of ten I'm gettin bigger  
Shadow boxin wit my past again not tell me how you  
figga  
That real Gs dont last that long  
In a city wit no pity, now you know you gotta be head  
strong  
Until that day when I see all of God's children smile  
Its Big Unc puttin down straight Gospo style

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

Meet me on the Westside  
Meet me on the Westside  
Meet me on the Westside  
Meet me on the Westside  
Meet me on the Westside  
And we can slide slide slippedy slide  
Forget about your problems and your jobbie job  
And just sail along

[Big Unc]

Time to represent from that westside do or die  
That the past, son now tell me who am I [you'za  
gangsta]  
They must have told ya, Ima God's army gangsta and a  
front line soldier  
Dont wear no suits, dress clothes or bow ties  
Knocks on folks doors or tryin to sell bean pies  
Instead we're a R.A.W. breed of Christians  
Righteous Annoited Warriors on a mission  
From the most high, our heavenly father up above  
Pet me on this earth to show the ghetto his love  
But now some how the world has taken us as weak  
Because they read the scriptures that we turn the other  
cheek  
But we do this out of love, not because we're weak  
Besides the devil can't hang or even dare compete  
Wit this heavy hard style of mine  
A head snipper, problem ender, knockin demons  
outside of time  
So make way for the holy gospo funk that I bring  
And grab your cross, save the lost and teach the world  
to sing

[Chorus]

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