

Avant F/ Kelly Rowland

"Tales From The Westside"

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scratches

..Westside Westside..

You can run but you can't hide

..Westside Westside..

..Westside Westside..

You can run but you can't hide fool

..Westside Westside..

..Westside Westside..

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You can run but you can't hide fool

..Westside Westside..

Another day on the Westside, everything's fine
Youngster coming up trying to sell me an alpine
Damn, that's the fifth one this month
Gave him fifty bucks and threw it in my trunk
Rolled out, there was some things I had to do
Homies on the Westside were throwing a barbeque
Yeah, Chicanos got a peace treaty
But you won't see homeboys on tv
The media will shed no light, but that's alright
Chicanos were killing each other every single night
Eses dropping left and right
Till the vatos from the pen stepped in
I guess it was a test to see who had guts
I guess it was a test to see who really had nuts
I'm sitting here rolling in my ride
Oh what the hell, just another tale from the Westside

Westside, that's the spot
Westside, don't get caught
Westside, after the dark
Westside, you gotta have heart

scratches

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Another day, another ducket
I'm sitting here rolling in my bucket
Thinking of a way to make some quick primero
Without busting out with my double-barrel
Cuz there's some youngsters who look up to me
And kicking it in the county ain't my cup of tea
So I start to wet my whistle
Now I'm looking down the barrel of a pistol
They were four deep then four more creeped
Pulling over my ride, damn back away side
A jail cell is something I hate
I'm the creeper so I put my beeper on vibrate
They run my plates, cuff me up, and tow my ride
Oh what the hell, another tale from the Westside

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Living on the Westside ain't an easy task
If you don't know homeboy you better ask
Cuz what you don't know fool, just might hurt
Even homegirls are putting fools in the dirt
Levas like that deserve to get stuck
Like that fool that tried to jack by brother for his drop
truck
I can't let it slide
Called up the homeboys, jumped in the G-ride
Rolled to the spot where he hangs
Kicked down the door, click click, bang bang
It's a shame that the vato died
But maybe I'm insane or I got too much pride
Westside, that's the spot
Westside, don't get caught

Slipping in the park after dark talking noise
First to get your ass stomped on by the homeboys
Yeah, you can run but you can't hide fool
Tales from the Westside

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