

**B.G. F/ Bullet, Turk****"Walk"**

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[Ice Cube]

1, 2, 3, 4

Get you a bitch up on the floor

You gotta get up and get down (WALK!)

You gotta get up and get down (WALK!)

[WC]

To the Weeeeeeeest, MARCH

Bang, crease the starch

Uh oh, here we go again

Off the chain, that Dub SC gang

State yo name

[Ice Cube]

Ice Cube motherfucker

[WC]

What's your name

[Mack 10]

Mack 10 motherfucker

[WC]

Well bang on, swang on

Cause on mine I'ma G on, Dub C let a scene on

Get my green on, with my white sling on

Weather my rag in, with my khakis cuffed and  
dragging

Three wheels, make the heat squeal

This Westcoast shit is the shit that we built

Who wanna bust with or fuck with him, and confess

Y'all can't fuck with it, I'm out the roof with it, bang  
loose with it

Dub C, from that Dub SC

Fo sho to make ya peeps slang off the cheese man

[Chorus]

Walk, walk

Niggas let me see you walk

Walk, walk

Bitches let me see you walk - 2x

To the Weeeeeeeest, MARCH  
Calling all cars, niggas look hard  
Near park cars, after dark  
Get toe start

[Ice Cube]

Ice Cube motherfucker, I represent this  
Don't mistake the masked up for the apprentice  
All you bitch ass niggas are defenseless  
Like a Catholic priest, and bout ten kids  
It's sunday school, I run you fools  
You ain't gone do shit  
I got the flip shit, to plant  
Spit it like I'm gone spit it  
Niggas wanna get it, but they won't admit it  
I'm connected and committed  
All the way bided, while you bullshitted  
I'm on exhibit, like a pitbull off the chain  
Motherfuckers gone flip out, ropes get ripped out  
Niggas gone trip out, crip out, get a four-fifth out  
Get bout, with a brickhouse, with my dick out saying  
fuck ya  
My whole career, I kept it gangsta and hustla

[Chorus]

[Mack 10]

It's for the ghetto and the gutter everytime I spit  
For niggas that walk off that funkadelic shit  
I just might go psycho, and grab the automatic  
And let one off for the gangbang addicts  
Cause I'm westside connected like a hand in the glove  
And I'm the gangsta rap nigga that the D-Boys love  
Hopped out braided and valetd in the front of the club  
I hit the do' niggas speak, I hit em up with a dub  
And even on the east coast, I rep Hoo Bangin  
Iced out, creased khakis with a red flag hanging  
Fin to bust a bitch to give head, that's eating the jaw  
And if I let my hair down, all the hoes all hoes  
Get ya hood, ya polo, ya tribe, ya ?  
And ain't no niggas in the game that can beat this  
group  
Mack 10 and Connect, is the hood I claim  
We do the damn thang, and it's off the chain

To the Weeeeeeeest, MARCH  
Calling all cars, niggas look hard  
Near park cars, after dark  
Get toe start - 2x

[Chorus - 2x]

(\*ad-libs\*)

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