

Big Unc

"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 sniper, 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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