

Proper Dos

"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..

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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
..Westside Westside..
You can run but you can't hide
..Westside Westside..
..Westside Westside..
You can run but you can't hide fool
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 creaped

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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