

Snap

"West to South"

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[Master P]

Ha ha

One time, homicide, then we who ride

One time, homicide, then we who ride

TRU niggas don't joke check the hundred spokes
From Richmond to Oakland, I got 4
So fool don't fuck with the tank
MP be the Colonel, got gats in the bank
Waitin' for deposits and withdrawals
Got bitches in the ghetto pullin down drawers
Wanna be wit' the gidman got them with the crizam
But fools thinkin of thizangs
I'm ballin niggas straight hauling
Started from texas to new Orleans
Now the game sowed up niggas wanna role up
Bitches better check nuts, niggas betta hold up
Ain't going out like no mark cause I'm marked for
death
Got the bulletproof vest with the tattoo on my chest
TRU, niggas could'nt fuck wit it
Steady Mobb'n, Master P nigga go get it
Got no game than the Lakers, got gats for the haters
Niggas blowin'-?-

[Kane & Abel] If you scared got to church
Busting up with yo dick in the dirt
Six niggas named Paul pull you out the black hearse
I roll wit niggas with eight figures, and ichy triggers
Bring the drama I throwed the judges momma in the
Mississippi River
They know the rule bang niggas up never mention their
name
I asked Silkk what to do, he said "charge it to the
game"
I shake niggas life like dice, got that thug in me like
chinese rice Aint'
nothin nice I open up shop all night
Like Circle K I circle yo block wit the K, the A-K that is
(handle biz) I
leave that ass looking like Jerry's motherfucking kids

I gotta pocket full of change but aint dropped a dime
yet
Like Jamie Foxx if I gave the bitch some lobster moet
You know whats happenin' next
If Kane and Able representin, from South to the West

[Fiend]

From South to the West, South to the West nigga
See I'm a seventeen survivor screaming out
Checking No Limit and every word Fiend gimme keep
they punk face timid I'm
thinking my phone got tapped glock fourty on my lap
Steady Mobb'n now five-o got eyes on my stack
Can't be hiding that ain't no denying that
See us niggas from the tank we be ridin strapped

[Mac]

From the South to the West layin niggas to rest
Macadon put it on like a bulletproof vest
Got the tank around my neck representing respect
Do my thang and I collect arm breakin the neck
I kick it off like soccer
The tech scream bocka blocka when I cocka
I'm still a soldier my nogga
Catch me G. T and D corner
I be N-O L-I-M-I-T till I D-I-E

[C-Murder]

Time to check my mutherfucking cream
C-Murder living that drug dealers dream
T-R-U and Steady Mobb'n in floss mode
Doing shows at the telly tossin hoes
From the South to the motherfucking West is how we
ride
Got No Limit soldiers on my side
Can I please pop a plea if I go to jail
Homicide for them haters on my tail
All my motherfucking enemys gotta die
Cause I ain't going out in a fuckin drive by
Beeper blowing, I got a meetin with the box
They wanna know how we slangin tapes like rocks
Hurry up cause I gotta show in H-Town
Call face No Limit bout to lay it down
Independent, I'm on another level bitch
A million sold, cashin check till I'm rich

[Silkk The Shocker]

From the South to the West, it don't stop
Watch I make the South and West connect like dots
Don't be surprised when I ride act like you know me
Wise like an O.G. kick more shit than Shinobi

Young nigga ballin like Kobe, play low key, Pimp like
O.D.
Flip my enemy's like OZ's
Mo game than Sega, role up like vegas
Fuck the rest you better step like omega (you know)
Be like man, I'm listenin to to West Coast nigga
Fa sho niggas, smoke you out the most nigga
Pull three or four hoes a show nigga
Call me Mr. crocker, Silkk The Shocker, or just Mr.
If not they gon' find yo ass mutha fucking missin
Cause a niggas bout paper
Steady Mobb'n and No Limit pulling of capers
From the South to the West I stay thuggin
Have a nigga back up lookin all motherfucking puzzled
Just know we bout to ride
From the south to the motherfucking West Side

[C-Loc]

Bitch from South to West, nigga, thuggin aint easy
??? makes a nigga feel queasy
Got some cheese now the feds trying to peep me
That it from me Biggin Cheesy
Aint' easy 200 gansta ass niggas that quick to mouth
Punchin time clocks, C down with shift like it eas a jock
Nigga roll something, stop stuntin clown G's dont
respect stunting
Take you to that old school whoop yo ass like yo stole
sumthin
Busta hunting on the cool with my tools
Playin it like awino in an alley bustin on fools
Weekend thugs I done told ya
Any fool know what happen when you fuck around with
some soldiers
Now stunting with that pistol makes it evident
Less you want us to come blow up your fuckin place of
residents
Hit the door befoe the phone crank up
Like Billy The Kid I fuck around and make you famous

[Billy Bavgate]

Front page Billy Bavgate
Got trapped in a world of hate
I carry late, reload with rage
Stepped back as I bust my gauge
As the super sport Impala hit the corner sprayed
Bodies layed the bithcass niggas they can't fade
No Limit soldier till I die
Nigga you can tell I'm a killa by my eyes
Fifty soldiers in a tank full of dank
Earned 9% organizing crime is how my time gets spent
Big moves I make, suckas balls I break

Droppin sacks on the spot I got paper to make

[Crooked Eye]

Twin S's I push real game to spit

36 in the bird, B 28 in the bush

From the West to the South I got international game

No limit soldier I told ya respect the tank on the chain,
sucka

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