

Faith Hill F/ Tim McGraw

"C-Walk"

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[Intro: Kurupt]

Yeah, this for the West Coast CD
Let me clear my throat
Check it out, check it out, check it out
We gonna drop it like this
This album is the best of both worlds
(Kurupt, Daz Dilly) this for the West Coast side (Young
Gotti)
(Don't forget about Tray Deee and Slip Capone)
This for the West Coast one, ha, ha

[Kurupt]

Saggin', nigga G'd up, sippin'
Sip nigga, dip nigga, set trip nigga
Gotta grip nigga, getta grip nigga with Tha Gang
And rollin' with the alpine bangin'
Homie what you got? A couple sacks to sell
Went from weed to dope to macks to sell
Hit a switch nigga
Don't fuck around wit bitch niggaz
I'm a money cash nigga
Cash gettin', hash hittin'
Gangbang affiliate, hit a stick real quick
And in a minute start killin' shit real quick
I'm a million dollar motherfuckin' nigga (million dollar
motherfuckin' nigga)
I thought you knew about it
Bout it, bout it, do ya got it
Now the homies bout it, I'm about to do this
Hit a lick then hit back with some new shit
Then have a gangsta reunion
The homie told me, get cha' boogie on youngsta... C-
Walk homie

[Chorus]

(Get cha' walk on), C-Walk homie... C-Walk homie...
(Get cha' walk on), C-Walk homie...

[Tray Deee]

Yeah, I'ma tell you like this Kurupt, you know how it was
for me...

Been regarded as the hardest since I hit the set
Young nigga with a rep, kept that gangsta step
Blue crocka sacs or blue cordirouy house shoes on
Flossin' for the hoodrats, gettin' my groove on
Hangin' in the park 'til all hours of dark
Tryin' to catch a mark slippin' with this thang that bark
Cry Baby on the swamp got the exit locked
And ain't no doubt comin' out he gon' wreck ya not
Pass me the satin loc so I can wet my throat
While I sag the blue khakis with the Raider coat
All the hoes really want is gangstaz just like us
Rough and don't give a fuck, ain't that right Kurupt
(that's right)
Stay bangin' on these niggaz on a regular basis
Big paper chases, facin' felony cases
Made it to be famous, livin' hard and dangerous
Steppin' on these bustas with my blue Chuck Taylor's

[Chorus]

[Slip Capone]

Hahhh...

Hawthorne is in the house...

And we C-Walkin'... ya dig it?

You know that gangstaz rock, gangstaz roll
Here's the gangsta shit, we on a gangsta stroll
Cause gangstaz ride, gangstaz slide
In the gangsta ride with the gangsta glide
Cause gangstaz move, and gangstaz groove
Most gangstaz got nothin' to lose
Gangstaz live, and gangstaz die
Gangstaz form a gang and the gang multiply
Gangstaz give a fuck, a G don't ask why
Gangstaz don't snitch, and gangstaz don't cry
Gangstaz boogie, gangstaz don't dance
Gangsta pull the strap out cha' pants and blast
Gangstaz don't run, and gangstaz don't hide
I'ma gangsta ass nigga from the sick Southside
That's how I know exactly what a gangsta do
You love the gangsta shit, ain't you a gangsta too?
Then C-Walk homie

[Chorus]

[Outro: Kurupt]

C-Walk homie...

Slip Capone, C-Walk homie

O.G. Tray Deee, C-Walk homie

Kurupt, Dat Nigga Daz, Soopafly - now walk on 'em

C-Walk homie... C-Walk homie... now walk on 'em

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