

## Kelly R

### "East Coast/West Coast"

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[ Spice 1 ]

Geah man, it's Spice 1 kickin that gangsta  
Plow!  
Original rudebwoy from the old school, man  
Come wicked  
Like this, fool, haha  
Yeah, the Clip & the Trigga method  
Straight blunt  
Straight out the East Bay  
West Coast, fool

Hello, you've reached the muthafuckin S-p-i-c-e  
( ? ) this nigga from the crazy streets of Cali, gee  
Gots to come wicked on this muthafuckin track  
So niggas, dip your fo's from the front to the back  
And just slide ( ? ) and hit your corner on three wheels  
Spark up some of that kill, that chronic, that real  
Indo green shit straight from Humboldt County  
Ounce of chronic up in my pockets, swisha sweets all  
around me  
L.A. niggas dip in fo's, East Bay niggas roll 'Stangs  
( ? ) you still ain't shit if you ain't sittin on them thangs  
4 15's in the ass shakin all yo shit  
Goin bum-bum-bum-bu-bum, yeah  
So don't get the 114  
Get it out twisted and tangled as if you didn't know  
We got the bump for that ass, we got the rump for that  
ass  
And in the trunk we got the muthafuckin funk for that  
ass

[ CHORUS (2X) ]

It ain't no party like a West Coast party  
Cause a East Coast party ain't shit  
It ain't no party like a East Coast party  
Cause a West Coast party ain't shit  
( \*DJ Slice cuts up\* )  
(Come again) --> KRS-One

[ Simplified E ]

Hey yo, what it be like out there?

This is your girl SimplÃ© E  
And this is your lucky moment  
I'm straight up and down representin the East  
The place where rhymin ain't nothin but everything  
All day, everyday  
Jersey's definitely the spot

Abracadabra, dude don't know shit  
I'm runnin through your ( ? ) with my incense  
Psychedelic power, now I got to let you know  
Drink all you want, we can get some mo'  
In the back of my Rover, so let's ride  
Ride to the corner, really wanna do some shit  
Got your man all sprung on the Simple shit  
Look at me, Simple E, that ain't me  
My freakin name's SimplÃ©, and you can't test  
I rhyme with the best of the business  
So jock this verbal tennis  
I got Spice on the 1 puttin hoes in check  
( ? ) love but I'm givin it back  
To the East, the place called home where I roam  
And get the funk for your dome  
But looka here, batty boy, you can't toy  
With the East cause the East got beats  
The East got bump, the East got lyrics and shit  
To make the whole world spin, tell a friend  
Let the East shit rip

( \*DJ Slice cuts up\* )  
(Like this) --> KRS-One

[ CHORUS ]

[ Spice 1 ]  
Niggas don't wanna see me get funky like Bootsy, baby  
I locs up and get to breakin em off, takin they shit and  
talkin crazy  
See, Cali niggas, we don't fuck around  
Some roll with top down, some roll with straight  
muthafuckin frowns  
Seven-deuce glasshouse, fo' nappy-headed niggas  
I'm in the backseat rollin blunts and drinkin liquor  
I tell my dogs: muthafucka out, it's time to go  
And hit the corner sto', so we can drink some mo'  
Hennessy makes me feel fine  
187 up in the house packin a fat nine  
Can't be caught without my shit, nigga please  
Muthafuckas know me and they know I'm stackin g's

Shit, haha  
Yeah, muthafuckas straight get gatted up if you ain't

got your shit  
Haha, that's how it's jumpin off on the West Coast,  
haha

( \*DJ Slice cuts up\* )  
(Come again) --> KRS-One

[ CHORUS ]

[ SimpliÃ© E ]  
Ain't nothin' changed but the days, to blaze ain't  
enough  
I got my counterpart thinkin' he tough  
I do it smooth-like, I do it just like it ought to be done  
So kitty come, kitty come  
Get a load of E's shit, I got the bump and shit  
To make a muthafucka sit and recite my shit  
So nigga roll ( ? ) boy, back back  
Don't make me act a fool and abstract  
Substract, eliminate your face from your body  
I like to party, drinkin Bacardi  
Breezys, young skeezers can't get with it  
My style so foul toxic waste couldn't rid it  
I'm rockin shades and I'm sportin my braids  
For the East ( ? ) how we do it  
We do it, we done it and run it, look at me  
Spice 1 and the SimpliÃ© E  
We got you silly suckers stuck on stupid, so move it  
We be the bomb, baby, we be the funk to freak  
So see...

[ CHORUS ]

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