

Layzie Bone f/ Mr. Criminal

"Midwest-Westcoast Connection"

Visit "[Midwest-Westcoast Connection](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Mr. Criminal] + (Layzie) Let 'em know where you at homie (I'm on the Westside for real baby) Where at? (2-1-3) That's right homie, what's up Layzie? (What's happenin baby?) Ha ha, yeah, we clickin up homie (let's get this gangsta shit crackin) Hi Power ese (yeah!) Takin over the motherfuckin game, ha ha Let's do it homie (yeah) [Chorus: Mr. Criminal] + (Layzie) (From the 2-1-6 to the 2-1-3) From Cleveland to California droppin nothin but heat Lowridin and gangbangin cause I'm into 'caine slangin Hi Power Soldiers, on the frontline aimin (From the 2-1-6 to the 2-1-3) From Cleveland to California droppin nothin but heat And once again you know it's on, Mr. Criminal, Layzie Bone Packin straps whenever we roam, haters leave that shit alone [Mr. Criminal] I'm on a whole 'nother level, we probably care with this gangsta shit Representin the streets, and every rider I'm bangin with Mr. Criminal, Layzie Bone from the Thug, there ain't no claimin it Haters talkin that madness, I'ma show 'em what I'm aimin with And fools hate me cause I rose from the gutter And I'm that lad from the southern side that flows like no other Bustas spendin big bucks just to flop every summer While we're pullin up in Escalades, Benz's and Hummers, ha ha They said those motherfuckers came up Infested the streets, and sewed the game up But still, hoes wanna see me, still see dick with eyes closed So on the +1st of Tha Month+, I send 'em to +Tha Crossroads+ Will I live or I die tonight? Only God knows Keepin haters in my sight, enemies in my scope From the streets of Cleveland to southern Cali ride on 100 spokes Bar heads, blue wax and brown skin when I approach - that's it [Chorus] [Layzie Bone] From the 2-1-6 to the 2-1-3 Where the loc's and the motherfuckin gangstas be We be stompin in the South, mobbin through the East We givin up love, holla Eazy-E Straight from the motherfuckin Theive-land Where you can cop you a forty, for a dollar-ninety even Drink a brew or be a true nut and a alcoholic You got a problem with the bosses then my crew will solve it Don't try to trip, I got the gauge in the trunk Double cock that bitch and just dump Organized crime bring

residuals I'm fuckin with the Criminal, real individual
Westside, let 'em know we strapped Y'all can't hold us
back, we too thug for that, nigga Criminal minded,
you've been blinded Lookin for some shit like ours, you
can't find it [Chorus] [Mr. Criminal] From the 2-1-6 to
the 2-1-3 From East 1999 out to these West Coast
streets We some G's, we some riders tonight, we ready
to clown Ready to smash, put it down, represent for the
brown And uh, it's kinda crazy, got a call from the
homie Layzie 'Bout to show these motherfuckers how
we represent daily It's a 2-11 homie, that's a jack in
progress And I bang for the South, still I rep for the
West Who get sunk up in the street, for the heat I
possess And this ain't a game of checkers,
motherfuckers this chess So uh, I think it's time for the
game to recognize Open your eyes motherfuckers, Hi
Power, we on the rise Like times almost in my face,
I'ma rep it when I complete ya On the real, I feel that I'm
the West's best kept secret Cause these fools be
claimin they gangstas but they ain't no motherfuckin
G's They really want some drama, come to the 2-1-6
and 2-1-3 [Chorus] [Outro: Mr. Criminal] Yeah yeah,
from the 2-1-6 to the 2-1-3 homie Mr. Criminal, Layzie
Bone Hi Power Soldiers! {*echoes*} Mess with that
Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, lil' homie Ha ha! It's official
Haters keep hatin, Bone Thugs, connect {*echoes*}

Visit [Layzie Bone f/ Mr. Criminal](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.