

Ant Banks "West Riden"

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Featuring Spice-1, King Tee]

Intro:

Yeah, Young jock up in this beezee
Claiming and representing that S-P geezee shit
Putting it down with my nigga the big bad ass
Spice 1 and King T
High siding and westside riding
Got my nigga from the feezee up in this beezee
We doing big thangs in the nine seezee
Kicking bitches in the booty and pointing out their
duty
Yeah any motherfucker that wanna try us knows where
to find us

Motherfucker

King Tee:

This shit couldn't get no harder
Niggas is about to make me flip and commit
manslaughter
All my dreams result to nightmares
So I walk around the hood strapped like I don't care
Truth or dare, I dare you to dis the west coast
The truth is them niggas will split your vest loc
With hollowpoint slugs, Crips and Bloods, we come
deep

And roll in those Range Rover Jeeps
I was a made man at fifteen years
Cuz mamma didn't raise no faggotty queer
I got paid fronting bad colors in the ninth grade
And on the westside is where I play
Straight sick, when my big uncle smoked dip
And grabbed his four four and took me with him on a
lick

And sure as the sun will come up and just shine
The niggas couldn't believe the Rolex was all mine
Spice-1:

Yeah divine niggas the lexy shine and the fatty
Motherfuckers ain't ready, see they won't hold their
heads steady
when we come with the fifty caliber Desert Eagle
Feeling you motherfuckers over slugs equal
You these diamonds on the pinky, Rolex up on the wrist
Next nigga run up on me for my pieces is catching

whole clips
No sucker to the G-A in me
You fail to realize sometimes that I dump on G-P
Black Bossalini, King T-E-E and S-P-I
Born to die, westside riding staying high
187 proof a ma-a-mack ten shooter
Hope the ba-a-black talons go right through you
Been mobbing since a youngster, laced like hundred
spokes
Ain't no rules in the game, niggas die and go for broke
He didn't no I was strapped, he didn't no I was ready
Blow a hole in his chest and take off with a nigga's fetty
Chorus:
Real killers on the westside don't be fooled
We in the sun where the kids wear their vests to school
Soft niggas don't survive they be taking a dive
(West Side)
Refuse to leave them player haters alive
Real killers on the westside don't be fooled
We out west where the kids wear their vests to school
Soft niggas don't survive they be taking a dive
(West Side)
Refuse to leave them player haters alive
King Tee:
Ah yes all the way to niggas in projects
That heard about the King that be strapped with two
techs
Rolling in a Lex with them twenty inch chrome rims
Trying to find a ho for some trim
Laid back, smoking on the doja loc
At the light all the hos watch me cough and choke
Young player, can I take a ride with you
Hell no, can I trust my life with you
You look shady just left four ??? with four babies
And I can hear your ass screaming save me
Trick I'm in a zone guns, clips and chipped up phones
And Vibe tapes of old love songs straight gone
Dipping and giving a fuck at who's tripping
Catch a nigga at the airport slipping
Huh, what a shame send his ass back from where it
came in a casket
California love turned drastic
I'm come G'd up, niggas getting beat up
And I'm smoking all their dirt cess weed up
King T's G style got them hiding
Cuz this is what we call west riding
Spice-1:
See some of the haters try to fade you partner, but
ain't nobody coming close
I keep some scissors up in the cut, so give me ten feet
at the most

Ain't no generic artificial, Realer than you can imagine
Passing out in the back of limos with a lap full of cash
and mashing
Dreaming of mad tales, with waterfalls in swimming
pools
I'm living the life of a rap star
Eighty thousand dollar cars, jaccuzzi rooms with
minibars
Hit the casino dropping fetty on tables smoking Cuban
cigars
You need to quit
Sprinkle a motherfucker that will leave you split
Tore back ass out bringing you your hat
Flat broke, talking about fuck that nigga S-P-I
But you can't go one on one Spice 1 because I'm born
to die
I gets medieval up on they ass like punk bitches in
ditches
The gangsterism resulting in murderism
Bailing up in your hooptie at the gas station
You facing the killer for real-a punk ass nigga
Where the scrilla
Jacking you for your shit, taking your ends pull off my
mask
Hitting the corner, hopping up in my Benz with your
cash
Mobbing I mash out, you ass out
Left you shot up in your seven-trey glasshouse
Chorus
West side Riding while we getting higher
That's the way we do it
West side Riding while we getting higher
That's the way we do it
On the Westside

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