

Tq

"Westside Part Iii"

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Intro by TQ]

I was just a young boy

The remix, this is the way we do it

[Verse 1 by TQ]

Now I'm standing on the corner, high as fuck

Thinking 'bout bustng a nut

And you can say what you wanna

It's all about hips and butts and other ways to come

Why do they hate all our Khakis embrace

When you're right in the way

It's just another sunny day in California

Seven, eight bomb poppa Snoop Dogg dipping down
the show with the dubs

Up

[Chorus by TQ]

I thought you heard about it

I proclaim to hate

In the city where you bang and bang

Dames wear sexy things

Just to get you for your change

And chickens don't know

You'd better be careful this shit could take over your
brain

Westside, westside, where we bang, westside,
westside

[Verse 2 by Jayo Felony]

I bang with rock bottom solid, get them mad for the tip
up out your wallet

Bitches I shine with a five hundred line long rhyme

I come from the State where the bitches be fine on
main line

It ain't no crime to see I ride a whore when I hit it from
behind

You must be out your rabbit ass mind you think your
bitch jab a lot

You got chips cause here it don't matter when you ain't
hit the right spot

'Cause you wanna roll with the thugs that ain't scared
to get a swing on

Bang gone TQ the whisper that been this bomb bitch
here, sing on

I'm bullet balling you low as my religion I ain't from 28

If you done believe me then you can come and see me
I'm banking, folks had better not come from S.D.C.
BIATCH!!!
[TQ]
Yeah, my nigga Jayo, today yo, y'all done heard about
it?
[Chorus]
[Verse 3 by Kam]
I live this westlife see the stress strife
Knife and needles niggas with the sticky green
They make Viki jeans and white Filas
T-shirt, new chicks be hurting new tricks
You brake laws doing wrong, chewing those straws and
two-fix
One time to greet you with a drawn gun
They can't stand to see us having fun these assholes
be on one
Niggas on the run just like a free laid light
Don't house arrest her in an orange vest working on the
free-way
But we play for keeps, my peeps I represent
I'm laying down a law and order boy and quarter roy a
time spinner
Venom like a snake, I make your muscles lock
So I give my spray can a shake and strike your whole
block
Son, you've got me twisting like the cap on a Guinness
stout beer
'Cause when it come to L.A. rap, I'm the tightest nigga
out here
(Woo shit!) Niggas got amunessure but Kam sees ya
[Chorus 2]
[Outro by TQ]
(Repeat 'Westside, westside' through out outro)
Yeah! On the remix,
In case y'all didn't know that was my nigga Jayo, my
homeboy Kam and
TQ.
Y'all never saw us coming.
Westside westside

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