

Mausberg f/ Kam**"The Re-Birth"**

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[Intro: Mausberg] {*DJ Quik on talkbox*}
{Won't you come back}
West Coast, uh, fuck it
{Won't you come back... for me}
Saccs, Westbound nigga
Chevreline for life and uh
{Won't you come back}
We breakin' backs in this motherfucker
{Won't you come back... for me}
Westside nigga, Eastside nigga, c'mon

[Mausberg]
Is y'all ready for 'Berg to attack and self destruct?
I'm the realest nigga and I don't give a fuck
Kam got my back, and we gon' ride on you bustas
Take the crown back, that's on the funk, we some
hustlers
Where my doggs at, y'all know what I'm talkin' bout
Now where my locs at, throw it up and shout it out
West Coast back on the map with that Realizm
Who wanna test me, from the shoulders I'm ill with 'em
Breakin' backs, doin' my thing, get my grind on
Lyrical vet with a threat, get my shine on
Fuck a hater, feed him catfish with big bones
Chevre Lane gang for life, nigga the drama on
Rough rugged and raw, breakin' niggaz off
Physical and lyrical nigga, the 'Berg the Boss
I'll be damned if I let you niggaz hold me down
No retreat, no surrender 'til I bring home the crown with
Kam

[Chorus] - X 2
Where my Westside niggaz at, throw your dubs up
We've been down for too long, now the time's up
Cock me back and let me go
So I can bring the crown back to the West Coast

[Kam]
I shake a soundtrack and make the ground crack
Break it down for the black and brown, let's take the
crown back

Got the Mausberg racker, it's sure to droppin' ya
Me and my nigga like the Trenchcoated Mafia
A hard copy, and I love to squeeze triggers
Want your jaw hit? Ah shit, here come these niggaz
Swervin' in buckets, servin' them suckas
These niggaz ain't deservin' them duckets, they
nervous of ruckus
Fuckers can't stand me, 'cause I'm off the receiver
You know what, I can't stand y'all neither
Run up on 'em like a fiend for whoever I'll put the
drama to
Need they temperature took, my foot the thermometer
I'm bangin' with this, now what that West 'bout?
Fuck a tin cup, I'm walkin' with my chin up and chest out
Gotta keep my dogg Mausberg in a muzzle
Before we fuck your head up like a crossword puzzle

[Chorus] - X 2

Where my Westside niggaz at, throw your dubs up
We've been down for too long, now the time's up
Cock me back and let me go
So I can bring the crown back to the West Coast

[Mausberg]

There the crown go, grab it, 'cause I ain't lettin' it go
The West Coast 'bout to ride for sure
It's been a long time, but now we representin'
Westbound
2-2-0, Quik, Saccs and the Dogg Pound
All my real niggaz who ride with me
Throw your dub up nigga, Westside with me
From the hood up to the Bay
West Coast love for E-40 and 4-Tay in a real way
But I ain't finished yet, let me drop the boo-yow
Lyrical shit to make you feel me now
Y'all ain't knowin' bout that Non Fic'
Throw your fist in the sky, puff a pimp and grab your
dick
Shit, the West Coast be the bombest
And it's ironic you niggaz ain't knowin' bout the chronic
All my niggaz love to ride and jack
But we the chosen ones that gon' take the crown back

[Chorus] - X 4

Where my Westside niggaz at, throw your dubs up
We've been down for too long, now the time's up
Cock me back and let me go
So I can bring the crown back to the West Coast

