

Mr. Capone-E f/ Fingazz, Lil' Eazy

"The New West Coast"

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[Lil' Eazy (Fingazz in background)]

What's crackin'

This Lil' Eazy motherfuckin' E

With my homeboy ese Capone-E

S.G.V. to the C.P.T., my nigga

That real west coast gangsta shit (Yeah)

[Chorus: Fingazz]

This is cut-throat gangsta music

New west coast, smashin' on you, bitches

You don't ride like we ride

Tryin' to pull a hot suicide

Yeah

[Verse 1: Mr. Capone-E]

The gangsta rap king is back

Sittin' in a Cadillac, holdin' up my strap {*gun cock*}

This a new west coast smasher

Still on streets, I'm a Southside gangsta (SOUTHSIDE!)

Holdin' it down for the blue

With the Prince of Compton, and I'm rollin' right

through {*tires screeching*}

I'm in ya hood

Pass me a drink

Make one wrong move and then I'll ground you a zinc

{*gunshot*}

Tag a body bag {*police siren*}

Leaving a white hearse

The real G's are back, and I'm a hit 'em where it hurts

No mercy

S'a load of the barrel

It's the end of the world with my gangsta aparrell

Hush Puppies

White tees and Pennotins

Sippin' on a 40, real chin-checkin' veteran

Medicine

Where the club cousin fiend

I'm killa Cali's most wanted out that Big 1-3

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse 2: Lil' Eazy]

Yeah

The spoke's stay turnin'

The police

Pass, the joints stay burnin' {*sigh*}

The 6-4 lean to the back

Levi's got a crease, E lean with a strap (Ha ha)

Cortez, black mack, got a beam on it (POW!)

I'm the Dopeman, block got fiends on it

Team's on it, that's money in the bag

Lil' Eazy is the name, same homey with the rag

Toes tag, you could die in the mix

I'm a west coast nigga, I'll reside as the prince (Yeah)

It's '06, and your boy got cake

Get Capone on the phone, say "It's on" in the states
(Hello?)

I got weight, now it's time for the come up

Cocked and ready, your boy keep one up

Run up, and you're bound to get dropped

Still Ruthless (Ha ha ha)

Still hold it down for my pops (Yeah)

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse 3: Mr. Capone-E]

One

Two

Three and to the four

Capone-Double E, strong arm at your front door

Back with that gang-banger limo

With the legend Eazy's son, so the real just entered

Makin' the west coast tremble

Shakin' up the streets, Hi Power's the epicenter

Callin' out you lames

It's the full time jacking in the county of L.A.

Eastsidiers (SOUTHSIDE!)

Packin' heat

Easier said than done, that's why I'm on these streets

On these blocks

Still up to no good

Cause the boys in the hood ain't goin'

Hollywood

Never should

Cause the west is back

It's a new generation, new Regals and Cadillacs

New macks {*gunshots*}

And lay these bitches

Hardest to the heart, straight pound for pound

[Chorus] - 2X

[Fingazz]
Yeah

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