

Mr. Capone-E f/ The Game, Snoop Dogg

"Three of the Best From the West"

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[Capone] WHOO-WHOO! [The Game (Mr. Capone-E)
{Snoop Dogg in background}] Oh boy We westside
ridin' (Westside) Chuck Taylor Capone-E, homie (Oh!)
What that SGV like (Simon) That CPT like (WHOO-
WHOO!) Straight up (That's right, ese) Ask the big
homie Snoop about us now {Ooohwee, ooohwee} (Ha
ha) It's westside (WESTSIDE...) We ride for life (FOR
LIFE...) Chorus: [Capone] Three of the best from the
west, holdin' down the coast Snoop Dogg, The Game
The one and only Capone Make California love, all
smooth like a G Hey, Snoop, where we from [Snoop]
West coast, ooohwee [Verse 1: Mr. Capone-E (The
Game in background) {Snoop Dogg in background}]
California love As we ride for the westside I see they
shotgun for the coast In that lowride Hittin' corners with
The Game, posted up in the back (What's up, holmes)
Snoop ridin' the trey {Ooohwee} Palm trees and
hoodrats Pimps, macks and ballers, makin' dollars up
on this boulevard Ride up in the barrio, face of the next
hood star Handle bars, white tees and the Panotins
(???), slangin' the white cold medicine Just got signed
And I'm out of my time They said I'm the new Chronic,
ese, 2009 The world is mine, but my name ain't
Scarface Something similar For the whole coast to
embrace Paper chasin', pushin' weight, America's
catastrophe Puttin' the History Channel back To reality
Mad at me For California's return I'm like the L.A. riots,
we keep the city left burned Repeat Chorus Twice
[Verse 2: The Game (Mr. Capone-E in background)] It's
'09, I'm gangbangin' like it's '86 Posted up, throwin' up
signs Sendin' niggas in the pen Crazy flicks Vatos,
locos Palm trees, low-low's, nickel-plated .44's Yeah
Chuckin' up the P at the popo And tell my P.O., that's
just the Black Wall logo Slidin' Dipin' Suru Crippin'
Coronas, Patron, eatin' tacos and chicken Chillin' with
senoritas sippin' on Margaritas Adios, mamacita, got a
show in Rosarita Beach Watch me at the Lowrider creek
Carpoolin' with the homie Capone-E and two freaks
From the I.E. where niggas get stuck up like I.V.s Put
trucks up on high beams, with burners like "Try Me"
(Try me) I'm an insane California nightmare Every time

you sleep on the coast, homie, I'm right there Repeat
Chorus Twice [Verse 3: Snoop Dogg (Mr. Capone-E in
background)] I'm a Ghostface Killah, in a Stellar 300
Snoopy D-O-Double G, I'm about rip, rip, run it I give it
to you all, I bounce, shoot and ball I'm the king, but the
king don't fall I live like LeBron I'm more like Kobe I
watch the rings The bitches The money and the glory
See, this a westside story So it's gon' get messy,
gangsta and sort of gory But I'm Vincent Price Eastside
20 Crip So I might throw up the set twice I ain't to set up
tight Roll your dice Run up on the Dogg, motherfucker
And you lose your life Don't trip, holmes I'm tryin' to get
mines on Groupies and [**stones**] And I make sure I
put you on, for real This west here for real West coast
is the place where we love to live Cousin Repeat Chorus
Twice [The Game] Straight the fuck up, you know what
it is, homie West side ridin' Ain't nothin' but desert
eagles and palm trees on mind, nigga West side
Compton, California, Cider Block, Pirus to the death
Suru Gang, San Gabriel Valley, what's up Yeah Black
Wall Street, black gangbang, bang And the
motherfuckin' Hi Power Soldiers, motherfucker Yeah
H.P. Shit, hey, Capone-E You got this God out of Hi
Power, I'm 'bout to go back Ha ha

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