

## **Mr. Criminal f/ Bigg Steele, Glasses Malone**

### **"New West"**

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[Bigg Steele] Bigg Steele the Godfather Ridin' shotgun with my homeboy, Mr. Criminal Let's make these bitch ass motherfuckers bow down to kiss the pinky ring G. Malone in the buildin' [Demon Criminal] Ha ha ha ha ha ha Yeah That's right, homie It's that new west coast shit Now what you got right here Is from Cash Money Hi Power Hoo Bangin' S.J.C. Entertainment Crimelab Collaboration, homie Ha ha ha Yeah Hey Glasses Let 'em know [Verse 1: Glasses Malone] Fuck one point seven G. Malone still a criminal (Still) A motherfuckin' rider like Capone steal a criminal (Yeah) Talk that drug shit I don't ever speak in general I'm talkin' sherm shit Born a pro at mixing chemicals (Whoo!) Switch hittin' god, I'm a lowride machine Almost done with my deuce (That bitch is Southsider clean) Yo, the Southsider clean? From the roof to the feet (Damn) Fuckin' Japs wanna buy it for whatever hit the street (Okay) Only black rapper with the Latin respect Cause I'm a real dope boy With a Latin connect (Uh hun) Plus I roll through patrol, and on my lap is a tech Lookin' for pinche puto Put the strap to your neck BLAOW! Why won't you talk shit now (Hun?) Pussy niggas kind of quiet Won't talk so loud (Damn) Man, I'm good in any ese hood Cause I'm a ride for Hi Power like the trece would Nigga Chorus: Mr. Criminal I put four fingers up, two twisted with the thumbs cuff Put them dubs up You know what's up Four fingers up, two twisted with the thumbs cuff Put them dubs up You know what's up It's all eyes on me When I ride with heat On the side of me It's all eyes on me When I ride with heat On the side of me [Verse 2: Bigg Steele] We don't wear tight jeans, niggas dress 'em like women We rock coke white tees, a sag and a denim The game all twisted, rep a sag like bitches I kick that G shit Live and unscripted Niggas stick to makin' flicks, reality ain't shoot Lames been reppin' the coke since nine deuce I down with the Prez and that new west shit Whoever don't like it, bite this new west dick Niggas can't ban me I'm a boss with minds So their nigga can't stop it when I push the line Been down with Criminal since scandalous Thump I could give a feez, nigga, 'bout you scandalous punks

Bitch niggas bow down, kiss the ring, let's get it Til ya  
lips turn blue like you're L.A. fitted You clowns ain't no  
riders, gangbangin' on stage Pull my dick up out my  
drawers, I bust a nut on your braids Repeat Chorus  
[Verse 3: Mr. Criminal] If I could spit fairy tales,  
Criminal issues the fact Comin' up from the west  
southern side of the tracks Not Glasses, but a Criminal  
got that Ryder Music And them riders use it Catch 'em  
ridin' to it From the Sursider Califas where them riders  
packin' 'em heaters Cortez Creased khakis, black  
glocks and white beaters Light green sticky Rollin'  
down the 60 110, 605, 101, come and get me San  
Diego, Inland Empire Los and Orange County Knee  
deep in this California life is how you found me Homies  
rollin' in them avalanches, you Conned an alley  
Stretched out ex-scourges Ese, this is killer Cali Home  
of N.W.A. Eazy E and 2Pac Snoop Dogg, Dr. Dre, Dogg  
Pound and Mr. D.O.C. Elbows up Side to side, the west  
coast pop lock G. Malone Bigg Steele Criminal smokin'  
that Cali crops Only the bombest Rollin' with killers  
that's quick to bomb shit In every single Lakeside  
Barrio, it's my accomplice I'm comin' to stop shit From  
a Latin perspective Comin' up west, it's cause these  
Latins homeboys You gotta respect it So I'm steppin' to  
the Next Episode Since this is the Rise 2 Power, let the  
game be sold Never fold, comin' up cold, cause of the  
knowledge I hold Props to the homies locked up doin'  
time or on parole (Ha ha) Yeah And this a west coast  
thang Worldwide vatos soakin' up this west coast game  
Tourist come to California, fear these west coast gangs  
Because these southern Cali streets are known to west  
coast bang {\*gunshot\*} And it's still Mr. Criminal Still  
comin' original, still Hi Power's general Aimin' all off at  
your temple, you ain't got no street credentials Get the  
fuck up out of my face if you ain't screamin' west coast  
Blunt smoke comin' all out in my nose In Cali, all off in  
them alleys, I roll I'm born to roll, when I'm burnin'  
Vogue Clock a nine millimeter back, let it go Homie  
sunk, you would talk, like confederals And is actin' like  
bitch homosexuals Levas hate, I'm a gangsta, daddy  
stackin' paper I believe, don't get it, holmes But still,  
I'm doin' my thang I still got blue in my veins In a  
beamer, off in a nine In a Ranger, still, blue jeans in  
sag Hi Power reckless, Hoo Bangin', Cash Money, two  
Thousand eight Ese, M-A-dub, blast for me  
{\*gunshot\*}

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