

Mr. Mike f/ E-A-Ski

"South-West"

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[Mr. Mike]

I kept one in the chamber, livin' the life of danger
Now I'm known as the suspect
Fuck these snatches, I'm strapped with this tec
Physicals fall, a mystical nigga, becomin' a prospect
And fuck these projects, I'm out, bet
Who's the fugitive? Handcuffs couldn't hold me
I'm roamin' the street top, with three glocks and
steamin' plots
Cops for blocks, accumulatin' my papes
Escapin' the fake, S-O-L-O when I break
They'll never take me alive, the unforgiven
Murderous tactics, back with graphics to act with
Numerous ways I stay paid like kingpins
Unsolved mysteries just to collect my dividends
Fatal attractions, now they reactin', on the defense
Because to them my dollars ain't makin' no sense
Where is he gettin' it, how is he gettin' it, when is he
gettin' it
Thinkin' of ways to stop all existence
Ain't no haps, perhaps, the gap between the rich and
the needy
(That's right) Was gettin' a little greedy
Schemin' to stick me up like cactus
Criminal mindframes, my nine aims, blaow niggaz got
blasted

[Chorus]

It's them killas from the South-West
With slugs for your chest
Load the clip for those that slip
Eternal rest
Them killas from the South-West
With thugs for your set
Load the clip for those that trip
Who wanna test?

[E-A-Ski]

Nigga don't move, you blink when I tell you to blink
I'm murderin' niggaz styles with ballpoint pen ink
I'm leavin' you bitch niggaz more fucked up than the

deficit

Devils be tryin' to make me show my soul 'cause I got
hella shit

Nigga you need some Miracles like Smokey Robinson
And a good ass doctor when me and Mr. Mike get done
(Fool, what's that Westside like?) It's like a glock
I'm leavin' you wet like Ice-T and Cube if you
"Trespass" on my block

I don't smoke no weed or cigarettes, I smoke niggaz
Choke triggers, float sicker, so I can make my doe
more quicker

My nigga, I get up in that ass like toilet tissue
And bring the havoc like a terrorist in Mogadishu
I stay strapped, you need to call that nigga that got
your back

So both of y'all can go half on a funky ass track
It's Mr. Ski, Mr. C, and Mr. B-O-X
Down with Mr. Mike like the South is down with the West

[Chorus]

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[Mr. Mike]

I got your mind blown so welcome to my time zone
Runnin' big cities like Frank Nitti, tonight I'm drippin'
with the rhinestone
Attempted murder on a G, I heard they blamin' me
I'm sorry sir, I'm in the streets convertin' my ounce into
a ki
If I was in the driver seat of the drive-by
I guess I was too high 'cause I can't remember shit that
night
As I, pass by you're doin' ninety on the express
Way deep in the jungle got me stressed, I don't cess
God bless these niggaz 'cause they know not what they
do
I'm just a G with some wicked ways to get in you
They tryin' to send me to Tha Pound like Kurupt and
Daz
I ain't goin' alive, I'm ready to ride on they busta ass
Commence to dumpin', get to dumpin' and won't stop
dumpin'
Nigga it's Mr. and I got your whole block bumpin'
So you can stop runnin' off at your mouth

It's me and O.C., O.G. niggaz from that damn South

[Chorus]

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