

Omar Cruz f/ The Game

"Gangsta Music"

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[Omar Cruz]

Welcome to the west coast, motherfucker
Bomb trees and bomb bitches, ha ha
You have no fucking idea, man

(Verse 1)

Come fuck with a rider
The west coast messiah named O. Cruz
Ridin' with them chrome tools, bald-headed all fools
A Latin kid bringin' L.A. back
Bringin' gully back
Homie, the streets is back (Yeah)
And I'm a take a little pressure off Game
If he's the face, I'm the voice of L.A
Cause ever since
I came, the whole west side ain't been the same
Even Snoop Dogg sayin' my name
Let me spell it out
O, M, A, R
Cruz, muh'fucker, I'm a shootin' star
Cause I shoot these bars like I'm shootin' cars
On the 405 freeway
Cut me off
I came from the land of the pull up and spray
Where they pull up and say
"Where you from, ESE!?"
Yeah
Only the sickest of my vocals get laid
And if it ain't the good doctor/+Dr.+ , must be Cool &
+Dre+

Chorus:

[The Game] Give me a 6-4 and some hydro, watch the
low low
Jump around
[Omar Cruz] Homie, what's that sound
[The Game] It ain't nothin' but that gangsta music
[Omar Cruz] Uh huh
[The Game] It ain't nothin' but that gangsta music
[Omar Cruz] Yeah
[The Game] Let the top down, homie, pop the trunk

Let the speakers go
[Omar Cruz] BOOM
[The Game] The whole world know that sound
Cause it ain't nothin' but that gangsta music
[Omar Cruz] Uh huh
[The Game] It ain't nothin' but that gangsta music
[Omar Cruz] Yeah

(Verse 2)

I spit for everyday hustlers, 9-to-5'ers jugglin'
Green and white, just to make them things right
Customers fiend tonight
The ghetto bird flies above us
Heard a couple shots, just another day, on my L.A.
block
Police harass me cause my Cadillacs blastin' up
And in my stash, have the .44, hidden in the back
They couldn't find a damn thing, nothin' on me
It's why it always been, and still is, "MOTHERFUCK THE
POLICE!"
That's how we livin', I done spit on how I see it
For every Blood, they killin', another Crip
Deleted
Another homie is seein' consecutive life sentences
Even if they breathin', ain't no sunshine, believe it
See, I keep it hood cause I gots to
Whole style is mobster
He's a (???), I destroy your whole Rockstar
Try and stop us
These Latin kings on the rise
Any questions, ask my smif-n-wesson, it's B.Y.I

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 3)

It's like a new change of armor, the God is up for the
slaughter
We riders, ride in the storm, when it's flooded, walkin'
on water
You wildin', homie, we wildin' you, wallin' up on the side
of you
Never knew he was there, homie, surprise on you
Cause on the west side, we ain't got a test drive
6-4, went to shop
Roll the 6-45
Or the Double-R
All suede, head lock
Don't fuck with dimes no more
Shoot for twenty fives
That's under twenty five
We roll on 25

Inch chrome rims, hollow tips in my 25
Baby wanna ride, one day, twenty times
She and a friend sayin' "Omar, you a nasty guy"
I know this, ma, just another day in the life
Bullets, broads, beats and plenty dollar signs
Cause if it don't make sense, then it's a waste of time
O. Cruz, cut the check, bitch
This is B.Y.I

Repeat Chorus

[The Game]
Got two words for the coast..
For the world..
Omar Cruz..
Yeah..
Black and brown pride equals..
The Game and O.C..
We don't need you..
Cause we got us..
West coast..
For life

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