

# Westside Story

## The Game

Crip niggas, Blood niggas, S.A.'s, Asians,  
Dominicans, Puerto Ricans, White Boys, Jamaicans,  
Latin Kings, Disciples, Vicelords, Hatians,  
All these mother fuckers been patiently waiting,  
Since the west coast fell off the streets been watching,  
The west coast never fell off I was asleep in Compton,  
Aftermath been here the beats been knocking,  
Nate Dogg doing his thing DPG still poppin,  
I got California love fucking bitches to that Pac shit,  
And westside connection been had it locked bitch,  
I'm in the rear view my guns is cocking,  
I'll put red dots on that nigga head like rodman,  
All stars, phat laces, gun charge, court cases,  
Fought that, not guilty I'm back,  
Niggas hate me been there, done that, sold crack,  
Got jacked, got shot, came back jumped on Dre's back, payback,  
Homie I'll bring your CA back,  
And I don't do button up shirts or drive Maybacks,  
All u old record labels trying to advance,  
Aftermath bitch take it like a motherfucking man,

If you take a look in my eyes,  
You see I'll be a gangster till I die,  
That California chronic got me so high,  
Game tell them where your from,  
Nigga westside!  
(2x)

I'm lowridin homie, 6 Tre impala,  
Gold d spinning, chrome hydraulics  
Run up on my low-low you stop breathing,  
Hollow tips make niggas disappear like Houdini,  
Gang banging is real,  
Homie I'm living proof like Snoop Dogg C-Walking on top of the devils roof,  
Rap critics wanna converse, about this and that,  
Cause red strings in this converse and this a Dre track,  
Keep jibberin jabbering I'll pull a .38 magnum,  
And get the clicking and clacking,  
You'll homies will wanna know what happened,  
Come to Compton and see thriller like Mike Jackson,  
I might be Spike Lee, of this gun clapping,  
Prior to rapping I was drug trafficin  
In the dope spot playing John Madden,  
Homie I ain't bragging, I took five,  
If u wanna die run up on that black 745

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Nigga westside!  
(2x)

New York New York, big city of dreams,  
I got my L.A Dodger fitted on I'm doing my thing,  
Got me fucking wit G-Unit you know the drama that bring,  
I got niggas in Westside Compton and Southside Queens,

And Buck told me in Cashville I'm good when I come through,  
So I don't gotta tuck in my chain like DJ Poo,  
I'm gangster more like Deebo when he was Zeus,  
Play bishop I paint that picture now who got the juice,  
You niggas is nuts so, I take off your roof,  
Leave your ass steched out like a Cadillac Coupe,  
God gotta let me in heaven all the shit I been through,  
I was an OG in the hood before I turned 22,  
Homie I'll let the .38 special rip through that vest,  
And I don't contemplate whether or not he left that shit on the dresser,  
Got Compton on my back,  
I'm starting to feel the pressure,  
I'm lyrically Kool G. Rap on these Dre Records

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(2x)