## Cross 'em Out And Put A 'k

## Westside Connection

Brrrgh! Ai!Ai! In about four seconds, a gangsta will begin to speak Well it's the mad chickenhawk with the dirty lick style And pullin 211's ever since TAA-DOOW There's ten million ways to die Choosin Mack and hit the boopin floosin Off this gang-bang music So all I'd wanna got the room stumped I'm smokin, make dough like Trump Cookin ?? to they chunk, punk! Straight off dust, nigga trust I bust And cross em out and put a'K if they ain't down with us It's off the hook, nigga, I'm a Westside crook, nigga The forty motherfuckin dollars on my books, nigga I'm not an MC, I'm not a G I mean I'm A-to fuckin-Z and everything in between Rappers like gangbangin cos I'm in it to the fullest And my hood ain't never dodgin bullets It's all about the Bloods and Crips, no one tri-ips Colours and dips, bitches and chips, nigga! Woo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo What's this my ?? low-grader system That takes puff B-I-itches on the premises Nigga be dissin on a down low So now my motto's: "Fuck every rapper from the East and the West Coast" New School, Old School, I hate you motherfuckers I'm steady plottin, cracklin my ass wit'cha album covers Cross em out and put a'K Then no Saint days, nigga, then run the fuckin holidays Chorus 3x: Ice Cube Mack 10 WC 'Ey! I Cross 'Em Out and Put a 'K! Inglewooood! Nigga! To South Central L.A.! VERSE 2: (MACK 10 ICE CUBE WC) Goddamn nigga!This shit make me sick All these West Coast cowards ridin New York beat (Brrqh!) Busters get sprayed wearin high-top fades And Cango's backwards with dark-ass shades No switchblades, nigga, we shoots That's how it is on the West when you're true to your roots So kill the action, punk, hootchie bitches clown Nigga get your sag on and keep your pants legs down

Check it! Ho shut your mouth and get naked! I'm Connected and ain't no bitches singin on this record No R&B tracks,just niggas on wax Kickin facts with these gang-bang raps Every nigga in the industry wanna rap with me Like it's all good,you ain't from my hood Nigga,I don't even like your shit,I don't like your form I'm true,your through,nigga FUCK you!

Nigga get off,this shit is wacked Fuck that,I bust you in the can with a motherfuckin propajack Spit on ya,shit on ya when I get on your pissil You're goin up and your fuckin cos I ain't lovin none of ya And even the female rappers are gettin smacked Stabbed in the titties and kicked in the back Cos I'm a westside Connection hista Bored from a lover dishin nothin but (?foolers?) and dirty rubbers

CHORUS

INTERLUDE: (ICE CUBE)

Brrrgh! In about four seconds, a killa will begin to speak

VERSE THREE: (MACK 10 ICE CUBE WC)

Now you can cross out the busters and snitches B-Real and Miss Muggs is like Hollywood bitches From the niggas I know in the streets I run through Swear to god bitch,real it ain't one dog and no(body) So watch what you say,who ya talkin bout,ya tweakin And keep hogs out'cha mouth when ya bitch ass is speakin I'm sick wit it,cappin'cha dome till I hit it This Westside Connection,Cypress know they can't fuck with it

Use to get kisses and hugs,now I'm servin ya slugs Fuck B-Real and Muggs,y'all niggas ain't no fuckin thugs Be all surprised,everybody dies From Columbian neckties covered with fright Ya fuckin maggots,ya fuckin faggots I shoulda hurt you,every motherfucker that I know wanna hurt you So when I pull my spray-can to spray I'm sprayin C-H-K all motherfuckin day

I once knew this bitch by the name of Q-Tip Who claim he had a problem with this gangsta shit Behind closed doors,runnin his mouth like a trick-in Till this nigga bout the name of Dove caught him slippin Tied his ass up and threw him in the truck Put an apple in his mouth and dug his ass out I ?? lead him then down his body stashed In a trash bag with a cue-cover in his ass

CHORUS

OUTRO: (ICE CUBE)

Don't go chasin waterfalls Stick to them dicks and balls you're used to Punk ass motherfuckers! Brrrrgh!