

## I Luv It

## Tha Eastsidaz

Eastsidaz come out and play  
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Eastside!one five, two\*cough\*one  
Two oh, one eastside one five  
Yeah, uh-huh, uh-huh  
We finna show you motherfuckers whats happenin  
Tray Dee

Comin in front and center state ya name and game  
Yeah them eastsidaz back and we came to bang (eastside)  
Givin it up, pistols and chucks, rags hangin  
Stricly insane and we do the damn thang

Its the big bad eastsider rollin  
Now how many blocks we controllin  
Two 0, two one, one five seventeen and eleven  
One nine and a muthafuckin dime

Murder block to the swamp front of grandmama house  
They don't sleep, well freak off brand knock em out  
Stay deep, bring heat make streets emorge  
Young Gs, Lil Gs, casualties and war  
So we push the turf steady pushin work  
Niggas love seein thugs so we look for dirt  
Where the shit don't stop and them six fours hop  
If ya just get socked, don't trip gettin dropped

All black wit a little bit of gold  
Now lemme show you motherfuckers how the eastside roll  
Footin to the metal, every hand on stiletto  
Extra clip when we book out, peace we long ghetto  
I'm about to make the shit crack  
We got straps in this bitch I got somethin on fat  
Tellin you motherfuckers, "Damn!"  
It ain't no thang when you bang wit the Dogg Pound (DOGG POUND)

(Snoopy Collins)  
(I luv it!) The way the homies come through all blue nigga what y'all wanna do?  
(I luv it!) We got hos to the left, platinum on our chest nigga yup yup  
(I luv it!) Can't stop, won't stop, so what that L.B.C. like  
(I luv it!) We do the damn thang all night, better yet fo' life

I luv it! We keepin that shit G  
Cause that's all I see  
I luv it!

We always gon' roll, and stay way too deep  
Tray Dee, Gol-die, Snoop, ducez 'n trayz  
Still give it to that ass the old fashion way  
From the LB city, where them shells leave many  
Wannabes on they knees, tryna beef wit a gizze

Aye loc, I represent till the shit don't stop  
Fuck them paramedics and them crooked ass cops  
Its hard to maintain on the front line

Check this out cuz, I gotta get mine  
Low ridahs, eastsidaz comin wit that G shit  
People want some of this?  
Hell naw trick  
I'm keepin that shit gangsta  
Yeah, C-walkin on you pranksters, nigga

We don't really give a mad fuck nigga what  
Gettin mad stuck, catch you comin out the cut  
Hoo ridin, G ridin fuck the law  
Better hope you on my side once I clutch and draw  
My reactions, attractions, fast and all actions  
Till I die east the side, I stay smashin  
Represent this like its meant to see  
To the graveyard or the penitentiary

Zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom

I am Sir Dogg  
D-P-G funk  
And I am cripp  
I never learned to cripp  
Oh no! Put me down  
Let go of my legs  
I'll never C-walk  
Do the time of life  
You have the time of your life  
Hey ha!

Oh yeah, what's Crip-a-lat'n baby?  
Eastsidaz, "Duces 'N Trayz - The Old Fashioned Way"  
Somethin uh, to make you move, groove, and definitely sets the mood  
Its so uh gangsta, its so uh prankster  
Its the hoodie hoodie, goodie goodie  
To lick ya boogie oggie oggie  
Can ya dig what i'm talkin bout  
I smell ya Battle Cat  
Now thats funky, thats so funky, I have to say uh!

Eastsidaz come back