

West Side Thuggin

AzChike

I can't wait to catch a opp
On the rebound
If this ain't circus
Then who the fuck is these clowns
Produce me a nigga
Get a beat down
I'm west side thuggin'
But bitch I'm sliding eastbound

Yeeaa
In them streets now
Play with fire
You get burnt
You in heat now
Molly geeked up
I can't get down
If you keep money
You gotta watch who you keep round
I'ma keep making noise
Cause I keep loud
My brother
That's my keeper
Run it up
We gon' keep it count
I got more than one crib
What's yo key count
Before I bust a nut
In this bitch I'ma ease out

I'ma hit his bitch up
On some gang shit
My opps hate me for no reason
On some strange shit
If it's blood spilled
Then it's sliding off my stainless
I'm fucking every bitch
That you can't hit
Feel like KDot, not top 5
I smoke his top 3
You know I mean business
Why you opp me
A door of opportunity
I guess that's why knock me
Yo bitch give me head in the bed
The only way you gone top me
I'm that nigga

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Aye he said what about the cult

I'm funna drop me a nigga
Put a price on yo head
Funna cop me a nigga
But fuck putting money up
I'm funna pop me a nigga
He forgot I'm Mexican
I'm funna chop me a nigga
I said I'm all in
I wish a pussy nigga act wrong
They said it's fuck with who pussy
Bitch I'm back home
And hell yea
I got it in this my backbone
I know he got a blower
But I heard he left it at home
We doing niggas like food
Cook his ass and then we box him
He said he want a fade
I tried but I ain't get to sock him
Yea I'm packing bitch
I tried but ain't get to pop him
Cause the homie shot first
I tried but I ain't get to stop him

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