

Westside

Boogie

Westside nigga, westside nigga
'Till the death my nigga, I'm a rep my nigga
That's a set my nigga, I'm a westside nigga
Westside nigga, westside nigga
'Till the death my nigga, I'm a rep my nigga
I'm a westside nigga, westside nigga
Westside nigga, I got love for the north, east, south
But I'm a westside nigga
I'm a westside nigga, westside nigga, westside nigga

Westside nigga, but you deaf my nigga
Disrespect my nigga, catch a wet my nigga
You can bet my nigga, bang, bang, bang, bang
I'm with the seven teal snake eyes, I bet I make you crap out
You ain't tripping in the club off the molly, probably finna get us packed o
ut
Ask about Boogie, you could ask about Boogie
Did they ever tell you that I act sweet
How ironic, we was running niggas fades if we seen them at the track meet
Being a pussy is still a bad look
Don't get no gun if you just scared to get your ass whooped
Last look at my brody before they took him
Didn't even read his rights before they booked him
How illiterate, my niggas thick, we out here thuggin'
And most my niggas crips, that's different shit but I ain't judgin'
But they know nigga this that other side shit, I'm still bloodin'
I know we ignorant, just picture it
'Cause ya'll ain't coming to the motherfuckin' westside

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I'm a westside nigga
Looney gangstas be the set my nigga
Disrespect my nigga, leave you stretched my nigga
Try to hit the deck my nigga
Cutthroat gang and we coming at your neck my nigga
Don't take it as a threat my nigga
'Cause you ain't one
You just another body, when the tape come
Your homies coming for the gift bag
But we hit them where they miss at
More bodies dropping and we did that
MAC-11 [?], push a pussy nigga wig back
Aston Matthews in the Aston Martin
With the trigger sparking and the fingers crossing
Bring the choppers, bring the coffins
Somebody get the reaper off him
Get to tripping and we off him
That's what happens when you lost it

That westside nigga, that westside nigga
Yeah we living in hell moving work if it fit on the scale
Put in work for a ticket to jail
Making sense of the madness
So I clean the bitches spill blood on my canvas
From the westside, to the [?]
West coast nigga we back in