

Outlaws

Frost*

We toss the heinas in the back, through the sun rooftop
Blowin big out green, check out my gangsta tint
Me and King T, with a fifth of Hennessey
And the homey Kurupt about to blow shit up
So roll shit up, if you got a sack of that good
Have you trippin like some sherm when we bounce through yo' hood
We make it happen, from the nickel plate to the platinum
It's real shit, think of it, just musical rappin

Check it out
I'ma tell you what it is when you're fuckin with a gangsta like me
Throw some gold feet on the MC
Bounce up and down the street with a trunk full of beats
Swervin up a one-way, dippin on a Sunday
Not givin a fuck nigga Frost and Kurupt
Nigga motherfuck a bitch nigga, dip and hit a switch nigga
Whatchu wann' do, blaze a ounce with a nigga
Blaze up a stick and bounce with a nigga

You fuckin with some outlaws
(gangstas/what) packin on pistols
Eses load up, with them East side soldiers
Roll up a fat one and pass it around
Hide the stash and cash, when my dogs hit town
(2x)

Man let the summer begin
The heat excites the east siders
Ain't nothin but G's and lowriders
Dippin in the tightest, indoed out, benzoed out
Fool we got the Henn no doubt
My friends show out, we stack up ends and roll out
Make sure the chronic smoke blows out
Them tricks got no clout, cause they hatin how we serve it
Don't test T-Loc it ain't worth it, I serve it

I'm tired of these bitch made niggaz
Actin like they comin through with hammers and triggers
I'll pull your whole card, nigga you ain't hard
Your homey's a bitch on the left with dick on his breath
I make fo's hop, what the fuck do you do
I done smacked around bitch niggaz just like you
A gangsta's a gangsta and that's all I'll be
What you wanna do homey, chest blew through homey

You fuckin with some outlaws
(gangstas/bitch) packin on pistols
Eses load up, with them East side soldiers
Roll up a fat one and pass it around
Hide the stash and cash, when my dogs hit town
(2x)

Get high, fuck erything I'm blastin on site
Throwin up the hood for life
Movin in loco-motion, heated cause it's on
These niggaz done came through and invaded the zone

Now ain't no mercy when we dealin with these putos
Ask the homey Kurupt, he said the feelin is mutual
We lay em down on site, on GP
Hit em up for la raza and for DPG

I got a cannon for the bustaz, fuck the world
Gangstas and cascades, perms and curls
The M-16's bitches, 16 switches
Impalas, drops and pop collars

And ain't nuttin changed, still standin by the bar
Drunk as a motherfucker, shinin like a star
And if you took a glance let me tell you what you saw
A god damn fool, yes yes y'all

You fuckin with some outlaws
(gangstas/..) packin on pistols
Eses load up, with them East side soldiers
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