

# 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 pistolas  
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 pistolas  
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 pistolas  
Eses load up, with them East side soldiers  
Roll up a fat one and pass it around  
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