

# The Other Side

Jay Rock

90059, we them zip holders  
Brick runners, real hunters, Cosa Nostra  
Got dope for your nostrils too  
First parking lot, three doors down (We got you, Rock)  
Cutter niggas with the shit and we got bread  
Big chopper turn your dome piece to a drop-head  
Ain't nothing like a project bitch  
Making that cal fresh and cal word flip  
We set up shop and sling nicks out our house  
If police hit, ain't shit coming out our mouths (Solid)  
My day one niggas, yeah, my niggas I'm thugging with (Solid)  
Trey-eight specials, four-fours, we sluggin' shit  
You ain't know? (You ain't know?)  
That's why them bammers in the hood now  
They inchin' to get a little footage to shut the hood down (Down)  
But we here to stay  
Why Watts, nigga, we don't play  
I'll tell you why, nigga (Tell you why, East Side)

Running from the cops, bustin' potshots, aiming at my enemies  
Everybody gotta die but come across me, I'ma kill first 'fore you kill me, a  
yy  
'Cause all the guap, all the knots, all the scars that I got, it started off  
the block, ayy  
Grass ain't greener on this side and on the other side my gun still cocked  
'Cause it started off the block

Ride with the yeeky that's cause it's mandated (Gangland)  
All type of glickeries, little hand caters (Gangland)  
Eager to get it, they told me have patience  
Land at your resi', they got a bag waiting  
We pulling up for it, we in the bag claimage  
They keep it copacetic 'cause we act faded (Act faded)  
Body for body, it's really that gangster (Yeah)  
My bitches be trafficking off of Backpages  
One fourth of a million, this all rap paper (This all rap paper)  
'Nother fourth of a million, that's out the trap paper (That's out the trap  
paper)  
The Five-O circle and double back later  
10 P's of Cookie in the duffle, double that later  
Lot of niggas traded on us during offseason  
Get you some guala and watch how the peasants all greasy  
If I could call a dead homie, I would call Deezy  
He was tapped in with all the leaders that we all needed

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You either pray or play for your team, that's red or blue  
Make sure you got bleach to get rid of that residue  
No chill dealin' with rule breakers and vandals  
Blowers in the bando, fitteds with the flannel

East Side Johnny and them, a bunch of have nots  
Out to reinforce the blacktop, watch the backdrop  
I represent, from that nick, it's an aspect  
You ain't down to toss the dice for yourself? You side bet  
We live threats, gotta flip, take it off  
Fuck 'em all, gotta ball, we stuck in that mindset  
And the belly of the beast is some shit you can dissect  
Food for thought, this reality, shit you can digest  
They feel some type of way, oh yeah, we see the curve  
Ray Bans on in the summer and then we swerve  
East Side shit, nothing is by the book though  
I ain't prejudge you, just keep your ear to the hook, though (East Side)

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