

The West

King Combs

Yeah, I'm on the Westside, nigga
Westside, get the money, but I'm Eastside nigga
Yeah, uh

I laid her down, now she out like a light switch
Put her legs in the air like a pilot
NY summertime where the vibes is
Thursdays, I show love out in Dyckman
Westside hear this knock, bet they like this
Show Cali some love, only right, uh
No, I can't fall in love, not my type, uh
Even play with the flu like I'm Mike, uh
Scoreboard on my bullshit like Jordan is
Up like a ornament, Cash in the audience
Money bags on the way like I ordered it
Bills green like Forrest is, tough like Chuck Norris is
New hundreds, they sick, bitch, they blue, uh (Blue)
Peel the top back, I rip off my roof, uh (Roof)
Niggas couldn't walk a inch in my suit, uh (Suit)
Got my cash in rotation, shit loop, uh

I took a deal just to beat that indictment
My New York Grapes let me sightsee on Dyckman
I got some scrapes from D.R., now they dykin'
Before we fuck, I tell 'em let me see they license
It's like just 'cause we fightin' cases
Had to take a deal just to see snowfall
I ain't really get too far past Texas, droppin' dope off
Flights to the Eastside gettin' money
Flights to the Westside, stay 100

Yeah, you can see this drip when I walk
Lil' bitch, this a boss when I talk
I mack down, spend a bag in Philippe
CYN took your girl, that's for keeps
Yeah, that's facts, take your girl when we wanna (What, what?)
If I pass to the gang, she a goner (Say what, what?)
If she come to the crib, she a goner (Huh, huh?)
Push to start, got no keys, that's a foreign (Uh-huh, uh-huh)
Since young, CYN been the same gang (What, what?)
Stay low and stack dough and just maintain (What, what?)
I get money and my gang do the same thing
Gold Rollie, white face, that shit Plain Jane (Uh-huh, uh-huh)
Count checks, I stack up like Eiffel (What, what?)
My wrist on ice, VVs dance like Michael (Say what, what?)
Might just go blind, my lady don't like you (Huh, huh?)
She not too nice, we get paid to fly to Paris, Dubai

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