

# Space Boogie

Kurupt

Yeah nigga... Westcoast  
Westcoastin', floatin', oh so floatin'  
Nigga!... G'z... Young Gotti

I'm like... fuck a bitch and fuck you too  
It's so many different things that i'm gon' do  
Switches all fucked up  
Livin' in the '80's jackin' niggas for Nissan trucks  
A quarter piece to flip  
It's me and Daz and two bitches  
I never gave a fuck, nigga Daz and Kurupt  
They say this ain't the way to get rich!  
I might as well get me a bitch!  
I don't get it, I take it  
Put a glitch in the Matrix  
Flip some bricks to strip ya bitch naked  
'Cause I just don't care, live from "G" square  
Wit a vest and a cup to put in the air  
Nigga... fuck a bitch and fuck you too  
What a punk mothafucka like you gon' do?  
... I holla'd at Dr. Dre, hit up Bigg Snoop  
Wit the candy cut-cut perfectly on fued  
It's on one, nah he said it's on two  
On fifteen shells, ducked and detailed, de-railed  
All you to want do  
Do what the fuck you want to do too  
Get what ya got to get to get through  
Light what ya wanna light to light fire  
Big arsonist blew to white fire  
Blast through ya home or blast to hit doors  
Crap like the crap table, Kane and Abel  
I'm signed-out Sinatra, galactic Gallahgar  
Metal physical, sixteen Calibur metallica  
'Sane asylum shanker, big and little banker  
Punk mothafucka, mothafuck, mothafucka, yeah nigga  
We can go heads nigga  
You bitches be hatin' nigga, heard what I said nigga  
Lend me some bread nigga, keep ya chest bust like lead niggas  
The fed nigga, Daz and Fred nigga  
Kurupt Young Gotti, baby face Capone  
We on Niastra, nigga on the microphone  
Never never have I ever gave a fuck  
Dat Nigga Daz Dillinger, Fred, Kurupt  
And we do what the fuck we want to do too  
Get what we got to get to get through  
And we blast what we got blast to get ours  
Life of a gangsta in a world of stars  
Light what ya wanna light to light fire  
Big arsonist blew to white fire  
Do what the fuck you want to do too  
Get what ya got to get to get through, through, through  
Just do it... don't stop

All my niggas on the Northside, getcha money right away  
All my niggas on the Southside, let 'em know that you don't play  
And say them niggas on the Eastside, ain't some niggas you contest  
Unless you stuck up in a time-warp, you all ready know about the West

They say them niggas on the Northside, keep tabs on they skril  
All my niggas on the Southside, try to make anotha mil'  
All my niggas on the Eastside, make million dollar bills  
All my niggas on the Westside, been doin' this fo' years  
Throw ya mothafuckin' hands up somebody  
Throw ya mothafuckin' hood up somebody  
What dem niggas do, they ride  
What dem niggas do, they ride, ride  
Throw ya mothafuckin' hands up somebody  
Throw ya mothafuckin' hood up somebody  
What dem niggas do, they ride  
What dem niggas do, they ride, ride

Mac, Young Gotti, fuck the world nigga  
Daz Dillinger, Fredwreck, Dogg Pound, L.A. life  
Fucka on Beach world, 30 enemies cuz!  
They tryna murder you, you know who I'm talkin' to nigga!  
2000, screech it on 'em, riders, the real riders  
Dogg Pound Gangsta riders, hoodsies