

West Up!

Mack 10

Wessyde-fa-life-in-ya!
("Throwin up the W" -- Ice Cube) 2X
Yeah, I'm with this, what we throwin up?
("Throwin up the W" -- Ice Cube)
All you busta ass niggaz out there
I got my motherfuckin homeboys in the house ("Throwin up the W")
My nigga Ice Cube ("Throwin up the W"), Mack 10
Back to set the record straight for all these busta ass niggaz
Who trip, this how we do it nigga

Front back side to side
We be givin it up, till the day we die
Niggaz hit me up, I'ma have ta erupt
So motherfucker West Up!
(2x)

Nigga clear the lane, here I come, once again
With this, gangsta click, droppin this, gangsta shit
Strictly for the riders who ride us I gotta WestSider
Rhymer for them niggaz that's sittin on them Dayton wires
Pump the bass, hit the switch
Cause Ice Cube, Mack 10, and Dub-C, back up in this b-i-itch
Straight hoodsta for life, ain't no lookin back
Ink in my flesh, WestSide tattered on my chest
Walkin with the shadow of death
Through the land of the skanless, South Central Los Angeles
Home of the Crips and the Bloods
Where even the strongest niggaz is drug through the mud
And visitors from outta town best to stay in Hollywood
You get that tourist ass ganked strollin through my hood
West coast till the casket drop
I be throwin it up, so motherfucker West Up!

Verse Two: Mack 10

It's gun ho Mack one-oh please you can't fuck wit deez
Ice Cubez and Dub-Ceez is my G'z
And hip-hop, top three niggaz the new bosses
Never slippin cause we flosses, packin Nina Rosses
Nigga, thought you knew how we do it
Ain't a Damn Thing Changed, always on them thangs
Forever and a day, so back up, gimme room, don't neglect
Just respect and everything I can't check I wreck
Now you can cross out the bustas and snitches

Shit only killers hootchie bitches and hot hydraulic switches allowed
On the turf where the real hogs dwell
Sewed up the hood, the fattest bolas on the block for sale
Inglewood City, the throne I call home
Niggaz be so bright, you might need your locs on
To bail through, it's fin you're in with Mack 10
And I gotta confess up, nigga this West Up! for life

Now I got ta show you how the West coast rocks
No razor blades, in my mouth, just a glock
And I'm hittin you up, with that W-S
The sun, rises in the East, but it sets in the West
No gold teeth, you gets a wreath
So hand me the goodies, stockin mask, no hoodies

Christmas day, I'm in a tre
While some of you niggaz got the robe reindeer and a sleigh
We don't call it five-oh, we call it one time
It's my life my life my life my life, in the sunshine!
One nine weighs a ton
How the fuck you think that the West was won?
Now shit can be squashed over a forty ounce of backwash
No jokes, the land of locs and hundred spokes
In the East, we can be brothers
But when you come to L.A., watch your motherfuckin colors
West Up! nigga

Give it up, give it up
Like the nigga James Brown, me and my niggaz are puttin it down
So bustas be wary cause see we represent the city
Where niggaz caught slippin is left with they brains drippin
City of the Angels, more like a concrete jungle
Full of macks Cadillacs and crack sacks
I pledge allegiance to the shit till I die
So let the five-twenty slide and put it down from the WestSide

WestSide!
("Throwin up the W")