

Sinister Slap

MOUNT WESTMORE

100 grand, go make that charge live, you hear me?
Yeah man (ey), they don't make music like this no more
So we had to bring it back for the Mount Westmore (Mount Westmore)
Sinister Slap, that'll slap in your ear pods and your lap (okay)
Tremendous treble, on the hood of my cock, drinking out the bottle

On the hood of my cock, drinking out the bottle (manage)
My security will knock the meat up out your taco (do damage)
My audio system sound like Coachella (frog)
I rap, but they think I'm a meth dealer (that ain't my job)
It's mackin on mine, I got that gift (the game)
I can have one tooth in my mouth and knock your biatch (I'm not in lane)
It's issem, it's issem, It ain't no [?], bitch I come from the lord development housing (the soil)
When you got your paper right, gotta give back (charity)
My granddaddy taught me that (velscope)
You get your ghetto pass revoked if you a simp
If they smell you, the wolves will eat you like a snack (shrimp)

They'll ruffle your pockets, take everything you own
Put the chrome to your dome, you might not make it home
If you hustle, make sure that you never touch field
Happily gazed, I somebody that can be trusted, for real (Biatch)

They can't move around the same way we do
Better take your ass to home to your baby-boo
She cool, as long as you get there by eight
Bring some money home, and don't be late
Not me, you see me all around
I love the big city and the small towns
I go to New York City, on the East Coast
Get your guap with a light and a repost
Bitch don't ask me, what I do it for
I spit the game to the world, Sir Too \$hort
From Oakland, California all across the nation
From mount West to the whole world's population, biatch

Los Angeles, Valley-o
Oakland, Long Beach, The Bay
Niggas gettin' money all day every day
Trunk thumb, Marache
Her titties bounce, I blow a ounce
Large amounts, of niggas pounds
Unannounced, at ya door
Snoop Dogg, Sho Dogg and 40-0
Westward hoe, this ain't our first rodeo
I know, half these niggas suspect
Ruff-neck had to go and get a blood check
Nigga fuck your pills and your high-heels
I see you stumbling', and you mumblin'
Oh brother (oh brother), remember there's only one step from the limo to the gutter
Mutherfucker, I drive off and burn rubber, as the Ghetto Bird hover
Remember, I keep it one thousand, with the homies at the top of the mountain

A million big faces in the bag and still countin'
With a gang of niggas waitin' on the album

Still dippin' with the top down, banging that Westmore
The best four, niggas we can talk about them
While I'm slidin' in my old school ride, chromed-
out, front back side to side (lean back smoke a...)
Take one token, chocke
Hit it again, I'm fitted to win, my niggas on ten (on ten)
The nigga within will take your bitch and wiggle it in
And ickle her friend with dick on her chin, but
I ain't trippin', but I ain't slippin', I wear my own clotches designed to c
rip in
Nowadays niggas hardly listen (hardly listen), so fuck around and get that A
li whippin'
I keep a stick and a sticky on me
And on the avenge I keep a bad bitch, droppin' 50 on me
Big place, smoking state to state
Turn it up and let the trunk vibrate
We the greats, it's not up for debate
Turn it up and let the trunk vibrate
This is for my niggas from Los Angeles, Valley-o
Oakland, Long Beach (yes sir), The Bay
Niggas gettin' money all day every day