

New West Coast

Mr. Capone-e

What's crackin'
This Lil' Eazy motherf**kin' E
With my homeboy ese Capone-E
S.G.V. to the C.P.T., my nigga
That real west coast gangsta shit (Yeah)

This is cut-throat gangsta music
New west coast, smashin' on you, bitches
You don't ride like we ride
Tryin' to pull a hot suicide
Yeah

The gangsta rap king is back
Sittin' in a Cadillac, holdin' up my strap [gun cock]
This a new west coast smasher
Still on streets, I'm a Southside gangsta (SOUTHSIDE!)
Holdin' it down for the blue
With the Prince of Compton, and I'm rollin' right through [tires screeching]
I'm in ya hood
Pass me a drink
Make one wrong move and then I'll ground you a zinc [gunshot]
Tag a body bag [police siren]
Leaving a white hearse
The real G's are back, and I'm a hit 'em where it hurts
No mercy
S'a load of the barrel
It's the end of the world with my gangsta aparrell
Hush Puppies
White tees and Pennotins
Sippin' on a 40, real chin-checkin' veteran
Medicine
Where the club cousin fiend
I'm killa Cali's most wanted out that Big 1-3

Yeah
The spoke's stay turnin'
The police
Pass, the joints stay burnin' [sigh]
The 6-4 lean to the back
Levi's got a crease, E lean with a strap (Ha ha)
Cortez, black mack, got a beam on it (POW!)
I'm the Dopeman, block got fiends on it
Team's on it, that's money in the bag
Lil' Eazy is the name, same homey with the rag
Toes tag, you could die in the mix
I'm a west coast nigga, I'll reside as the prince (Yeah)
It's '06, and your boy got cake
Get Capone on the phone, say "It's on" in the states (Hello?)
I got weight, now it's time for the come up
Cocked and ready, your boy keep one up
Run up, and you're bound to get dropped
Still Ruthless (Ha ha ha)
Still hold it down for my pops (Yeah)

One
Two
Three and to the four

Capone-Double E, strong arm at your front door
Back with that gang-banger limo
With the legend Eazy's son, so the real just entered
Makin' the west coast tremble
Shakin' up the streets, Hi Power's the epicenter
Callin' out you lames
It's the full time jacking in the county of L.A.
Eastsiders (SOUTHSIDE!)

Packin' heat
Easier said than done, that's why I'm on these streets
On these blocks
Still up to no good
Cause the boys in the hood ain't goin'
Hollywood
Never should
Cause the west is back
It's a new generation, new Regals and Cadillacs
New macks [gunshots]
And lay these bitches
Hardest to the heart, straight pound for pound

Yeah
Other Mr. Capone-e songs