

And if I hit the switch I can make the assssss drop

Growing up they said the west had no lyricists  
Can you imagine growing up hearing this?  
So I took my hip hop serious  
Years later now the pen game is Furious  
Styles from a Boy-N-The-Hood  
Post G-Funk Era trying to do good  
What about Quik, and Dub C  
King Tee, Eiht, Kurupt and Suga Free?  
They Master Ceremonies  
And they Move Crowds  
See, I'm from the west coast and I'm so proud  
This where crack started and we act retarded  
Niggas be scrapping in the parking lot at Target  
It's fucked up, but it's kind of funny  
And we be set tripping and it ain't over money  
Red and blue is like Muslim and Jew  
And I don't ever think they'll stop but I'm praying that they do  
In '92 we had a truce for a little bit  
Until they started back tripping over little shit  
I was young making sense of this crazy world  
And my childhood hero had a jheri curl

When Eazy-E was playing on the radio  
I knew exactly how my day would go  
California sunshine coming in  
Singing gangsta rap with all my friends  
The origins of California hip hop  
Where you can pop lock, or you can get shot  
Black, white, latin, asian, living in this melting pot  
Throw up your W and it don't stop

My cousins up north that hit me to the game  
It's all California, but we ain't all the same  
To G's up there they had a different swag  
They was grinding out the trunk getting hella cash  
B-Legit man  
E-40 dude  
Del and Heiro got their start up under Cube  
Love to my Bay Area fam  
'93 Til Infinity is still the jam  
And over 20 year later  
They still rocking for the stoners and the skaters  
I used to watch videos by Plan B  
Dream about hitting up the Hubble Ledge or EMB  
Shout out to Tommy B and Ray Barby  
Cause there ain't no party like a Bay Party  
When Mac Dre died, I was brokenhearted  
Show some love to where the independent game started  
The 6-1-9, shout out to Jay-O  
Masters Of The Universe, doing it in DayGo  
I came up on drive-bys and chronic smoke  
And it was hella crazy, but it was kinda dope

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It goes 6 In The Morning, police at my door  
Fresh Adidas squeak across the bathroom floor  
Ice was telling stories about an inner city war  
He gave the world a taste and they came back for more  
They said "bitch" and Fuck Tha Police  
They said they'd never make a million talking about the streets  
They said they'd never play it on the radio  
Now all you hear is gangsta rap everyday and yo  
We motherfucking pioneers  
All of that shit started out right here  
We didn't make it up but we made it famous  
Then we spread it worldwide, go ahead and blame us  
Growing up, gang culture taught us loyalty  
And that everyone is equal, no royalty  
So there's never been a king of the west coast  
We got some OG's and we respect those  
But anyone can get it if there's beef  
And nobody's undefeated in the streets  
I grew up on palm trees and gangsta rap  
So pardon me, but I'm thankful for that  
You know

Yeah, and I want to take a minute to give a shout out to pioneers who started this shit. Rest in peace Mixmaster Spade, Toddy Tee, Greg Mack, K-Day, [?], Too \$hort, Freddie B, Rappin Ron & Diddley Dog. The Luniz, Shock G, Saafir, Casual, Del, Hobo Junction, I know I'm missing a gang of people, Kidd Frost, Lighter Shade of Brown, Psycho Realm. Everybody that's a part of this great culture. Freestyle Fellowship, Cypress Hill, B-Real, Tha Dogg Pound. Did I miss anybody? I probably missed a gang of niggas man. Rest in peace to Eazy-E, Eric Wright. We out. West side.

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