

## Westside 2 The Westside

Remble

Ooh  
(L-L-L-Lethal)  
It's Remble

Westside to the westside, got a .45  
Sent a prayer up to God that I don't die  
I be dressed in all black when I go ride  
If the homies say it's on then it's go time  
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Westside to your grand kinds, and they damn kids  
Oh my gosh, girl, it's Remble I can't stand him  
Well damn bitch, then you prolly have to sit down  
Can't stand me and I ain't even lay no dick down  
Big GLOCK, this here will get a nigga flip-flop  
Aim it at his feet, have him doing the crip walk  
Stick, this chop can make a nigga shit his pants  
This chop can make a nigga start to feel like Jeremy Lin  
Shoot him in his back and make sure he never walk again  
Shoot him in his head and make sure he never talk again  
Bend a corner, throw up dubs when I'm walkin' in  
I'm really known to play with drums like a marching band

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Northside to the Eastside, where we C-Slide  
And I been totin' blowers since knee-high  
Straight fifth, with a tint with a .45  
Green light on a lick when it's go time  
All eyes on me when it's showtime  
And I been goin' nuts, you can hold mine  
Like a baby's first word, man I blow mine  
And that bustdown fake if it tell time  
He was crying in a room, he a snitch, huh  
Big guns, all blues, I don't do ones  
I don't care 'bout an op, I'll shoot one  
And that tank turnin' bronze, need a new one, nigga

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