

Now Is The Time

Tha Eastsidaz

Oh.....Chassa-dee

{They say Tray Deee is a ragy baby - he's way too crazy}

From the LBC

Chassa-dee

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La da da da da da da

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From the LB....LB

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What up cuz? You know aint nothin different on mines
When I hit up motherfuckers with that look in my eyes
It's a statement that I'm makin and aint takin no backtalk
I'm blowin niggaz hats off as soon as my gat cough
The last thought you rappin niggaz should think
Is you can never get a scratch with Tray Deee on the beat
On the streets over beef you dont compete with uno - you know
The general a criminal do low
Admit cuz I'm wit it then I spit it and lit it
Niggaz timid in my vision I cause tension and thinkin
By my presence I'm a answer to society's hate
A true rider with the mind - I pushed him outta his way
Fools petty and they ready steady comin with bullshit
A full clip with jewell will hit like a mule kick
A sure hit is all I'm aiming for when I blast
Motherfuckers hit the deck once I go in the dash

Now is the time

This is the place

To bang back the khakis with the church fat lace

West is the coast, east is the side

Long Beach is the city where them gangstas ride

Money brings power, power brings respect

Disrespect the set I gotsta grab the tech

This is how it goes and thats how it's done

Eastside 2-1 in the land of the fun

Niggaz how ya figure that the game gon' wait
I came home straight from the pen to take your place
Aint no chase this paper comin soon as I post up
And watch the victom's clock and catch him choppin his dough up
Fuck the his host up stripped, gagged and roped up
Take the whole cut and he be sure negotiative
I'm ruthless I shoot crips and bloods alike
Thug for life - come and catch the slug tonight
Insane mental frame feel no shame or pitty
Since the game is shitty I gotsta bang the city
Trippin gangstas so I brang the terroristical heat
Grab strap jacket mack to reach the tinted to peep
This is the beach now any nigga got a rebuttal
Kobe eatin what he speakin once he cant get the muzzle
Struggle hard for my title and intend to hold it
You want it? Then all invitations open

I take seven old B's put 'em in the street

Then thats seven more busta's who claim they got heat

And then it takes seven more C's before I start to reach

Then thats 2-1 for the set now lets stretch out in the streets
Tray Deee never do it easy fool so dont expect it
Niggas get checked and they sets disrespected
No question I'm all you ever thought that you was
Till you ran across the boss and now you coughin up blood
Shoot first fools curse before they kick up dust
Clip gon' bust then they gonna have to pick loc up
All they talkin cause I'm chalkin whole districts off
Since this loss a purple nigga's piss me off
Conflict with my clique get your bitch ass touched
All my comrads bomb back it's as sick as fuck
2-1 till I'm done never run from the turf
Check the badge boy we mash on run get it even worse

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