

# Dodgeball

WC

I keep it true to the streets  
Gangsta walkin' on beats  
Rollin' out in my Fleetwood with my heat  
Out here it's a jungle sometimes  
But I'll be damned if I let 'em take mine  
(No they won't get mine)

More figgas, more niggaz, more triggas  
It's a celebration bitches, pour some more liquor  
Niggaz sizin' my chain like I'm a hip-hop award nigga  
But I'm a go to war nigga, knock on your door nigga  
Tint windows, new music thumpin', bumpin'  
Maneuverin' through in a new somethin'  
Caught in the middle playin' dodgeball, dodgin' the law  
And these jealous niggaz can't wait to watch me fall  
L.A. gang related and full of hatred  
The game of success is fucked up and loc I'ma play it  
And if a nigga get in the way of my dividends I ain't givin' in  
I'm dippin' and puttin' a dot on his head like a Indian  
And I ain't hold nathin' back, but the clip to make your wig leak  
Wrong move and I'll spit it like pig feet  
And I ain't movin' for you lames  
Way too many dudes in this game - Butch Cassidy, sing

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Killa Cali, where niggaz will grill ya  
Full of them killers, got me loadin' the lead with my steel up  
And fuckin' with mine will get ya blasted on site  
In a game of dominos with 2Pac and Biggie in the afterlife  
Live and die for the paper, in this West Coast line  
I'll push it like a vagina ilaba  
And I ain't ready to leave, ain't lettin' it be  
Ain't no better than me, nigga this gangsta shit is embedded in me  
I don't rap to rap, I rap for niggaz throwin' middle fingers  
to District Attorneys, leave you twitchin' on that gurney  
Dub bust like a baretta nine, for weather or shine  
And I ain't goin' nowhere cuz, I'm gettin' better with time  
I'ma stay West Coast and with my feet planted  
I won't fuck y'all, just like Jermaine Dupri did Janet  
I'm a bogard 'til they put my W handprint  
next to the tall Rent-A-Star on the boulevard nigga

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I stay true to the game, G shit remains  
Out here on the West ain't nothin' changed  
Daily they be peelin' them caps  
And that's a fact so I gotta stay strapped  
(No they won't get mine) ...  
(No they won't get mine) ...

Yes I'm blown, the Teflon Don  
Get cracked and I'm right back home  
Hmm, they wanna take my snaps  
Take my game, my name and my contracts  
Fuck that, I'm too smooth, too cool to bounce  
I'm a bad mutha (Snoop Dogg shut yo' mouth!)  
I've been wanted, convicted, simplistic, mystic and tricky  
Drank and dank with this West Coast gangsta shit I'm kickin'  
(Snoop Dogg!) I keep a bag of the purple  
W.C. on me, I'm in the Maad Circle  
Payin' dues, liftin' weights to get strong  
Ain't nothin' goin' on but the funky song  
walkin' through the warzone  
Get ya gone, out of town nigga got robbed  
At the BET Awards and he think I know the source  
But again it's gon' cost, livin' in the land of the lost  
Bigg Snoop Dogg, get your cross 'cause I'm the Bo\$\$

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