

# Walk

WC

1, 2, 3, 4

Get you a bitch up on the floor

You gotta get up and get down (WALK!)

You gotta get up and get down (WALK!)

To the Weeeeeeeest, MARCH

Bang, crease the starch

Uh oh, here we go again

Off the chain, that Dub SC gang

State yo name

Ice Cube motherfucker

What's your name

Mack 10 motherfucker

Well bang on, swang on

Cause on mine I'ma G on, Dub C let a scene on

Get my green on, with my white sling on

Weather my rag in, with my khakis cuffed and dragging

Three wheels, make the heat squeal

This Westcoast shit is the shit that we built

Who wanna bust with or fuck with him, and confess

Y'all can't fuck with it, I'm out the roof with it, bang loose with it

Dub C, from that Dub SC

Fo sho to make ya peeps slang off the cheese man

Walk, walk

Niggas let me see you walk

Walk, walk

Bitches let me see you walk [2x]

To the Weeeeeeeest, MARCH

Calling all cars, niggas look hard

Near park cars, after dark

Get toe start

Ice Cube motherfucker, I represent this

Don't mistake the masked up for the apprentice

All you bitch ass niggas are defenseless

Like a Catholic priest, and bout ten kids

It's sunday school, I run you fools

You ain't gone do shit

I got the flip shit, to plant

Spit it like I'm gone spit it

Niggas wanna get it, but they won't admit it

I'm connected and committed

All the way bided, while you bullshitted

I'm on exhibit, like a pitbull off the chain

Motherfuckers gone flip out, ropes get ripped out

Niggas gone trip out, crip out, get a four-fifth out

Get bout, with a brickhouse, with my dick out saying fuck ya

My whole career, I kept it gangsta and hustla

It's for the ghetto and the gutter everytime I spit

For niggas that walk off that funkadelic shit

I just might go psycho, and grab the automatic  
And let one off for the gangbang addicts  
Cause I'm westside connected like a hand in the glove  
And I'm the gangsta rap nigga that the D-Boys love  
Hopped out braided and valetd in the front of the club  
I hit the do' niggas speak, I hit em up with a dub  
And even on the east coast, I rep Hoo Bangin  
Iced out, creased khakis with a red flag hanging  
Fin to bust a bitch to give head, that's eating the jaw  
And if I let my hair down, all the hoes all hoes  
Get ya hood, ya polo, ya tribe, ya [?]  
And ain't no niggas in the game that can beat this group  
Mack 10 and Connect, is the hood I claim  
We do the damn thang, and it's off the chain

To the Weeeeeeeest, MARCH  
Calling all cars, niggas look hard  
Near park cars, after dark  
Get toe start [x2]