

## Call 9-1-1

## Westside Connection

This right here is considered a banger  
Delivered With anger, your life is in danger  
Beware of them strangers, holdin' them flamers  
Them niggers were swagger, cuz they keep it gangsta

Just face it, I blaze shit  
Yo shit is basic, my shit is matrix  
Make you erase shit  
Niggaz won't say shit, but DJs you ain't shit  
Cuz you don't play shit, unless it's that gay shit  
I'm straight off the slave ship, my style is ancient  
I'm rich and I'm famous, I'm on, I'm dangerous  
I came wit that language, it's mad, it's brainless  
You study at Cambridge, I'm fuckin' yo main bitch  
Plus my ebonics is full, of gin and tonic, erotic  
Yeah you got it, hypnotic, plus I got it, brrr  
After nine eleven niggaz got patriotic  
On nine twelve I'm like fuck it nigga blaze the chronic

Call nine eleven, then call your reverend  
Then call heaven, here I come lord  
Live by the gun, die by the gun  
A eye for an eye when you live and die by this war

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Yeah, now it's the mornin' after the night I just rolled  
9-1-1 ain't a area code it's a gangsta mode  
And I'm still in amazement on how I put it down  
Emptied round after round rat-tat-tat was the sound  
Now understand the situation, it was urgent  
We, handeled this emergency urgently  
I can't just have no nigga out there just workin' me, jerkin' me  
Talkin' all kind of shit, dishin dirt on me, shit  
He was a local nigga sheisty and didn't wanna pay up  
So I got dressed in all black and loaded the K up  
And all I could think about is revenge as I lit the J up  
And even though it was late night, I still fucked his whole day up  
It was child's play, the youngster took me for a joke  
Not knowin' Mack a maniac and I love the gun smoke  
Make sparks in my barrel, shit flew through his apparel  
Stupid motherfucker lost his life over dinero

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It ain't safe no fuckin' mo'

I swear on everything I love, my hood, my momma, my soul  
This motherfuckin' Dub, is hall of bang nigga, I claim nigga  
Like PCP to the brain, it's like kel runnin my fame nigga  
White lightnin' I'm sippin', snickerin', slippin' the crip  
And like a fiend, I tremble, shiver and them blow your doam to smitherens  
Act up, no actor, starch crease ragger  
Dick harder than viagra, Dub push your ick backwards  
Connect alumni, but the gun high  
Bloods and crips and when we touch down we turn niggaz hoods 'til the guy  
says grip  
Squeeze lead, to the y'all dead, cuz I'm fucked up in the can and I  
Fuck a bitch over whether she can blew or all red  
The industry most hated, nigga get at us, we ready, Dub, Mack and Cube  
Like Saddam, Bin Laden and no jag in the Chevy  
Back again, momma there go that man again  
Grab the gun, them niggaz on one  
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