

The Gangsta, the Killa and the Dope Dealer

Westside Connection

Hey, living in a California cage--ya'll trying to study me
Gangbangin' a never die--it's too much love
You always gonna get niggas like us, you know what I mean
God damn--how many more motherfuckin' penatentaries ya'll gonna build
How many jars you gonna try to put us in
You know what I'm saying

Killa county is a state, murda
Can't none of ya'll niggas fuck with none of these niggas
These triggas we's killas (hahaha)
Sittin' on the porch in between legs
Wit a bitch French braiding my head
Leave 'em til they matted forearm tatted
What's the Connection bitch you looking at it
It don't stop
I hit mo' licks than it
Takes to get to the center (once, two, three) of a blow pop
And it's gonna take a miracle
To drive a car this color down Imperial
Yeah, I got heart but ain't trying to see Marcia Clark
(Punk ass nigga)
So let's wait till it get dark
So many foe's walk in my ??
It's like the international, house of pancakes
All on the grass, every bitch passed
A first not last, when we all hit the ass
Doin' tricks jacked up like a six (what)
One Pussy, and thirteen dicks
Gangsta's don't dance we boogie (ahhh)
Niggas run out and get ya cookie

Killa county is a state, murda
Who's that dumpin' out that window hoo riding (westsiide)
Nobody survives when I got my steel up
Throwing my shit up pulling the trigga
What the fuck you lookin' at nigga True blue when I bust
Leavin' bodies hangin' like the tongue of my chucks
Chalk another one, homicidal in the G ride
I swear I'm killing every nigga standing outside
Letting 'em have it
With my double barrel sawed off
I'm smoking everybody nigga bitches and all
Stretch 'em out in broad daylight muthafuck the witnesses
Eyes big as golf balls from the funny cigarette As the sun frowns on my fore
head
I sweat murder which makes me a walking dead man
Man bringing more bad news than shlepp rock
When I bust shots
W.C. keep the hammer cocked

The gangsta, the killa, and the dope deala
What's crackin'
Well, it's the nigga that's housin' the scene
I got pounds of green and birds sittin' on the triple beams
I put it down on and off the record my flats a
Double decker, marble floors all checkered
Now what can I say every bitch I lay be pure and

Bombay like Peruvian yae
So I brag and I boast man I got the most, man
I make more deliveries than the postman
My homie Carlito plug me with the amigos an
Now it's kilos five and six double zeros
Now what's next I'm stuck like a Kotex
Blindin' niggas with the buggas in my Rolex
With my aces o-t on a regular basis
We got pauveted faces fightin' federal cases
Cause ain't nothin' reala' than niggas gettin' they scrilla
Like a gangsta, a killa
But Mack I'll be the dope deala

Killa county is a state, murda The gangsta the killa and the dope deala (mur
da)
Damn it's a trip, all these cameras goin up
I cant go here, I can't go there
I feel institutionalized
And i'm on the street