

Yeah, nigga, nigga
No disrespect to you East coast
The West coast we got heat too
We gon' keep it real G'd up
(Y.A., Tri, Lil' Kurupt)

Okay, if I don't make it rappin it's back to jackin
Back to the click-clackin and the khaki jackets
I'm a rider, dat's why I got that tat
And a provider, jazz got a lot I ain't had
I'm a survivor, screwdriver, cracked steering column
Every event, book bag, gat at the bottom
I'm convinced, that my common sense intensify
Now I'm convinced it's, hoppin over fences

Six in de mornin you know they kyan't find no mo-ney, mo-ney
get money haffi feed my whole fami-ly, fami-ly
It was because I load 'n buck gyal you know she a scared for me, for me
Because the tussle an' the hustle an' it rough and to be me, be me

Pistol's my specialty, and uh
I'm a gangster, my specialty, and uh
Fire I let it fly and toss, and uh
I'm a boss molotovs get tossed, and uh
Hey girl, what the fuck's the deal? And uh
You want the fake girl, or you want the real? And uh
Sixty-four Chevy's all on D's, and uh
Overdosin to West coast MC's, and uh
And you be thinkin you got me but you ain't got a thang
Niggaz claimin they bangin but they don't really bang
Since I opposition position switch the game
Pistols whistle while missiles'll chip a niggaz frame

I'm a pistol popper, 88 candy-painted Cadillac dropper
Tanqueray and vodka
One-nine or thirty-eight, tec and a chopper
Infrared hollow pointed tucked in my boxers
I'ma keep it gangster y'all, fuck what the rest say
Keep a lot of dope and coke, like an ese
So please pay attention, this street shit is serious
My niggaz leave you bleedin like bitches on they periods
Contact your label, bring your best artists-es
Nigga we started this, verbally retarded shit
Entourage rider, we eatin Budweiser
Throw away thirty-eight, brand new fo'-fiver

(The hustlin is hard) Break 'em down nigga
(It get rougher in my yard) Gotti, nigga what
(We say the hustlin is hard) Please let's roll these suckers
(It get rough and get it tough in my yard)