

## Str8 Westcoast

KNOC-TURN'AL

Super ugly  
Mr X to tha Z  
Yeah, Warren  
LA indo, gangster and mack mo  
Bullets at your window, dangerous

Ruthless, hostile, unforgiven, who gave you permission  
To try to stop me from livin', huh? Try again faggot  
You've gotta ride better than that  
To move out in front of the pack, it's two thousand and two

My backpack raps got my backpack  
Strapped and filled with plaques  
I ain't relaxed or laid back at home with my feet up  
I drop Pravda, lock and load, heat the streets up  
You weak fuck

Shakin' and dancin'  
Y'all takin' pills, we takin' penitentiary chances  
I'm too advanced is  
Never the same when I hit it and quit it  
You want it come get it, I'm wit' it

When I say that I'm wit' it  
That means I got a main defense team that's gon' get me acquitted  
G's is walkin' out the courtroom like George Jefferson  
Stop the interviewin', the faggot had it comin' to him

Warren G

What y'all thought, I wasn't gonna return with a hit  
Too much smokin' that Sherman shit  
I learnt this from the best that got y'all sprung  
The, the doctor Andre Young

Compton, LB, ain't nothing y'all can tell me  
Goin' hard on the yard till my dogs bail me  
They tells me I can't proceed wit' it  
I came back and got Warren G wit' it

West coast, still smoking on that indo  
Smoke, oh no, don't pretend, oh no  
I woulda came but I was dead broke, no mo  
I'm rollin' on some real, oh no

'Bout to get it, but niggas trip though, let's go  
I'm the realest and they all know real dope  
You need a filter or you will choke, indo  
That's all a nigga will smoke, oh no

Now, niggas better get between their door, door  
I'm shakin' all your shit onto the floor  
And niggas don't get it  
But be careful what you ask for you just might get it

Yo the undisputed middle weight champ runnin' like Hopkins  
Clap six to ya shins niggas start hoppin', Shiest never stoppin'

In other words, if your click full  
Can't press mute and it don't apply now

I'm feelin' funny in the tummy  
And a nigga ain't been eatin' for weeks, I'm sick  
I ain't trying to get no better but rather  
Infect the world leavin' Vicks in a old sweater

Knoc's landin', tell me if it ain't me, who got the best planin'?  
Who got your ears tuned it and who keeps you listenin'?  
Who gots your undivided attention?  
Who makes your panties wet, girl?

Hold up, pause, which nigga on TV  
That you see makes you wanna give up the draws  
At parties and shows, I mash regardless  
Yo hardest flows couldn't stop this bombardment  
I clench the vision till there's no room for expansion

All prepared for war it's Knoc's landin'  
A nightly stalker, in shadows I walk  
Mindin' my own while haters throw soft  
The more I succeed, the more bitches clock

Through my peripheral vision, I watch subconsciously  
Waitin' to introduce you to tragedy see it's Knoc's landin'