

Eastside Westside

Lil 1/2 Dead

(feat. Chill)

[Chill: talkin]
what's happenin
let's drop this shit off for the homie from Long Beach
let's say Compton and the L-B-C meet the east and west again
motherfuckin Half Dead in this bitch
my nigga Tray in this bitch
they call me the hurricane Chill, check it out

[verse: Chill]
a little sumthin for the clubs, crips, rucks for your ride
G'z and locs from the east and the westside
dedicated to the gang related
fuckin fools down makin the other side runnin high
throw your straps in the sky one time
buck buck, buck, we don't give a fuck
lay yo ass in the gutter or shit
keep the bust to my niggaz from the east and the west click

[Lil' 1/2 Dead: singin and talkin]
this is dedicated to the east and the westside
(yeah, this is dedicated to the east and the westside baby)
so put your shit in the deck or just replace and let the take ride
(we gon put it in and let it ride baby)
cuz me and my homie Chill are droppin gangsta shit
(we droppin enough of that gangsta shit)
the type o' shit that none of you bustaz can fuck with
(that's right, where none of you bustaz can fuck with)
so step the fuck back before you smacked all in ya face
(before you get smacked up)
cuz when it comes to puttin it down Half Dead runs the whole place
(yeah)

[chorus: Chill]
we chillin on the eastside, smokin weed on the westside
gettin drunk on the eastside, fuckin bitches on the westside
gettin jacked on the eastside, one times on the westside
O.G.'z on the eastside, O.G.'z on the westside
one two, one two

[verse: Chill]
now that shit ain't got thick
so I'm throwin up the westside on the one hype click
slumped up in an 8-5 cuthey
indo smoke, bumpin my buddy
on my way to the east, don't need no strap cuz niggaz act peace
no nigga set-trippin and thangs
just a couple o' homies throwin up gang, mayne
everybody got dodo, oh no
here comes the homies in the lo-lo
eastside, westside (westside)
niggaz stay down for your crown, hoo-ride

[verse: Lil' 1/2 Dead]
you know I gotsta stay down for my crown
I be's that crazy ass nigga from the (eastsiide) eastside part of town

the H-A-L-F D-E-A and to the D
straight born and raised in the L-B-C

[chorus: Chill]

smokin weed on the eastside, gettin drunk on the westside
mothafuckas on the eastside, mothafuckas on the westside
gang o' hoes on the eastside, gang o' tricks on the westside
big booty on the eastside, big ass buttery on the westside

[verse: Lil' 1/2 Dead]

on a mission on my way back to the east
and like my nigga Chill said the east is all about peace
ain't no more gang-bangin, just cavvy slangin
late night niggaz on the corner hangin
trynna make a buck, and still don't give a fuck
so run up and your ass will get stuck
so take heas to the words that I kick
cuz I drops nuttin but gangsta shit, beyotch

[Lil' 1/2 Dead: singin]

this is dedicated to the east and the westside
so put your shit in the deck or just replace and let the take ride
cuz me and my homie Chill are droppin gangsta shit
the type o' shit that none of you bustaz can fuck with
so step the fuck back before you smacked all in ya face
cuz when it comes to puttin it down Half Dead runs the whole place

[chorus: Chill]

gettin drunk on the eastside, motherfuckers on the westside
they gettin loaded down the eastside, big bitches on the westside
niggaz slangin on the eastside, niggaz hangin on the westside
one times on the eastside, big bitches on the westside
one two, one two

[Chill: talkin while DJ Baby G scratches "yea"]

this is fo' them punk ass bitches
you thought you knew
westside and eastsida, rida, fo' life
you lil' trick, ol' beyotch
murderin shit
me and my nigga Half Dead and my nigga Tray, yo yo yo yo yo
niggaz, makin them motherfuckin tracks for the westcoast
westcoast, gangsta most
containin the truth nigga, like this anybody can do
for my nigga Half Dead
Compton on