

# 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