

Bang Or Ball

Mack 10

W S hell ya
Life of a street nigga
We got the comrads
Either make it or take it

Bang or ball bang or ball
We don't know shit else
Just bang or ball
Bang or ball bang or ball
Westside niggas an we doin it all

Connect gang memebbers
Or should I say bloods an crips
Blowin weed Cus we ain't trippin off chips
Everybody on they feet
Now we the most hated bye the haters
Studio parkin lot fulla
Benzos an navigators
Man the streets are freezin
Keep that heat near you
Rollin classic chevroletes
With bandannas on the rearview
Now when it come to grindin
Man I'm as good as they come
I got the peruvian bombay
That leave your body numb
Now when I bang I slang
An my hooks was still wikkid
But somehow I kept comin up
Just shy of a ticket
Now I'm doin the most
As a matter of fact I'm doin it all
Cus connect gang bangin mean uhh
Macks gonna ball

Representitive from the pacific
With Them dumpin pumpin motherfuckers
Up with this WS its on tonight
Yea G love know where the bomb at
Die hard like the comrads
Take a hit or catch a contact
Believe the road dog
When ya see the millameta heata cocked
Shes too clean to bend the corna on the block
I bring the funk
Like that Gap Band
I hit em up
Mashin an blastin shotguns with the fat man

Load the tech up
Strap ya best up
Connect gang
The insane west gang
Bout to get they crest up
Shit I represent the killas
Them niggas that bang slang
And test they three wheelers

Everytime I turn the dial
Its like ain't no love for the real nigga
Dyslexic rappin styles
Bang ball or be seated
We threw out the WS and we remain undefeated

Yea line em up an buck em down with the tramp 8
Its for the whole cake
I'm bout it don't you hesitate
Yea the grinda
Englewood's most notorious fool
When I'm dumpin the crew
Don't get to fuckin with love
An fool you'll be layin in killa king
Body full of tubes
An thats just a warnin before I'm swarmin
always first at bombin

Fool we tryin to
Do thangs
Who bang with connect gang
Bang or ball
Slang or brawl nigga
Road dogs we can fade em all
Busta we shot callin
In the land of pause
You paper haters wanna take shots
But this shit don't stop
You bout to get got
Englewood we all about them ends
Got niggas throwin up the W from
New Jersey to New Orleans

Its the B I C an K Y why ask why
Niggas do or die
From the eyes
Know a who ride
Gats we packin em
Chips we stackin em
Hits we pickin em
Bitches we stickin em
On a regular
Hit up my gang on a cellular
Cant no body fuck with WS I'm tellin ya
Blocks get heated
My homies nine he squeezed it
Niggas talkin shit
Guess well just repeat it

Yea I couse pain
Cook cocaine an smoke weed
Gang affilated an fuck the police
My street mentality
Is to live lavishly
Defy gravity
I cant see a nigga havin me
On 4th an 2 I'm the nigga ya give it to
Hard core stoned cold
Under pressure I wont fold
Sendin love to my niggas
With they life on hold
I controle my own destiny
These niggas wont get the best of me

Mr. K Mack an W S goin down in history
Ain't no mystery
No body do it betta for the chedda
No more demos
Its all about the lacs an the limos
An all you hoes wanna bore these criminals

Bout to slay em out the pocket
Watch it, got to calmly load it
Cock it, pop it, shot it, head exploded
And he owed it
The murder he wrote it
Never panned out
Devoted is quoted you know this
Check ya man out
With his hand out
In the converse an dickies
Rollin v-12's an 850's
Then with the 60's
Fly like a frisbee, times
Different color lines
Since I'm down with mack dime
We can't die

Westside for a or better
Kill whoever down with whatever
For the creamy cheddar
Lets make it better
An worst doller
Get back to back an scrap up
Some niggas with our shirts on
An work yall

An there you have it westside connect gang members
Who bangin affiliets what ever you want to call em
You know what I'm sayin an all we do is bang or ball
Nigga thats it thats all what else is there to do

WESTSIHIHIHIDE for life