

# West Up!

Mack 10

Wessyde-fa-life-in-ya!  
("Throwin up the W" -- Ice Cube) 2X  
Yeah, I'm with this, what we throwin up?  
("Throwin up the W" -- Ice Cube)  
All you busta ass niggaz out there  
I got my motherfuckin homeboys in the house ("Throwin up the W")  
My nigga Ice Cube ("Throwin up the W"), Mack 10  
Back to set the record straight for all these busta ass niggaz  
Who trip, this how we do it nigga

Front back side to side  
We be givin it up, till the day we die  
Niggaz hit me up, I'ma have ta erupt  
So motherfucker West Up!  
(2x)

Nigga clear the lane, here I come, once again  
With this, gangsta click, droppin this, gangsta shit  
Strictly for the riders who ride us I gotta WestSider  
Rhymer for them niggaz that's sittin on them Dayton wires  
Pump the bass, hit the switch  
Cause Ice Cube, Mack 10, and Dub-C, back up in this b-i-itch  
Straight hoodsta for life, ain't no lookin back  
Ink in my flesh, WestSide tattered on my chest  
Walkin with the shadow of death  
Through the land of the skanless, South Central Los Angeles  
Home of the Crips and the Bloods  
Where even the strongest niggaz is drug through the mud  
And visitors from outta town best to stay in Hollywood  
You get that tourist ass ganked strollin through my hood  
West coast till the casket drop  
I be throwin it up, so motherfucker West Up!

Verse Two: Mack 10

It's gun ho Mack one-oh please you can't fuck wit deez  
Ice Cubez and Dub-Ceez is my G'z  
And hip-hop, top three niggaz the new bosses  
Never slippin cause we flosses, packin Nina Rosses  
Nigga, thought you knew how we do it  
Ain't a Damn Thing Changed, always on them thangs  
Forever and a day, so back up, gimme room, don't neglect  
Just respect and everything I can't check I wreck  
Now you can cross out the bustas and snitches

Shit only killers hootchie bitches and hot hydraulic switches allowed  
On the turf where the real hogs dwell  
Sewed up the hood, the fattest bolas on the block for sale  
Inglewood City, the throne I call home  
Niggaz be so bright, you might need your locs on  
To bail through, it's fin you're in with Mack 10  
And I gotta confess up, nigga this West Up! for life

Now I got ta show you how the West coast rocks  
No razor blades, in my mouth, just a glock  
And I'm hittin you up, with that W-S  
The sun, rises in the East, but it sets in the West  
No gold teeth, you gets a wreath  
So hand me the goodies, stockin mask, no hoodies

Christmas day, I'm in a tre  
While some of you niggaz got the robe reindeer and a sleigh  
We don't call it five-oh, we call it one time  
It's my life my life my life my life, in the sunshine!  
One nine weighs a ton  
How the fuck you think that the West was won?  
Now shit can be squashed over a forty ounce of backwash  
No jokes, the land of locs and hundred spokes  
In the East, we can be brothers  
But when you come to L.A., watch your motherfuckin colors  
West Up! nigga

Give it up, give it up  
Like the nigga James Brown, me and my niggaz are puttin it down  
So bustas be wary cause see we represent the city  
Where niggaz caught slippin is left with they brains drippin  
City of the Angels, more like a concrete jungle  
Full of macks Cadillacs and crack sacks  
I pledge allegiance to the shit till I die  
So let the five-twenty slide and put it down from the WestSide

WestSide!  
("Throwin up the W")