

# Westside Slaughterhouse

Mack 10

Westside

Microphone check 10 from the West Coast beller and tella  
I cuss like a sella when you see her she's a gonna  
Moved to California blew the bitch up  
And put the gangsta twist on her

Sunny Southern Cal it never snows  
Niggas yellin' ha's and ho's we dumpin' out of 64's  
When it comes to the gun play we vets  
It's West Coast for life no crew only sets

It's the dog breathe out the smog  
I'm a hog of this gangster shit don of the click  
All you suckas want to dis the Pacific  
But you buster niggas never get specific

Used to love her mad 'cause we fucked her  
Pussy whipped bitch with no common sense  
Hip hop started in the West  
Ice Cube bailin' through the East without a vest

Now as I look to my riznight and to my left  
I see motherfuckers staring like they wanna step  
So I'm grabin' my rusty screw driver  
In case I got to cut ya deeper than Vanessa Del Rio's Vagina

Finda notha crew of niggas who can fuck with this  
Lyrical bully given verbal bruises to crews fool  
You must be on dick dope and dynamite  
How you figure speed on before you get peed on nigga, yeah

Fool what side is you red or the blue?  
While as the L.A. zoo it's round two  
I ignite grab the mic tight strike like a rattle  
Bring the rhymes and nines to the motherfuckin' battle

So sun down to sun up run up with my gun up  
All brakes get to pumpin' they know a nigga dumpin'  
You dred like a rasta when I lock like a terrier  
Mack 10 that nigga with the heat that'll berry ya

Oh ah, oh ah, do a walk by and watch everybody die  
Niggas into gangs thangs and narcotics  
Freak bitches riches and hydrolics  
Pull heat knock you off yo feet

Clear the whole block both sides of the street  
Even crips and bloods hear my thuds  
Fee fy foe fum a nigga where you from?  
West side

Fuck all you niggas I'm yellin'  
This is mad circle to the fullest everybody 187um  
Toons play the piano fuck a battle  
I'm socking rappers like mad man Santiago

'Cause you niggas ain't impressin' me plus you singin' big red records  
So nigga fuck what you tellin' me  
Sit down Jr. you couldn't see me if you wanted to  
Look y'all it Mack 10, Cube and the double U

Westside's on the map  
Niggas represent the 70's and still never win gold  
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I just had a scrap fo' the neighborhood Inglewood stereotype  
Got to deal with the hype  
Known to kick back with the fat sack fuck that  
Where my gat at these nigga trippin' off my bulls hat

About to let loose with the chrome tray dude 5 shots  
And I put holes in yo Bandanna  
I push a Benz you still rollin' Gs  
Nigga miss me with the set trip and start slangin' keys

When I say itchy citchy niggas get bitchy bitchy  
'Cause they heard of ah natural born murderah  
I'm like Frankenstein is spankin' time  
Layin' in the sunshine with only one nine

So who wants to bust with the never rust  
Goin' platinum plus every time I cuss  
So fuck the whole world black  
Niggas better hope I don't grow my jeri curl back

Steper murderah stepin' out a Chevrolet  
Sportin' a beenie like Marvin Gaye  
Stalkin' walkin' in my big black chuck's  
Standin' tall in your freestyle session holdin' my balls

I'm peepin' game like a ref in '95  
'Cause niggas be foul and bittin' other niggas styles  
But if you're bittin' this you better bring the dentist  
'Cause sucking these balls ah give yo ass lock jaws fool

Which way shall I go nigga what should I do?  
Should I bang with the red or should I truce with the blue?  
Should I rock dope beats and grab the mic and stay down?  
Or should I shoot out of town and flip this pound?

Shit I never thought that my nuts ah get bigger  
Checkin' major figures I'm hangin' with platinum niggas  
It's Mack 10 and I'm Inglewood swangin'  
No time fo bangin' but still got my cackeys hangin'

Fuck one love it's the bloody glove killin' honkey hoes  
Leaving blood stains on Broncos  
In a Hertz rental I drive on the 405  
Is he dead or alive?

Motherfuck court took another snort  
Jumpin' over chairs as I run through the airport  
So I can catch a flight away from the drama  
Number 32 chillin' in the Bahamas

Sucky ducky quack quack niggas ain't knowin' how to act  
Sucka ducks play the back  
Nigga use to dis but now it's turning around and like Brandy

Motherfuckers wanna be down

With this West Coast rap game I can give a fuck  
If you wasn't down at first you can buck these nuts  
Transformers get stole on boom  
Get the picture killa Cali home of the body bags nigga

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