

I Luv It

Tha Eastsidaz

Eastsidaz come out and play
Eastsidaz come out and play

Eastside!one five, two*cough*one
Two oh, one eastside one five
Yeah, uh-huh, uh-huh
We finna show you motherfuckers whats happenin
Tray Dee

Comin in front and center state ya name and game
Yeah them eastsidaz back and we came to bang (eastside)
Givin it up, pistols and chucks, rags hangin
Stricly insane and we do the damn thang

Its the big bad eastsider rollin
Now how many blocks we controllin
Two 0, two one, one five seventeen and eleven
One nine and a muthafuckin dime

Murder block to the swamp front of grandmama house
They don't sleep, well freak off brand knock em out
Stay deep, bring heat make streets emorge
Young Gs, Lil Gs, casualties and war
So we push the turf steady pushin work
Niggas love seein thugs so we look for dirt
Where the shit don't stop and them six fours hop
If ya just get socked, don't trip gettin dropped

All black wit a little bit of gold
Now lemme show you motherfuckers how the eastside roll
Footin to the metal, every hand on stiletto
Extra clip when we book out, peace we long ghetto
I'm about to make the shit crack
We got straps in this bitch I got somethin on fat
Tellin you motherfuckers, "Damn!"
It ain't no thang when you bang wit the Dogg Pound (DOGG POUND)

(Snoopy Collins)
(I luv it!) The way the homies come through all blue nigga what y'all wanna do?
(I luv it!) We got hos to the left, platinum on our chest nigga yup yup
(I luv it!) Can't stop, won't stop, so what that L.B.C. like
(I luv it!) We do the damn thang all night, better yet fo' life

I luv it! We keepin that shit G
Cause that's all I see
I luv it!

We always gon' roll, and stay way too deep
Tray Dee, Gol-die, Snoop, ducez 'n trayz
Still give it to that ass the old fashion way
From the LB city, where them shells leave many
Wannabes on they knees, tryna beef wit a gizze

Aye loc, I represent till the shit don't stop
Fuck them paramedics and them crooked ass cops
Its hard to maintain on the front line

Check this out cuz, I gotta get mine
Low ridahs, eastsidaz comin wit that G shit
People want some of this?
Hell naw trick
I'm keepin that shit gangsta
Yeah, C-walkin on you pranksters, nigga

We don't really give a mad fuck nigga what
Gettin mad stuck, catch you comin out the cut
Hoo ridin, G ridin fuck the law
Better hope you on my side once I clutch and draw
My reactions, attractions, fast and all actions
Till I die east the side, I stay smashin
Represent this like its meant to see
To the graveyard or the penetentary

Zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom

I am Sir Dogg
D-P-G funk
And I am cripp
I never learned to cripp
Oh no! Put me down
Let go of my legs
I'll never C-walk
Do the time of life
You have the time of your life
Hey ha!

Oh yeah, what's Crip-a-lat'n baby?
Eastsidaz, "Duces 'N Trayz - The Old Fashioned Way"
Somethin uh, to make you move, groove, and defintely sets the mood
Its so uh gangsta, its so uh prankster
Its the hoodie hoodie, goodie goodie
To lick ya boogie oggie oggie
Can ya dig what i'm talkin bout
I smell ya Battle Cat
Now thats funky, thats so funky, I have to say uh!

Eastsidaz come back