

This is goin' out  
To the whole wide Westside  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
Yeah  
Break it down for me  
Steady Mobbin (Rock) rock on

I was just a young boy livin' in the Hub City  
Eastside Compton, G  
Back in the days when Ice Cube and Eazy  
Had every nigga talkin' 'bout, ''Boy, you can't with me''  
Remember Ice-T had the power (Ooh, wee)  
Hearin' gunshot lickin' by the hour  
When Too ???fought in every super sport???  
And told us all how to ride for the West Coast

To my peoples, if you hear me, where you at, throw your gloves in  
the air  
And wave 'em like you just don't care  
From L.A. to the Bay, what you say  
All day, every day, any damn day  
Take a look around, we got the whole world locked down  
Goin' on and on, it don't stop, won't stop, can't stop  
You could ride or die  
That's why I put it down for the Westside

It would seem that long ago (Oh, no)  
We were stealin' forties out the liquor store (Oh, no)  
Mama started trippin', so it's time to go  
Mob to the park with the locsters  
Everybody broke smokin' roaches  
DJ Quik was the  
Had every nigga claimin' he was from the CPT  
Y'all remember  
One time tried to clown  
We had to burn this on down

One time for my niggas in incarceration  
I blaze a dime with you for havin' lots of patience  
Two times for my sisters at the County building  
I got some Westside love for all you ghetto children  
Three times for my niggas that done passed away  
I tip some Gin for you and pray for better days  
One day everything's gonna be fine  
But until that day my only reply  
Is ''Westside till I die''

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And wave 'em like you just don't care  
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All day, every day, any damn day  
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You could ride or die  
Got to give it up for the Westside

From Crenshaw to Foothill Boulevard  
All I see is lolos in mob cars, Daytons and Five Stars  
All the true he's is hittin' switches with all the finest riches  
Of course the bombest, don't get it twisted  
Ask me what's a real G  
Show me a nigga scrappin' back against the wall until his  
knuckles bleed  
(Knuckles bleed)  
Screamin' death to all our enemies and those who don't believe  
West Coast livin' be the she's to me

One time for my niggas in incarceration (Ooh, yeah)  
I blaze a dime with you for havin' lots of patience  
Two times for my sisters at the County building  
I got some love for all you little ghetto children  
Three times for my niggas that done passed away  
I tip some Gin for you and pray for better days  
One day everything's gonna be fine  
But until that day my only reply  
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Wave 'em like you just don't care  
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All day (All day), every day (Every day), any damn day (Any damn  
day)  
Take a look around, we got the whole world locked down  
Goin' on and on (Goin' on and on), it don't stop (And on and on),  
won't  
stop, can't stop  
You could ride or die  
You got to give it up for the Westside

To my peoples, if you hear me, where you at (Whoa whoa whoa)  
Throw your gloves in the air, wave 'em like you just don't care  
From L.A. to the Bay, what you say  
All day, every day (Every day), any damn day (Any damn day)  
Take a look around, we got the whole world locked down  
Goin' on and on (Goin' on and on), it don't stop (And on and on),  
won't  
stop (And on and on), can't stop  
You could ride or die  
La, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da

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You could ride or die  
TQ gon' give it up for the Westside

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