

# Keep It 100

WC

Crazy Toones, my DJ  
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(Rollin' through the hood) I'ma keep it 100  
I'ma keep it 100, I'ma keep it 100  
(What you talkin' bout?) I'ma keep it 100  
I'ma keep it 100, I'ma keep it 100  
(Keep it cool dogg) I'ma keep it 100  
I'ma keep it 100, I'ma keep it 100  
(Act a fool dogg) I'ma keep it 100  
I'ma keep it 100, I'ma keep it 100

Now the party didn't start 'til Dub bailed in  
With a fresh white on smellin' like Patron  
Blue pro fitted tilted to the side of the dome  
Fo'-five on my side, nigga never alone  
I'm the last of the reputables, jumpin' off the handlebars  
Still gettin' money off the yola white scrambled hard  
Three-wheelin' in a Caddy Brougham  
It ain't P. Diddy bitch but tell 'em daddy's home  
In a big frame, Big Swang, nigga just switched lanes  
Now it's Lench Mob on the end of that chain  
Now we clutchin' that clutch, all in the guts of these sluts  
Lench Mob baby, ain't nobody fuckin' with us  
W.C. the sickest, viscous, grip trig's and switches  
Back givin' nig's the business  
Down on my knees 'bout to gamble and shoot  
(Serve they ass homie) Niggaz can't handle the truth

(When I'm in the hood) I'ma keep it 100  
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Smokin' on that good thang known as the kush mayne  
Laced with the hash oil, nigga that's a hood thang  
Hood money, hood fast livin'  
The wrong Starter cap will get you a hood ass kickin'  
One name, gun flame, little niggaz wanna bang  
Ride on me mayne, but on mine it's a money thang  
But I still run the land, with the gun in hand  
Cause one shell will have yo' ass doin' the runnin' man  
Califoolya, better keep your Calico  
Cause round here niggaz don't scrap no more  
And since niggaz ain't squabbin' no more  
I keep somethin' to make your chain hang low  
and make it wobble to the floor

I squeeze heat, fuck your day up like  
barbeque sauce on a brand-new created T  
Now who gon' bring the West back?  
I don't know but I did my job, I put this bitch on the map

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I'm a legend, G, however niggaz wanna put it  
Threw the dub up so long my fingers goin' crooked  
The West ain't dead, I'm all the proof you need  
In the Cadillac off of Grey Goose and weed  
In the studio tryin' to balance the two  
One pocket full of rap money, the other crack residue  
Flag hangin' out my motherfuckin' jeans  
Hopin' hip-hop come with dirty money to clean  
South Central is MySpace nigga, but I ain't on the internet  
Motherfucker I'm in the set  
So don't make me have to come to your video set  
With a chopper on my seat like Maurice Clarrett  
I'll get at ya, niggaz know the stature  
My fanbase, Corcoran to Pelican Bay to Calipatria  
Dub still the nigga, so throw your fingers up in the sky  
If you's a real nigga I'ma keep it real nigga

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