

# Taking Ova

WC

It's that MAAD Circle, lil'-ass loc'ed out  
Tick-tick-boom, here to clear the room  
Get em like this when I drop number three  
Cause ain't nobody bad like me  
It's the, it's the rizzapper  
You wanna c-c-c-clack, what? Yeah fool, run up  
Non-believers who didn't believe us  
That we was comin back out, y'all can eat this  
Diggidy-diggedy-dick in ya mouth  
Cause papa's got a brand new bag here to tag  
With the .44 mag that'll Color you Badd  
And to you rap critics who said I wouldn't last  
I need to jump out the speakers and strangle your ass  
Cause never would I let the politics in rap  
Or the shady contracts play me out like that  
I know you can't stand to see a real loc'ster ride  
So let it rain, let it drip fool, dump on ( ? )  
So all you locsters and you hoes  
Grab yo khakis and yo locs  
It's that nigga from Westside MAAD Circle  
Takin over your radio  
Nod your head to this here song  
You like me, get your straight mob on  
You shoulda known it don't stop, this is just a taste  
So party people play like Xscape  
And just 'kick off your shoes and relax your feet'  
Bump that brand new Double-U-C  
I been spendin the most of my time in the cut  
Finessin my skills so one day I could bust  
Off a fresh, fresh.. fresh, fresh  
The beats that are fresh, fresh  
Comin from the wild wild west  
But it's got to be different  
Than the nor-nor-normal styles that I be dishin  
Kickin, stickin, but still grippin  
Pop, pop, fizz, fizz  
It's 1995 and I'm sick of this shit  
And when rappers as they dangle from my jock  
Pickin mo' niggas up than jack in a box  
It don't stop

So all you locsters and you hoes  
Grab yo khakis and yo locs  
It's that nigga from Westside MAAD Circle  
Takin over your radio  
Nod your head to this here song  
You like me, get your straight mob on  
This year I'm takin my props  
And like my nigga P said it don't stop till the casket  
drop  
Here comes the Doub, here comes the Doub  
Everybody, everybody, here comes the Doub  
Here comes the Doub, here comes the Doub  
Everybody, everybody, here comes the Doub  
Quick, somebody help me out, get the taser gun  
Doub's under the sun and it's f-f-f-fun  
Here to represent, no better yet, here to claim

That loc'ed out MA-MA-MA-MAAD Circle gang, fool  
Marks keep on slippin, slippin -  
No wait a minute, dudes, wrong song  
You know what, I'ma just give em a touch  
Of what? That funk-funk-funky stuff  
Niggas imitate, but they can't flip it like this  
Nah sit, Boo Boo sit, let go my dick  
Cause I've been watchin, watchin, watchin you watchin  
me  
WC and no, my name ain't Winnie  
I ain't got a perm muthafucka, but lyrics I got plenty  
And when it comes to this I'm rankin at the top  
( ? ) on my beach cruiser, puttin in work, it don't  
stop  
So all you locsters and you hoes  
Grab yo khakis and yo locs  
It's that nigga from Westside MAAD Circle  
Takin over your radio  
Nod your head to this here song  
You like me, get your straight mob on  
You shoulda known it don't stop  
The Circle never fakes the funk, so muthafuckas give it  
up  
Here comes the Doub, here comes the Doub  
Everybody, everybody, here comes the Doub  
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