

# Gangsta Nation

## Westside Connection

Consider this an invitation, to my Gangsta Nation

Na na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na na (ohh ohh)  
Na na na na na na na na (what what)  
Na na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na na (yeah yeah)  
Na na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na na

This day right here is really rough  
These girls out here about the bucks  
These fools out here afraid to bust  
I have no fear, afraid of what  
And in five beers I'm comin' up  
Fools talk real loud but don't run up  
When we come through they run and duck  
We still right here don't press your luck

Homey I'm tired of the cowards parkin like this walkin like this  
From the concrete when they chalkin' like this  
And there he goes and a trick pose and a throw back  
Holdin' a gack ain't gonna bust and know that  
It's a dub ass C thang dub C brain  
And we don't kick it but bust it and kaki jeans strains  
I'm done movin I'm clearin the crowd  
It's the who bangin bandana cri-mi-ni-mi-nal  
The ori-gi-nal

Evacuate the building look here come a plane  
No, it's the big bad Westside Connect Gang  
And bump what you plain homey this who bang  
With enough game to drive a swear broad insane  
And we number one gunners no we ain't stunners  
It's real with us partna, dealers and drug runners  
And Mack need a D-board in a H2 Hummer  
Lookin hotter than the South Central L.A. summer  
Let's go

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What the hell is Ice Cube talkin about  
That's how you get these here parked in you mouth  
Westside ride trick, the same old spit  
I don't conversate with chicks I ain't goin hit  
I don't holla at these pros that sing like Ashanti  
Body like Beyonce, face like Andre (uhhh)  
You kinda strange

Have you seen us, naw  
Haters can't see us  
Connect Gang we the G'est nigga  
Countless calls and countless charges  
Street niggas makin blunts out of Cuban cigars  
Big by the linnas sip notic by the liters  
With a flock of pros on us cause the cronic is the greenest  
And to my G's incarcerated and on probation  
I'ma stay bagin for the whole G Nation nigga

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It's a Gangsta Nation if you in you a G  
And the whole world influence by the b in the sea  
Now tell the truth rappers you don't bow like me  
Cause I'm really from the gang ya'll is industry  
And while I'm servin up and comin young hustlas and gluckas  
Bangin for the hood causin havic and ruckus  
You fools actin label kissin up like suckas  
And your trick solder down when you pee lil bustas

One thing I do know I ain't the uno  
Big puno rap sumo on pruno (you know)  
I'd like to thank the congregation  
In my affiliation to the Gangsta Nation  
I'm hard on them, yeah I'm ruthless  
You like a stress sac, boy you useless  
You know the side trick, better get up on it  
Cause it must be a single with Nate Dogg singin on it

Look check this out man  
We got a Gangsta Nation goin down over here  
So ya'll might as well bow down  
And join this Westside thang man  
Cause once you get with this  
Partna you as G as can be  
Believe that homeboy  
It's like that  
Fred Red, what I'd tell you homey  
It ain't a hit till Nate Dogg spit

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