

Potential Victims

Westside Connection

Ice Cube, WC and Mack 10
The gangsta, the killa and the dope dealer

Got 'em', look nigga, you fitted the scription
This is dedicated to potential victims
Because who's the fiction, ain't no fiction
Too much bitching, get your ass beat into submission

To all my white niggaz, to all my light niggaz
To all my dark niggaz, I'm trying to spark niggaz
I want to shot niggaz, Not to mark niggaz
Fuck the park niggaz, I want your heart niggaz

The hood most sine able, carnage and hymeneal, prep nigga
Prosecuted from making your brain sweat nigga
And Crocker sense is the westside nickel
Were proud of you bitches of the back of the window, yeah

From Mo Jay, to MJ and Michael Tyson
They fucked up Saddam like my nigga gangsta mind
You don't have to be a Taliban to fill the per tarn
Don't walk the double-u, victims of the rare black and blue

I kicks in the door, waving a automatic
I'm mad as fuck, weaving hard as a asthmatic
Attitudes unpredictable, behaviour is boratic
Could snap at any time, and right now I ain't had it, bitch

Make no mistake about it, your life has just been threatened (echo)

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I clock-ed the camera, fuckin up the camera was working the things
Like holding was drama dirtied my name
Mo money, no drama, my nigga fuck the hype, flash the light
I'm Dub-C connected to the afterlife, c'mon

You look hard, act hard, in the backyard
front yard, lunch card, but the nigga run hard
I run yards, punk guards, nigga so large
If I get caught, nigga no charge

Here come a westcoast gangsta means cagey and creases
Plus a pink slip nigga, you punks is leases
My wife bentley got peanut butter guts like Reece's
Blood peeled niggaz is red like endangered species, fucker

In his age of terror, fear is the killer
One thing remains constant
The Westside motherfucking Connection

You might as well keep it gangsta
They've got a small under surveillance

Bitch you know the side
World motherfucking wide

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Too many lost
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