

DJ Kayslay, Westside Driveby

(feat. E A Ski, Kam, MC Ren)

[E A Ski talking]

Yay, Yay

Wassup Kay Slay, Its the big homie E A Ski

Ya know, And I brought some West Coast riders with me

That'll ride on ya bitch ass

You got a problem with Kay, You got a problem with us nigga

Ya know, Got MC Ren and the West Coast Kam

Hey yo Ren spit it

[MC Ren]

Nigga who tryin to fuck with the Ville'

Grab my dick, Fuck this trick and slay my scrill

Slap the taste right outta ya grill

When I'm fuckin' with Kam and Ski nigga shit is fa real

Straight blastin' fools with these West Coast shots

Compton and Watts, My Bay niggaz got glocks

Niggaz runnin' an yellin' an screamin' an shit an cussin'

Ren smoked a blunt while Ski and Kam was bustin'

Now you bitch ass niggaz ain't sayin nothin'

When we pull to the curb, Nigga stop gruntin'

This West Coast shit, Cant be fucked with

Or duplicated, You bitches can hate it

Mothafuckin Villian is back with Ski

While he blast with his back to me

West Coast drive-by, it happens like everyday

Bitch ass mothafuckas gettin' chased away

It go

[Chorus: MC Ren]

Woop, Woop

Thats them fuckin' police

Woop, Woop

Them bitches comin' for me

You know the West gone ride

Nigga hit'em up

Bitches run from the drive-by

When we pass by

Nigga

Woop, Woop

Thats them fuckin' police

Woop, Woop

Them bitches comin' for me

You know the West gone ride

Nigga hit'em up

Bitches run from the drive-by

When we pass by

[E A Ski]

I've been known for the AK, Glocks, and Tech's

Hit ya block up, Leave a nigga soakin' wet

So I'd watch niggaz scatter like roaches with the lights on

You on the block, But you won't make it back home

You better hope that this bullet got God in it, (Pray)

And I miss, When I got my fuckin' eye on it

And I'm shootin' to blow the back and the spine out

It's all real, I would hate for you to find out

Who the fuck makes it happen

Uhh, Its West Side nigga, This drive-by is whats crackin'

And the corners is gettin' caught off

The funeral homes is gettin' rich off the costs

Dogg, Lay you flat down

Empty out the clips 'til you hear the (Click) sound

Uh-huh, You better know who the fuck you dealin' with, (Who's that)
It's Mr. Ski, The West Coast Kill-A-Bitch

[Chorus]

[Kam]

Niggaz hate me for the bank I'm foldin'
The rank I'm holdin'
The dank I'm polin'
They just hate to see a gangsta rollin'
I gutter ball like I'm bowling, Collectin' my ends
Tryin' to throw strikes at all these redneck white pins
In the Beamer or the Benz, Wagon or the truck
'Til my people delevered, Man I don't give a fuck
Stay pushin' the line with mine
Treat peeps I'm with good
Anti-Hollywood and I keep my shit hood
A true thug, Ya gotta admit it
I bail into a club tennis shoes, jeans, white tee and a fitted
Tryin' to get it crackin', Wassup, I'm sayin'
You tryin' to go or what, I mean, You playin'
Dyke girls actin' like niggas, Niggaz actin' like bitches
So I just kick back and keep stackin' my riches
Focus on my chips and give niggaz real talk
So Bloods can skip to it and the Crips can still walk

[Chorus]

[MC Ren]

It go
Woop, Woop
Thats them fuckin' police
Woop, Woop
Them bitches comin' for me
You know the West gone ride
Nigga hit'em up
Bitches run from the drive-by
When we pass by
Nigga, When we pass by
Nigga, When we pass by
You bitches run from the drive-by
Drive-by, Bitches run from the drive-by
Drive-by