Kurupt, West Coast Fire

[Intro]
Yeah
Los Angeles, California
(Fuck y'all niggaz)
You now rockin' with the West
Stacey Adams, ha ha
Kurupt Young Gotti, Eastwood
Death Row, through it all, nigga
Smashin' on you bustas, for the 'double 0-4
Yeah, I see you, what up homie?
You know what time it is - let me do it to 'em

[Stacey Adams]

Niggaz hate me, fuck 'em though, I'm hot like a sauna Niggaz talkin' shit, get prepared for the - karma Thirty shot clip, hollow tip's, and a - warmer '61 Chevy, chrome D's bend a - corner Watch your back when you come to Cali-fornia This the first and the last time I'm gon' - warn ya I see you niggaz gettin' scared, my gun go 'pop' Motherfuckers know I'm aimin' for the head - yeah You motherfuckers actin' like - us Stacey got the whole spot packed full of - Bloods Growin' purple with the yak in they - cups Stacey and Kurupt 'bout to go platinum - plus You don't wanna get your boy smacked - up Blue and red rags in the club, that's - us I'm from the Eastside Pacoma, run up on you Motherfucker put your hands up, turn yo' ass around I'm in the lab with the big homie - Keeter Smash out, beat 12's like - 'see ya' Twenty G's when I swipe the platinum - Visa Black Angels cap, all black - Fila's Spittin' hot like the boy got the - fever I got the shank, Eastwood got the - heater I got a pocket full of big faced - bills Twenty G's with your bitch ass - skill

[Eastwood]

I'll step in the party, I got my own dank Own drank, own bank, Bentley Phantom, full tank My persona is top rank - when my heart feel shank So I keep a automatic weapon, goin' hard in the paint You niggaz ain't right Go soft on a bitch, I'll make some tricks So break bread or fake dead, we the gang bitch, uh Let's get it crackin' homie, show me your game face I'll put a nigga in his place, see what the game rate Sixteen balls of fire, it's hot lava With thirty-two balls of heat, I'm on fire I like them bad hoes in the wife - beaters I only roll with the O.G. - Keeter We in the black Lambourgini, two - seater Strapped up with two cannons, some know 'em as heaters Original gustapo, Death Row's the label So catch a fare when I get jumped like cables

[Kurupt]

Elastic, little plastic imitations
And drastic tactics for blastin', clappin', snappin' nigga
I like a bitch in a bomb wife - beater
I'll roll the streets with my O.G. - Keeter
Straight Crippin' in a blue two - seater
If you gotta be the bitch, you don't - need her

All hood nigga, neighborhood - Rollin' See faulty and the homies start - foldin' Everything in the vicinity from - Rollin' I've been runnin' shit since the '9 - fever Keeter gunnin' shit with the 'fo - fever I humped up the shit quick with the - nina Lisa Left Eye changed her name to - N.I.N.A. One hit record, I'ma fuck - Trina Stacey Adams in a all red Phantom Classic interaction from the nickel's and mack's Elastic, little plastic imitations And drastic tactics from blastin' and clappin', snappin' Seattle Mariners hat to the left, not the back I'ma curse, with a paltered verse of words Seperate the whole formula first Second, I'll leave niggaz in a coma I'm Gotti Adolf Hitler, nigga - boa You ain't gon' show the bitch, let me - show her

[Hook: Keith Roc]
We some riders, up in here
This straight West Coast, we spit fire
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This straight West Coast, we spit fire
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This straight West Coast, we spit fire
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