

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 Lamborgini, 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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