

# South Park, West Coast, Gulf Coast, East Coast

Now these West Coast players and we love to ball...  
And these Gulf Coast Hustlers love to do it all...  
Chorus&#58;  
And them East Coast killas ought to represent  
And when we ride together we're gonna kill some shit...

(Verse 1)

I got my mind made up, I'm strapped and I'm riddin high  
West Side till I die, money multiplied  
Gulf Coast in a hurry cadillacs and gold jewlery  
Down and dirty hooked up with my phones  
And we blow big candy cane  
Playa hattin dirty Mex don't understand tha game  
I can't do it cause I'm all about my money man  
Baby beach, baby beth, latino's if ever do you gang bang  
Hoggin and doggin cheddar cheese full of scratch  
And got them super fly fish tags full of tash  
That's how we do it, hustle fluit runnin through my veins  
I got soldiers that'll dump for a little change...

Ring around the police, pockets full of hoezies

(Carlos Coy)

Swingin n swervin jealous man's burden  
It's the wizard tha 36 ozies  
Hoe's see my ride and wanna say they a virgin  
20 inch turnin keep they heart hurtin  
H-town city slicker, buy my German  
Sippin' on bourban, back woods a burnin'  
Back in the days I couldn't get one wordin  
Now I park valet wit boys outta Cali  
Playas on pro's like the mother f\*\*kin valley  
If you were me, u'd be surrounded by security  
Dope House, known for our purity

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

Yeah, these west coast riders with the down south G's  
Take Keys break 'em down the o's and p's  
17 shots pulled back an squeeze  
And I'll ball like a mother f\*\*kin' C-fee toe  
Down with the click, I'm Baby Beesh  
I'm laced in this bitch like PCP, with SPM, and LOW-G

I'ma grind in L.A. 'til my very last day  
and I'm a Hillwood Hustla 'til I die motherf\*\*ker  
It's a struggle but I gotta bubble baby, please believe it  
And like I said big frost is a hard act to follow...  
I guess that's the reason I roll with my rival  
(3rd verse - Rasheed)

It's the - Philly Alumni  
on the drum I, come I  
wit the type of funk that make a sucka cry  
I ain't gon' lie,  
but he need no paper to fly  
gettin' sick, wit Salty Waters' Lifestyl livin' life-a  
my organization down wit World Wide Hustlaz  
the homie force that's gon' hop up on the plane  
seize, that Baby Beesh without the west coast mary jane  
on the east coast, they're going whacko for that stack of paper  
on the South Side, they run wit slangaz and they stack that paper  
we screamin' YAA YAA Y

wit the baskets full of blaze  
like Universal comin' wit Def Jam  
cashin' in the money,  
South Park Mexican and Rasheed makin' power moves ev-ery day  
and do a hater we gon' have to...

(Chorus x2)

(Low G)

I feel it get crunk and take control like Janet  
It's yo boy Low G from the center of the planet  
When you hear the hit, what show you gonna jam in  
Can't hang with the bandit, haters can't stand it  
Recommended a mendez, ta win dis  
The Menace most worse that Dennis  
Mmmmm, Me entiendes? Raches apendes  
Remember me Low-G from the block of rock  
Second war with the nine millemeter glock  
Keep it endless, stayin friendless  
Cali flex the next  
Kid Frost, Baby Beesh, Rasheed and the South Park Mex...  
(Chorus x2)