

W.C., The Autobiography

featuring CJ Mac

(man)

Hey, nigga, gimme some of them water and chip's, shit

(other man)

lock 'em up, nigga, lock 'em, bullshit

(man)

hey, look, nigga

get out there, nigga

these niggas ain't sho' ta riz-ayd, right

we gon' get in and get out

(other man)

we on a roll, nigga

[continues, indistinct]

[Verse 1: WC]

I'ma walk it down, now

fuckin' wit deez out-a-town niggas

got me watchin' up on my back and strappin'

pistol packin'

who ever thought dem fools would catch on

and we was sellin' rock while up in the back of the broll

see da plan was to make a transaction to match

three calos, for under the zone, a hundred thousand cash

you know da deal, nigga you know da outcome

dub C and C Mac take tha money 'n run

[CJ Mac]

We gettin' close, hot as fuck

burnin' up in his drive

two pace, mirror checkin' doin' sixty-five

I seen the state patrol 5 times, swear to god

he make this stop, better have 9 lives

nigga speak

[Man's Voice]

Where you at?

[CJ Mac]

Close nigga

you just have tha cash right so we can go's, nigga

I never tell no

nigga when I'm comin' through his town

set us up, get a crew, gun his town

[WC]

Fuck that, I dun dis shit befo'

after we twist deez niggas, we gon twist some mo'

(CJ Mac)

Out-a-town nigga havin' a pistal in hand

whatcha paper, you fuckin' wit some jackets, player

shit happens

[Chorus: CJ Mac]

Don't fuck wit a niggas cash

niggas blast, when it come to cash

niggas mash, on dat ass

Don't fuck wit a niggas cash

niggas mash, on dat ass

fo' a niggas cash, niggas blast

[WC second half overlaps]

(T'is da season to be janky falalalala lalalala)

[Verse 2: CJ Mac]

Hits J, sit straight, dey ain't even check

swiss suitcase, jit

we ain't stop to count da cash, nigga

shit, nigga, I remember

It was two a dem gas cans, was fulla straight heata

[WC]

fake twista, took her ass back to da piz-ad

sent some mo crystals back to da liz-ad

to make some mo trick-climbin'-blatant-nigga loot [wooh!]
cuz baby need new shoes and daddy need a coupe

[CJ Mac]

Call my nigga, Fred, yo friend

he set up da link

gave his ass ten-thousand, thanked him n' shit

told him 'Shut the fuck up', niggas try sweating

and have to take his ass out there, he bound to wetting

[WC]

Uh huh, two months passed, I found his ass trashed out

castrated on his porch, with his dick in his mouth

What the fuck? I know these niggas ain't here in L.A.

I went and grabbed the AK n' called my nigga CJ

{[music stops, dial tone] inside ()= CJ Mac}

(What's crackin'?) Look it's on wit deez niggas (what?)

Hey CJ nigga I just found this nigga Fred fucked up

(slow down, nigga) on the porch (Fred?)

Hey nigga it's goin' down

Hey nigga meet me at cho bitch spot, nigga (what?)

Fuck that, let's bring these in hea

Fuck these niggas!

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3: CJ Mac]

Goin' 110 on da 110, exit slow

shit my stomach uptight, sumthin' ain't right (fuck that)

How da fuck they found where Fred stay

they ain't never been out there, hold up, what the fuck?!

[WC]

CJ, don't trip, nigga, dey just killed yo bitch

left her bleedin' in the porch wit' screwdriver's in her head

ramshacked the house, took the work and the money

[CJ Mac]

I could see that shit, but why the fuck you so bloody?

[WC]

They took the hundred thousand we stole plus two mo' (right, right)

and if I know that nigga Bo he checked a in mo {motel}

[CJ Mac]

Bo, hard nigga, who parted the game

you didn't know that motherfuckas name!

first you found Fred dead, then you found my bitch wit her wig split

nigga I ain't stupid, you did that shit

[gunshot]

Motherfucka shot me in my shoulda

reached for my strap, and started dumpin' back

{gunshots continue}

[WC]

Nigga, lifes a bitch and then you die

you only get one chance to check, nigga, trust no nigga

shoulda known from the start, ain't no love in my heart

fuck this 50-50 shit, this is where we depart

[CJ Mac]

I'll be damned if I let this nigga walk wit' da dough

kill my hoe, boy, kill my hoe?

Five, fo' rounds, hit him twice, hit him in his stomach

see me vomit blood,

nigga eat slugs!

{gunshots continue}

[WC]

On my knees, I'ma see da bust back, fuck that

somehow I managed, ta raise wit da wicked carriage

ain't no rules to dis shit, we jackers

ain't no love in this game, mothafucka, shit happens

[Chorus x2]

I feel sorry, nigga

just like every dog has his day,

every loc get his nights
I'll be back at ya, my nigga (ain't no thang)
I can't believe yo ass did some shit like that to me, nigga
it ain't nothin' (hu, hu)
it ain't nothin'
It's goin' down
I'ma get that motherfucker
It's on!