

Crooked I, We Ballin'

(Intro)

Cali-forn-ia! (bounce)

It's about that time, it's the new Row, and I'm at ya

Let the hogs out, these niggaz is wilding..

(Verse 1 Eastwood)

I gets down with it, smoke a whole pound with it

Microphone terrorist it's all on the bounce with it

Fo' pound spit it, yeah its heat to your dome

Like what you said nigga, if it's on then it's on

I'ma smash on sight them niggaz who want beef

With my Row chain hangin' and swangin' all wide, G

Niggaz know me, the E-A-S-T

I rep the west G, cos we the best see

Now let me see you walk to it, skip to the left

Skip to the right keep, walking all night

Sixty fo's hop, bounce roll twist g's

And all my niggaz keep smoking, roll them trees up

(Chorus 2X - Eastwood)

To all my niggaz see-sawing, we ballin'

Tweny inch chrome on the wheels street-crawlin'

Heavy in the club smoking dub we ballin'

Throwin up tha West on Tha Row shot callin'

(Verse 2 Eastwood & CI)

Nigga get yo back up off the wall and keep it gangsta

Cos creepin' and walkin' across my flo' will get yo back rubbed

(CI) And you don't want that, I get caught with one gat

That's my playa-hater locator like where the punks at?

(E) Niggaz got em' all like, steppin' through the club in them gator shoes

Whinies, fuck you, fuck you!

(CI) We get rid of y'all

Crooked I's with it all, did it all, spit it all, paper we can get it all

(Chorus #2 2X - Eastwood)

C'mon Hop, roll skate twist bounce

get out of them phillies and blaze an ounce

I bring the bounce to your lac, hit it front and back

I'm g'd to a tee cos I like it like that

(Verse 3 Crooked I)

Nobody got game colder than me

I call a dumb nigga the lil holme's even though they older than me

Cos mentally I'm twice my age, my mind contains

Priceless game, wisdom for weeks, advice for days

The nights the braids the lights the stage the nine the gauge

The knife the blade the live grenades the heists the raids

This gangsta life we made, the price we pay

Give us paper, we might behave, you know?

You try to invade, inside of a grave you go!

In spite of the ways, this rider remains to grow

+Uh Oh+ nigga one rifle blatin

That'll make you spinnin around like a young Michael Jackson

The LBC and me, gangsta walk when we up in the party

You gangstaz talk shit and your body catches three

The C-R double O K-E-D, motherfucker

(Chorus)

(Outro)

Westcoast... We ballin', shot-callin'.

Crooked I and that young nigga Eastwood

Representing the new Westcoast, you know?
Weenies, dig that! All in yo mouth with it