

King Tee, Speak On It

[VERSE 1]

Introducin the Westside Strangler, bangin with the fixtures
Mashin in this hot Coupe De Ville with blue twisters
I just got it waxed, now I'm true without a doubt
Dippin down Alondra on my way to the south
The big homie [Name] bet a g, a whole ounce
He said it wasn't hot, I made him watch the back-bounce
Ah, back in traffic, feelin like the last pimp
Hit the three-wheel, made a left on Kemp
I droppeded by my old crib just to see it's all good
The little homies moved in the spot with Lil' Wood
See, niggas this way don't give a damn about you hoes
We find real estate in the midst of robbin yo's
With Benzis and trucks, plenty cavi for the clucks
Keep a eye on who's who and muthafuck what's what
For all gees who got it poppin in they hood for the moment
It's the gangsta King T, show me love loc, cause I'ma speak on it

[CHORUS]

Ah, that's that gee shit (mobbin through your hood)
Move on gangstas, move on
Move on gangstas, move on
Ah, that's that gee shit (mobbin through your hood)
Groove on hustlers, groove on
Groove on hustlers, groove on

[VERSE 2]

Man, the night comes and a gangsta's intuition
I hops in my 'burban, limited edition
I'm lookin for a Lakewood hoe, that's my mission
I'm through with fuckin Hawthorne tramps, they be snitchin
What will it be, Pepper's or that spot Paradise?
They keep a flock of girls but you gotta dress nice
Suckers, I'm a gee, I got some (?) I ain't touched
Feathered Borsalinos with Armani in my clutch
Nigga what, raised by ballers, I'm legit
And if you don't believe, ask Freeway Rick
You don't believe Rick, well ask my homie Big Jess
Or his brother Big Droop, OG's, nothin less
It's many niggas drinkin that gangsta juice
But I done seen none of y'all when it was time to truce
And I was at [Name] Park squashin beef with opponents
While your ass was at your mansion eatin pussy punk, speak on it

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

These busters better recognize what's comin
Dancin on D's with the Alpine humpin
Every since the child knew the ways to live foul
Now I bust rhymes like a cool criminal
Alcoholic chronic-smokin niggas know the deal
Gun-totin, mouth-tapin niggas know I'm real
I represent the West to the fullest extent
A Southern California Hub City resident
Yes yes y'all, it's not a secret no more
I got lyrics out the ass and they all hardcore
Like that, comin with that West Coast strap
Guaranteed to civilize a nigga talkin smack
What you wanna do us, do your dance like you do it
This one's for my people up in Texas, watch em screw it
Tight conversation hits the speakers for the moment
But if your ass can't comprehend fool, speak on it

[CHORUS]