

# Knoc-Turn'al, Str8 Westcoast (Remix)

(Knoc-turn'al)  
Super ugly!

(Xzibit)  
Mr X to tha Z

(Knoc-turn'al)  
Yeah, Warren (aaahaaa aaaahaaa)  
LA indo  
Gangster and mack mo  
Bullets at your window (dangerous)

(Xzibit)  
Ruthless, hostile, unforgiven  
Who gave you permission to try to stop me from livin huh?  
Try again faggot  
You've gotta ride better than that  
To move out in front of the pack  
It's two thousand and two  
My backpack raps got my backpack strapped and filled with plaques  
I ain't relaxed or laid back at home with my feet up  
I drop Pradda, lock and load, heat the streets up  
You weak f\*\*k  
Shakin and dancing  
Ya'll takin pills, we takin penitentiary chances  
I'm too advanced-is  
Never the same when I hit it and quit it  
You want it come get it, I'm wit it  
When I say that I'm wit it  
That means I got a main defense team that's gon get me acquitted  
G's is walkin out the courtroom like George Jefferson  
Stop the interviewin, the faggot had it comin to him

(Knoc-turn'al)  
Warren G!

(Warren G)  
What ya'll thought, I wasn't gonna return with a hit  
Too much smokin that Sherman shit  
I learnt this from the best that got ya'll sprung (what)  
The-the doctor Andre Young  
Compton, LB, ain't nothing y'all can tell me  
Goin hard on the yard till my dogs bail me  
They tells me I can't proceed wit it  
I came back and got Warren G wit it

(Nate Dogg)  
West coast  
Still smoking on that indo  
Smoke, oh no don't pretend oh no  
I woulda came but I was dead break, no mo  
I'm rollin on some real oh no  
Bout to get it, but niggas trip though  
Let's go  
I'm the realest and they all know  
Real dope  
You need a filter or you will choke  
Indo  
That's all a nigga will smoke  
Oh no

(Shade Sheist)  
Now, niggas better get between their door (door)  
I'm shakin all your shit onto the floor

And niggas don't get it  
But be careful what you ask for you just might get it  
Yo the undisputed middle weight champ runnin like Hopkins  
Clap six to ya shins niggas start hoppin (Sheist never stoppin)  
In other words, if your click full  
Can't press mute and it don't apply now  
I'm feelin funny in the tummy and a nigga ain't been eatin for weeks (I'm sick)  
I ain't trying to get no better  
But rather  
Infect the world leavin Vicks in an old sweater

(Knoc-turn'al)  
Knoc's landin  
Tell me if it ain't me, who got the best plannin (yup)  
Who got your ears tuned it and who keeps you listenin  
Who gots your undivided attention  
Who makes your panties wet girl (what)  
Hold up, pause  
Which nigga on TV that you see makes you wanna give up the draws  
At parties and shows, I mash regardless  
Yo hardest flows couldn't stop this bombardment  
I clench the vision till there's no room for expansion  
All prepared for war it's Knoc's landin  
A nightly stalker, in shadows I walk  
Mindin my own while haters throw soft  
The more I succeed, the more bitches clock  
Through my peripheral vision I watch subconsciously  
Waitin to introduce you to tragedy see  
Knoc's landin

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