

Ras Kass, West Coast Mentality

[Ras Kass]

Strike three, hehe

It's-just-thug-men-tal-i-ty, nigga..

Ha, YEAHHH, ha, yeah-YEAHHH, uh-uhh, uhh..

Ras Kass register Richter with nine point eight tectonic plate quakes
Firm rubber no breaks, California plates Golden State
Catch me sittin on the roof, bumpin Snoop
"Gin and Juice" reminiscin bout the rides and gang truce
Seventy degrees in the winter - tropical weather
and vendettas cause L.A. niggaz be all about they cheddar
Hoochie bitches and B.G.'s too big for they britches
Curb servin, they double up to get richer
Fuck around them lil' niggaz comin to get'cha and get wit'cha
Dump until six hit'cha, don't let the sunshine and palm trees
fool you get the picture, niggaz be in Hollywood thinkin it's all good
But everything South of Wilshire, is all hood
Niggaz committin murder
Later that night at Tommy's eatin a chili-cheese burger
Menace II Society, seen that
Kobe and Shaq - Lakers bout to bring the championship ring back
From Ladera Heights to Venice Beach
Dime pieces with BMW leases and Cartier timepieces
I was born to raise West coast til my casket drop
Throw up a dub, spittin at the camera like 'Pac, ptooeey

Chorus: Ras Kass (repeat 2X)

Would y'all get down for me, I'ma represent my town
so y'all represent y'all town for me
If a G's gettin made, put it down with me
Homey that's a West Coast Mentality

[Ras Kass]

Three-hundred and ten angels, flossin nine-hundred and nine fdangles(?)
Two-hundred and thirteen sets to gangbang too
Three-hundred and twenty-three hungry homies want steak
Never been greedy, if I ate/eight, one-eight (donate)
So if I gotta choose a coast, I got to choose the West
Born and raised out there, so don't - go there
Oh yeah, I'm the illest nigga, clownin y'all fools
with everything y'all say like Luther Luffeigh
I swoop through L.A. hoe, bendin y'all bitches like clay dough
Fuck what you say doe, these streets are fatal pendejo
So everywhere I go I take West coast with me
Home of the driveby, Thug Life and dickies
What you know about silk shirts (huh?)
Cross corded snakeskin belts, flippin off the front porch
Lesson number one - niggaz don't give a fuck
and lesson number two remember lesson number one

Chorus

[Ras Kass]

See in L.A., niggaz don't walk, niggaz drive whips with beats
Weak niggaz trick, most niggaz say bitches ain't shit
but hoes gotta eat too, they all be at Club Lingerie
with a gay down to meet you
But fuck a three-piece suit
Y'all niggaz dressin like y'all goin to church
Either me and my homies get in lookin like this or we skert
(errrrrrrrrr) and if they bullshittin, we just parkin-lot pimpin'
Sunday night, Jamaican gold, hip-hop and cheeba
Tuesday lesbian divas be up in Peanuts (what)

I be fuckin baby girl and her stud
Plus she said my dick was big, my shit be up in the gut
Waitress bitch tryin to front like we broke, "Whattup loc?"
Give me a Henn' and O.J. without slashin Nicole's throat
C-arson nigga, I'm just the illest emcee
All California Love, rest in peace Bigga B.

Chorus 2X