

Tha Eastsidaz, Nigga 4 Life

(Bad Azz)

We confined to these wordly ways, it's unchanging
The money makes, murder the kids, and gangbangin
The stock market crashed, they watchin my black ass
You pop em for fast cash so we dies over dollars
Get wise hold the knowledge, we rides know the choices
The key to the future, the devil he wanna shoot ya
Fuck em they call us niggs I'm tryin to make a livin
Do some touchin, you know I'm pretty good with the bustin
Trustin nothin you can buy if your money in discretion
We'll beat you and car jacks and leave you wit a concussion
We the gang, we mash and blast and maintain
Still the same, just fuckin wit a brand new thang
Bang, bang, take that, nigga 'fore we skirt out
Aint gotta say shit already put the word out
Ya heard how the thang goes down around us
We playas, so haters can't clown around us
On point, big fat blunts and joints
And get drunk, this cold world, they aint givin a fuck
About you livin let alone you livin it up
Niggas is stuck, I'm tryin to keep my head above water
Not stressed about dyin for a quarter in a shorter
My time get the heart of my rhymes, get a nigga get better with time
And wonderin how I'm goin by, can't help it in the heat of the
Heartless hood, it's all good

CHORUS: Snoop Dogg

You's a nigga when you born, a nigga when you dyin
Nigga quit lyin you's a nigga for life
You's a nigga when you ridin, a nigga when you sidin
Nigga quit tryin you's a nigga for life
You can paint your face and change your nose and buy new clothes
But you know what...
You cant change who the fuck you are
You's a motherfucking nigga for life

(Goldie Loc)

It's all sowed up, in the LBC
Bitches breakin bread when they see the lil ass gee
I keeps my finga on the trigga cuz I'm down for this bangin shit
Quick to do it for the cause bitch I smash for my dogs
So don't get close to my nine
Cuz if you do you in store to see your nigga do the crime
Sirens goin off, niggas bowin down
Now you know about to rip gut fools ready to clown
Nigga fuck you bitches, and you hoes and you sluts
You tricks don't know what the fuck's up
On the eastside we ride, nigga 24 / 9
Tryin to keep my hands on somethin nigga at all times
Ready for war now that my pockets got bigger
You other fools die when I ride for my niggas
Cuss, bust, and fuss and kick up dust
What you laughin at nigga don't get your bitch ass rushed

CHORUS

(Tray Deee)

As a child I was wild as fuck, and down to dump
And kept a sawed off brown to pump
And my reputation never takin time to thank
Role models, holdin bottles, as we ride and drink
Livin right and plottin how to come up off the bottom
Black stockings in our pockets and I pocket profits
Fuck a school, I tuck a tool and start steppin

First lesson, aint no question, you gotta have protection
Sheets on the streets showin niggas defeats
And most beef don't cease 'til the trigga release
Livin hard, givin scars, gettin noise from hustlin
Slangin gangbangin run a game in musslin
Trustin nothin, sayin fuck it is the slogan
Everywhere we go we off the chronic and the potion
>From the ocean to the city to the valley to the bay
Niggas on the mission for the cabbage every day
Cutthroats, gunsmoke, dope and hoes
What controls niggas souls on the streets I roll
Bold letters think the gangs where I bang is at
Saints, Cowboys, Steelers and Raider hats
Though I know we all the same no matter what we claim
If you a nigga you a nigga and that aint gon change
We love Martin Luther King but respected Malcolm
Cuz he didn't give a fuck about the outcome

CHORUS 2X