

# 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