

Tha Eastsidaz, Now Is The Time

(Intro: Kokane + (Snoop Dogg))

Ohhh... Chassa-deeee

(They say Tray Deee, is a way G, baby - he's way too crazy)

From the LBC, Chassa-deeee

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La da da da da da da

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From the LB (LB)

(Tray Deee)

What up cuhz? You know ain't nothin' different on mines

When I hit up motherfuckers with that look in my eyes

It's a statement that I'm makin' and ain't takin' no backtalk

I'm blowin' niggaz hats off as soon as my gat cough

The last thought you rappin' niggaz should think

Is you could never get as gangsta as Tray Deee on the beat

On the streets, over beef, you don't compete with uno

You know - the general a criminal do-low

Committed 'cause I'm wit it, then I spit it and live it

Niggaz timid in my vision, I cause tension and thinkin'

By my presence I'm the answer to societys hate

A true rider with the mind to push the mightiest weight

Fools petty and they ready, steady comin' with bullshit

A full clip what you'll get that hit like a mule kick

A sure hit, that's all I'm aimin' for when I blast

Motherfuckers hit the deck once I go in the dash

(Chorus: Snoop Dogg)

Now is the time, this is the place

To bang back the khakis with the Chuck's fat laced

West is the Coast, East is the side

Long Beach is the city where them gangstas ride

Money brings power, power bring respect

Disrespect the set I gots to grab the tec

This is how it goes and that's how it's done

Eastside 2-1 in the land of the thug

(Tray Deee)

Yeah niggaz, how you figure that the game gon' wait?

I came home straight from the pen to take yo' place

Ain't no chase, this paper comin' soon as I post up

And watch the victim clock and catch him choppin' his dope up

Fuck his hopes up - stripped, gagged, and roped up

Take the whole cut and leave him swoll and ghost up

I'm ruthless, I shoot Crips and Bloods alike

Thug for life, come and catch the slugs at night

Insane mental frame, feel no shame or pitty

Since the game is shitty I gots to bang the city

Strictly gangsta so I bring the terroristical heat

Rap, scrap, jack, and mack to reach the tip of the peak

This is the Beach, now any nigga got a rebuttal -

gon' be eatin' what he speakin' once he peek at the muzzle

Struggled hard for my title and intend to hold it

You want it? - then all invitations open

(Chorus: Snoop Dogg)

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(Tray Deee)

I take seven ol' B's put 'em in the street
Then that's seven more bustas who claim they got heat
And it'll take seven more C's 'fore I start to reach
Then that's 2-1 for the set I left stretched out in the street
Tray Deee never do it easy, fool so don't expect it
Niggaz get checked and they sets disrespected
No question, I'm all you ever thought that you was
Til' you ran across the boss and now you coughin' up blood
Shoot first, fools curse 'fore they kick up dust
Clip gon' bust, then they gon' have to pick loc up
All that talkin' 'cause I'm chalkin' whole districts off
Senseless loss, a curb where niggaz piss me off
Conflict with my click, get your bitch ass touched
All my comrads bomb fast, it's as sick as fuck
2-1 'til I'm done, never run from the turf
Check the cash when we mash. always rugged, the worst

(Chorus: Snoop Dogg)

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(Outro: Kokane) + (Snoop Dogg)

Kokane ad libs

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