

# The Game, Westside Story Featsnoop Dogg (Pro

(Verse 1)

Crip niggaz, Blood niggaz, Essay's, Asians,  
Dominicans, Puerto Ricans, White Boyz, Jamaicans,  
Latin Kingz, Disciples, Vicelords, Hatians,  
All these mutha f\*\*kas been patiently waiting,  
Since the west coast fell off the steets been watchin,  
The west coast neva fell off i was asleep in Compton,  
Aftermath been here the beats been knockin,  
Nate Dogg doin his thing DPG still poppin,  
I got California love f\*\*kin bitches to that Pac shit,  
And westside connection been had it locked bitch,  
I'm in the rear view my guns is cockin,  
I'll put red dots on that nigga head like rodman,  
All stars, phat laces, gun charge, court cases,  
Faught that, not guilty im back,  
Niggas hate me been there, done that, sold crack,  
Got jacked, got shot, came back jumped on Dre's back, payback,  
Homie i'll bring ur CA back,  
And i dont do button up shirts or drive Maybacks,  
All u old record labels tryin to advance,  
Aftermath bitch take it like a mutha f\*\*kin man,

(chorus x2)

If you take a look in my eyes,  
You see i'll be a gangsta till I die,  
That California chronic got me so high,  
Game tell them where your from,  
Nigga westside!

(Verse 2)

I'm lowridin homie, 6 Tre impala,  
Gold d spinnin, chrome hydraulics  
Run up on my low-low you stop breathin,  
Hollow tips make niggas dissappear like houdini,

Gang bangin is real,  
Homie im livin proof like Snoop Dogg C-Walkin on top of da devils roof,  
Rap critics wanna converse, about this and that,  
'cause red strings in this converse and this a Dre track,  
Keep jibberin jabberin i'll pull a .38 magnum,  
And get the clickin and clackin,  
You'll homies will wanna kno what happened,  
Come to Compton and see thriller like Mike Jackson,  
I might be Spike Lee, of this gun clappin,  
Prior to rappin I was drug traffic, and  
In the dope spot playin John Madden,  
Homie I aint braggin, I took five,  
If u wanna die run up on that black 745

(chorus x2)

(Verse 3)

New York New York, big city of dreams,  
I got my L.A Dodger fitted on im doin my thing,  
Got me f\*\*kin wit G-Unit you kno the drama that bring,  
I got niggas in Westside Compton and Southside Queens,  
And Buck told me in Cashville I'm good when I come through,  
So i don't gotta tuck in my chain like DJ Poo,  
I'm gangsta more like Deebo when he was Zeus,

Play bishop I paint that picture now who got the juice,  
You niggas is nuts so, i take off ur roof,  
Leave your ass steched out like a Cadillac Coupe,  
God gotta let me in heaven all the shit I been through,  
I was an OG in the hood before i truned 22,  
Homie I'll let the .38 special rip through that vest,  
And I don't contemplate whether or not he left that shit on the dresser,  
Got Compton on my back,  
Im startin to feel the pressure,  
I'm lyrically Kool G. Rap on these Dre Records

(chorus x2)