

# TQ, Westside Part III (Buddah Remix)

(feat. Jayo Felony, Kam)

[Intro: TQ]

I was just a young boy  
The remix, this is the way we do it

[Verse 1: TQ]

Now I'm standing on the corner, high as fuck  
Thinking 'bout bustng a nut  
And you can say what you wanna  
It's all about hips and butts and other ways to come  
Why do they hate all our Khakis embrace  
When you're right in the way  
It's just another sunny day in California  
Seven, eight [?] poppa Snoop Dogg dipping down the show with the dubs up

[Chorus: TQ]

I thought you heard about it  
I proclaim to hate  
In the city where you bang and bang  
Dames wear sexy things  
Just to get you for your change  
And chickens don't know  
You'd better be careful this shit could take over your brain  
Westside, westside, where we bang, westside, westside

[Verse 2: Jayo Felony]

I bang with [?] solid, get them mad for the tip up out your wallet  
Bitches I shine with a five hundred line long rhyme  
I come from the State where the bitches be fine on main line  
It ain't no crime to see I ride a whore when I hit it from behind  
You must be out your rabbit ass mind you think your bitch jab a lot  
You got chips cause here it don't matter when you ain't hit the right spot  
Cause you wanna roll with the thugs that ain't scared to get a swing on  
Bang gone TQ the whisper that been this bomb bitch here, sing on  
I'm bullet [?] you low as my religeon I ain't from [????]  
If you done believe me then you can come and see me  
I'm banking, folks had better not come from S.D.C.  
B-ITCH!!!

[TQ:] Yeah, my nigga Jayo, today yo, y'all done heard about it?

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Kam]

I live this westlife see the stress strife  
Knife and needles niggas with the sticky green  
They make Viki jeans and white Filas  
T-shirt, new chicks be hurting new tricks  
You brake laws doing wrong, chewing those straws and two-fix  
One time to greet you with a drawn gun  
They can't stand to see us having fun these assholes be on one  
Niggas on the run just like a free laid light  
Don't house arrest her in an orange vest working on the free-way  
But we play for keeps, my peeps I represent  
I'm laying down a law and order boy and quarter roy a time spinner  
Venom like a snake, I make your muscles lock  
So I give my spray can a shake and strike your whole block  
Son, you've got me twisting like the [?] on a Guinness stout beer

Cause when it come to L.A. rap, I'm the tightest nigga out here  
(Woo shit!) Niggas got amunessure but Kam sees ya

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: TQ]

[Repeat through out outro: Westside, westide]

Yeah! On the remix,  
in case y'all didn't know that was my nigga Jayo,  
my homeboy Kam and TQ. Y'all never saw us coming.  
Westside westside...