

W.C., It's All Bad

(Talking) Back again...It's the jankiest the jankiest
Still gettin' my stalk on walk on

Verse 1

One of the G'est WSC riders
One about the Feds on camera with the folded bandanna
It's me the G you be a seein' Nightrain sipper
two fingers split I'ma get her once again I bring her
Skip skip throw it up throw it up give it up or get rolled up
swole up thought I told ya 'bout this Maad Circle Soldier
Allstars locs pieces khakis and linens
the OG Godfather with the blue feather in it
The shadiest nigga what's crackin' who got the sack and
nigga what they goin' for everybody's on the floor
Make way for the loccest cutthroat with a beard long as Moses
walkin' through yo camps and striking penitentiary poses
A straight vet Connect Gang is my set
Since a rook I did everything in the book
Puttin' those thangs on ya like bing bing when I get ya
Loc this rap game ain't ready for a real cap nigga

Chorus

Not just clownin' we got thousands
still out bangin' the streets
Playas get jacked from thinkin' I'm acting
y'all can't see WC

(Repeat)

Verse 2

Now bow to the shadiest hood patrollin' west rollin'
7 figure nigga still hi fi growin'
Pistol holdin' bailin' with nothing but trues
jumping out the fo' in the corduroy house shoes
WC a G been in these streets for years
been loccin' since the Force MD's were singing "Tears"
Now what the fuck a new nigga got to say to me
I was pullin' 211's when KDAY was the Beat
1984 Lo Cali Sports Arena
and off of jams I'm jackin' fools for Filas
When Run DMC and Jam Master first bust
we was snatchin' mothafuckas outta Nissan trucks
Raised from a crew of real killers and knick kickers
that never ran on ya but was quick to put them hands on ya
(Talking) Ha ha Man y'all better figure us out quick
Ain't no rappers here we felons trying to make money at this here.

Chorus

Verse 3

It's the cap peeler night grinder west rider hood ratacider
Deuce 4 7 all day everyday
4 deep hittin' corners in a rag Chevrolet
Started out nada before I turned rich I used to do it for free
but now I ride for the paper
Maad Circle hit 'em up like bam
Where y'all from them enemies don't act dumb
y'all know where we from
It's that 15th letter 2 times with the S
cut off Dickie wearing descendant from the West
Steady square dumping in the center where the crowd
with my flag on my head tied Aunt Jemima style
But ain't nobody trippin' cause we all about the ends
plus fool I don't set trip I set trends
now after this I'm givin' y'all about a year
We gone see how many niggas grow braids in they beard.
Chorus with ad libs 'til end