

Westside Connection, Cross 'Em Out And Put A 'K

INTRO:(ICE CUBE)

Brrrgh!

Ai!Ai!

In about four seconds,a gangsta will begin to speak

VERSE ONE:(MACK 10,ICE CUBE,WC)

Well it's the mad chickenhawk with the dirty lick style

And pullin 211's ever since TAA-DOOW

There's ten million ways to die

Choosin Mack and hit the boopin floosin

Off this gang-bang music

So all I'd wanna got the room stumped

I'm smokin,make dough like Trump

Cookin ??? to they chunk,punk!

Straight off dust,nigga trust I bust

And cross em out and put a'K if they ain't down with us

It's off the hook,nigga,I'm a Westside crook,nigga

The forty motherfuckin dollars on my books,nigga

I'm not an MC,I'm not a G

I mean I'm A-to fuckin-Z and everything in between

Rappers like gangbangin cos I'm in it to the fullest

And my hood ain't never dodgin bullets

It's all about the Bloods and Crips,no one tri-ips

Colours and dips,bitches and chips,nigga!

Woo-000-000-000-000-000

What's this my ??? low-grader system

That takes puff B-I-itches on the premises

Nigga be dissin on a down low

So now my motto's:"Fuck every rapper from the East and the West Coast"

New School,Old School,I hate you motherfuckers

I'm steady plottin,cracklin my ass wit'cha album covers

Cross em out and put a'K

Then no Saint days,nigga,then run the fuckin holidays

Chorus (3x): Ice Cube, Mack 10, WC

'Ey! I Cross 'Em Out and Put a 'K!

Inglewooooood!

Nigga! To South Central L.A.!

VERSE 2:(MACK 10,ICE CUBE,WC)

Goddamn nigga!This shit make me sick

All these West Coast cowards ridin New York beat(Brrrgh!)

Busters get sprayed wearin high-top fades

And Cango's backwards with dark-ass shades

No switchblades,nigga,we shoots

That's how it is on the West when you're true to your roots

So kill the action,punk,hootchie bitches clown

Nigga get your sag on and keep your pants legs down

Check it!Ho shut your mouth and get naked!

I'm Connected and ain't no bitches singin on this record

No R&B tracks,just niggas on wax

Kickin facts with these gang-bang raps

Every nigga in the industry wanna rap with me

Like it's all good,you ain't from my hood

Nigga,I don't even like your shit,I don't like your form

I'm true,your through,nigga FUCK you!

Nigga get off,this shit is wacked

Fuck that,I bust you in the can with a motherfuckin propajack

Spit on ya,shit on ya when I get on your pissil

You're goin up and your fuckin cos I ain't lovin none of ya

And even the female rappers are gettin smacked
Stabbed in the titties and kicked in the back
Cos I'm a westside Connection hista
Bored from a lover dishin nothin but (?foolers?) and dirty rubbers

CHORUS

INTERLUDE:(ICE CUBE)

Brrrrgh!

In about four seconds,a killa will begin to speak

VERSE THREE:(MACK 10,ICE CUBE,WC)

Now you can cross out the busters and snitches
B-Real and Miss Muggs is like Hollywood bitches
From the niggas I know in the streets I run through
Swear to god bitch,real it ain't one dog and no(body)
So watch what you say,who ya talkin bout,ya tweakin
And keep hogs out'cha mouth when ya bitch ass is speakin
I'm sick wit it,cappin'cha dome till I hit it
This Westside Connection,Cypress know they can't fuck with it

Use to get kisses and hugs,now I'm servin ya slugs
Fuck B-Real and Muggs,y'all niggas ain't no fuckin thugs
Be all surprised,everybody dies
From Columbian neckties covered with fright
Ya fuckin maggots,ya fuckin faggots
I shoulda hurt you,every motherfucker that I know wanna hurt you
So when I pull my spray-can to spray
I'm sprayin C-H-K all motherfuckin day

I once knew this bitch by the name of Q-Tip
Who claim he had a problem with this gangsta shit
Behind closed doors,runnin his mouth like a trick-in
Till this nigga bout the name of Dove caught him slippin
Tied his ass up and threw him in the truck
Put an apple in his mouth and dug his ass out
I ??? ??? lead him then down his body stashed
In a trash bag with a cue-cover in his ass

CHORUS

OUTRO:(ICE CUBE)

Don't go chasin waterfalls
Stick to them dicks and balls you're used to
Punk ass motherfuckers!
Brrrrgh!