

Westside Connection, Izm

(Mack 10)

Yo, somethin dangerous man... (gangstaa...)

(Chorus)

Woooo, do you wanna pimp wit this guy

Do a buck on a ninety-five

Run with them hookers when they payin sheen

Talk of sex-appeal, I was born gangsta...

Shittt, don't play wit me, and in the game I'm as real as they come

Threw the knife, baby, out of the sun

Even a susperstar, Cuz I'm a gangsta...

(W.C.)

Now let's get one thing straight

You fuckin with a nigga thats liable to catch a case

I'll turn ya birthday into your worst day

Bitch I'll have you on a high-speed chase on the first day

Umm, try 'n throw, I'm so, affiliated

This greenery got me sedated, I'm feelin faded

Hood life, the life of a robber on chrome wires n switches

A nigga wit mo' crimes to riches

A ghetto jumpstart, Post it up with the tiny homies in my momma's front yard

A hood pioneer, can't function without the smell of gunpowder

And fish fryin' in the air

I'm a sheist nigga, Check for ice nigga

Bitch, You got the wrong nigga if you want a nice nigga

I'm Dub C, fuck a MC, catch me in a MC on a buck twenty, Bitch fuck wit me...

(Chorus)

(Ice Cube)

Some bitches don't believe I can spit that 'Izm

Till they wind up wit dick all in 'em.

Till they find theyself pullin' off denim

Intoxicated, off this venom

I kick game, big game, Nickname

Insane, Ice Cube spit flame

Yall niggaz gone feel it down-range

Body feel strange (Blah!!) No brain

I'm a throwback, that know how a gangsta do it and a hoe' act

Get off tha dick if you don't wanna blow dat

Cuz bitches trip the Bulls, act like Prozac.

Now there's Gangsta-ism, and tribalism

I'm only fuckin, wit survivalism

Fo-fo to the do' is my religion, Now wha's yours

Pray, before I bust yours...

(Chorus)

Wooo! La la laa la la la la la la, gangsta...

Wooo! La la laa la la la la la la, I'm a gangsta...

(Mack 10)

Every time I come around bitches starin at me

Point nigga Mack 10 from the Dub S-C

Wit a L.A. fitted hat and a fresh white tee

Fulla flair and pizzazz but I'm a straight up G

Cocky cuz I'm rich, look good and I know it

But I'm confused on what to be, a deep boy or poet

Head is mandatory, bitch, there's so much to blow it

If I do fall for you I refuse to show it

So if you think I ain't pimpin, Man that shit is absurd

I stay hard on 'em, fulla 'izm, fuck what chu heard

You say you down for me, shit but thats only words

Wanna show me love bitch, I wanna play wit a bird

So regardless of the weather, bitch don't get the chedda'
And keep big daddy ridin' two-three's or betta
Wood on the dash wit the peanut-butta' leather
And like that Al Qaeda love we can blow up togetha', Holla...

(Chorus)

Wooo! La la laa la la la la la la, gangsta...
Wooo! La la laa la la la la la la, I'm a gangsta...