

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...