

"An open microphone can be dangerous."

(chorus)

[-Duck nigga, west coast.

I can make a promise right now to take ya life.

-Westside, bustin' at ya.

I can be that threat that make you change ya life.

-Duck nigga, west coast.

I can make a promise right now to take ya life.

-Westside, bustin' at ya.

--Terrorist threats, terrorist threats.]

(end chorus)

--(WC)

It's about fuckin' time,

Niggas to came up wit' some real shit,

And start bustin' on you bitch niggas and kill some shit.

Hot shells and cocktails, rags on faces,

A terrorist fuckin' it up in chucks with fat laces.

In my cutoffs I stand with trigger in hand,

And nah bitch I ain't from the Taliban I'm from the Niggaban.

Westside rollin' motherfuckas up,

Call me Dub McVeigh,

I'm 'bout to blow these motherfuckas up.

(repeat chorus)

--(Mack)

We got you niggas scared like a snitch at a gangsta cookout,

And when the meter read red cowards get took out.

Back with more firepower than before,

To us a nuclear bombin' is just a drug war.

And I got no gangsta-izm and stardom and got niggas shakin' that ain't even from Harlem.

Spit rapid fire down in the whole place,

And it's hard to breathe with duck tape on ya face.

(repeat chorus)

--(Cube)

I'm from that WSCG car,

Bea' ya up in ER from m' PR nigga,

Superstar, smokin' on a cigar.

Little homies know who the ol' Gs are.

Been the shit since '86 and even right now,

Ain't gotta brag to these bitches 'bout my lifestyle.

Don't mistake the westsida for Al-Qaeda,

This ain't supafly nigga I'm a spida'.

(repeat chorus)

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