

# Ras Kass, West Coast Mentality

[Ras Kass]

Strike three, hehe

It's-just-thug-men-tal-i-ty, nigga..

Ha, YEAHHH, ha, yeah-YEAHHH, uh-uhh, uhh..

Ras Kass register Richter with nine point eight tectonic plate quakes  
Firm rubber no breaks, California plates Golden State  
Catch me sittin on the roof, bumpin Snoop  
&quot;Gin and Juice&quot; reminiscin bout the rides and gang truce  
Seventy degrees in the winter - tropical weather  
and vendettas cause L.A. niggaz be all about they cheddar  
Hoochie bitches and B.G.'s too big for they britches  
Curb servin, they double up to get richer  
Fuck around them lil' niggaz comin to get'cha and get wit'cha  
Dump until six hit'cha, don't let the sunshine and palm trees  
fool you get the picture, niggaz be in Hollywood thinkin it's all good  
But everything South of Wilshire, is all hood  
Niggaz committin murder  
Later that night at Tommy's eatin a chili-cheese burger  
Menace II Society, seen that  
Kobe and Shaq - Lakers bout to bring the championship ring back  
From Ladera Heights to Venice Beach  
Dime pieces with BMW leases and Cartier timepieces  
I was born to raise West coast til my casket drop  
Throw up a dub, spittin at the camera like 'Pac, ptooeey

Chorus: Ras Kass (repeat 2X)

Would y'all get down for me, I'ma represent my town  
so y'all represent y'all town for me  
If a G's gettin made, put it down with me  
Homey that's a West Coast Mentality

[Ras Kass]

Three-hundred and ten angels, flossin nine-hundred and nine fdangles(?)  
Two-hundred and thirteen sets to gangbang too  
Three-hundred and twenty-three hungry homies want steak  
Never been greedy, if I ate/eight, one-eight (donate)  
So if I gotta choose a coast, I got to choose the West  
Born and raised out there, so don't - go there  
Oh yeah, I'm the illest nigga, clownin y'all fools  
with everything y'all say like Luther Luffeigh  
I swoop through L.A. hoe, bendin y'all bitches like clay dough  
Fuck what you say doe, these streets are fatal pendejo  
So everywhere I go I take West coast with me  
Home of the driveby, Thug Life and dickies  
What you know about silk shirts (huh?)  
Cross corded snakeskin belts, flippin off the front porch  
Lesson number one - niggaz don't give a fuck  
and lesson number two remember lesson number one

Chorus

[Ras Kass]

See in L.A., niggaz don't walk, niggaz drive whips with beats  
Weak niggaz trick, most niggaz say bitches ain't shit  
but hoes gotta eat too, they all be at Club Lingerie  
with a gay down to meet you  
But fuck a three-piece suit  
Y'all niggaz dressin like y'all goin to church  
Either me and my homies get in lookin like this or we skert  
(errrrrrrrrr) and if they bullshittin, we just parkin-lot pimpin'  
Sunday night, Jamaican gold, hip-hop and cheeba  
Tuesday lesbian divas be up in Peanuts (what)

I be fuckin baby girl and her stud  
Plus she said my dick was big, my shit be up in the gut  
Waitress bitch tryin to front like we broke, "Whattup loc?"  
Give me a Henn' and O.J. without slashin Nicole's throat  
C-arson nigga, I'm just the illest emcee  
All California Love, rest in peace Bigga B.

Chorus 2X