## **Paranoid**

## WC

[Chorus #1: W.C.]

Noid, I got these niggaz all paranoid

Noid, I got the big boy joint

Noid, we got these niggaz all paranoid

Boy, Lench Mob is on point[Chorus #2: Ice Cube]

I got to warn ya, this is California

Home grown, get ya dome blown (Blow it back)

South Central couldn't hold his potential

Monumental, hood credentials (Dub Sizzle)

W.C. is like the fundamentals

In the back of Winchell's, with the .4-5 cocked

(Keep it hood) Everybody better hold they spot

Niggaz think they hot but no they not (No)

[W.C.]

Westside, the city where we ride
The city where that niggy put that green up in the sky
Off that Al Green, sippin' a O.E.
Who that G from the L to the E to the N-c-H, M-O to the B?
Bustin' a 'chanical, back for the cash loc
It's that ignorant ass nigga, that motherfuckin' asshole
Backhandin' ya, strapped with another anthem
Hood nigga eatin' pastrami cheese fries in a Phantom
Product of them palm trees, make your lungs bleed
The Coast without me is like a sack of buck weed nigga
Without me on the list the West is like a Chevy on stock rims
Better throw some D's on that bitch and lay low
Cause erasin' me out the strip loc
Is like Ray J and Whitney, that shit's a joke
Who made it safe for y'all to Walk and took it back?

Somebody hand me my locs, punk bitch what you lookin' at?

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(Keep it hood) Everybody better hold they spot
Niggaz think they hot but no they not (No)[Chorus #2: W.C.]
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Noid, I got the big boy joint

Noid, we got these niggaz all paranoid

Boy, Lench Mob is on point[W.C.]

Packin' the heat, now back in these streets

Allow me to touch on y'all like a Catholic priest

Westside gritty hood nigga, kickin' mud on the glitter pants

On all you Pretty Ricky lookin' niggaz

W.C. baby, I got it locked downGot the chopper-chopper that'll knock yo' ass down

Got the Harley if you niggaz wanna ground pound

Got the rag '57 with the top down - follow me

Alive and kickin', pimpin' it's that Westside

Dippin' in a stretch Hummer eatin' Church's fried chicken

With that big double-barrel on me, niggaz can't ignore me

In a pair of Chuck Taylor's reclaimin' my territory[Chorus: Ice Cube]

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Niggaz think they hot but no they not (No)[W.C.]

Damn, c'mon, back to the streets with it

Grip the tec-9 like a spoon 'cause I eats with it

And I ain't a nigga to talk peace with it, I'll squeeze with it

Play for keeps with it, put you under the white sheet with it

It's back on, Lench Mobbin' in a big Brougham

It's been a while but nigga not that long

Still Westside, dumpin' chronic ash with the cannons

Bustin' on you niggaz with them gay ass dances

From the t-shirts and Starter caps

Real recognize real, but y'all niggaz know where gangsta rap started at

Yeah I said it and ain't afraid to say it

I'm from where the sun sit, bitin' my tongue for shit

You know the place that introduced the world to thuggin' and dippin'

The place that got these out of town niggaz Bloodin' and Crippin'

The place where we gun slang

The same place Kobe scored 81 in one motherfuckin' game[Chorus #1: Ice Cube]

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## Lench Mob is on point

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