

# 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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Niggaz think they hot but no they not (No) [Chorus #2: W.C.]  
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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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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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