

West Side (feat. Struggle Jennings)

Upchurch

From the west side
Where the cowboys roam the night
The Monte Carlos rumble by
Under these faded old street lights
Whoa-whoa on the west side rules don't apply
For a man on a mission, (West Side) either you live or you die (Ha ha)
This is my struggle, (You got a choice) this is my story, this is my life
Whoa, (Struggle) welcome to my west side I was born in a flood so I can breathe under water
My father was a martyr on the cross for sons and daughters
Hate and karma's got a price and I collected that payment
Smoke clears, burnt rubber, empty shells on the pavement
Smoke lingers, ears ringin', blood drippin' from a trigger finger
Feelin' like I'll never get right with God
If not I'll gain his trust and gun down the Devil
Boondock Saint, two Glocks in war paint
Soul's not for sale and my hearts never fake
They kept sayin' that I couldn't but I never claimed I can't
See the grind's always worth it when you're searchin' for a purpose
I came up out the furnace beltin' boots made of surface
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Whoa, welcome to my west side
Whoa-whoa, welcome to my west side I was twelve years old walkin' to H&H market
For some Big League gum and a NASCAR of Dale Earnhardt
Skateboarded at St. Lukes, ran from neighbors pit bulls
Yeah, them things had no chains like a broken ass Mongoose
Play t-ball at Charlotte Park with 210 Hillwood class
And I hung out with some crazies down on California Ave
I met them through my cousin Timmy the summer I stayed out west
Ridin' around in that single cab bumpin' The Definition of Real album
Who hotter than me? Yeah, that shit puts me into vibe
Makes me wanna pull out that 90's model roll some tread off of them tires
And every time I pass Metro I think about that time
We swapped seats on I-40 doin' a hundred and five
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>