## **Just Clownin'**

## WC

Back again... It's the jankiest the jankiest Still gettin' my stalk on walk onOne of the G'est WSC riders One about the Feds on camera with the folded bandanna It's me the G you be a seein' Nighttrain sipper two fingers split I'ma get her once again I bring her Skip skip throw it up throw it up give it up or get rolled up swole up thought I told ya 'bout this Maad Circle Soldier Allstars locs pieces khakis and linens the OG Godfather with the blue feather in it The shadiest nigga what's crackin' who got the sack and nigga what they goin' for everybody's on the floor Make way for the loccest cutthroat with a beard long as Moses walkin' through yo camps and striking penitentiary poses A straight vet Connect Gang is my set Since a rook I did everything in the book Puttin' those thangs on ya like bing bing when I get ya Loc this rap game ain't ready for a real cap nigga Not just clownin' we got thousands still out bangin' the streets Playas get jacked from thinkin' I'm acting y'all can't see WCNow bow to the shadiest hood patrollin' west rollin' 7 figure nigga still hi fi growin' Pistol holdin' bailin' with nothing but trues jumping out the fo' in the corduroy house shoes WC a G been in these streets for years been loccin' since the Force MD's were singing "Tears" Now what the fuck a new nigga got to say to me I was pullin' 211's when KDAY was the Beat 1984 Lo Cali Sports Arena and off of jams I'm jackin' fools for Filas When Run DMC and Jam Master first bust we was snatchin' mothafuckas outta Nissan trucks Raised from a crew of real killers and knick kickers that never ran on ya but was quick to put them hands on ya Ha ha Man y'all better figure us out quick Ain't no rappers here we felons trying to make money at this here. It's the cap peeler night grinder west rider hood ratacider Deuce 4 7 all day everyday 4 deep hittin' corners in a rag Chevrolet Started out nada before I turned rich I used to do it for free but now I ride for the paper Maad Circle hit 'em up like bam

Where y'all from them enemies don't act dumb
y'all know where we from
It's that 15th letter 2 times with the S
cut off Dickie wearing descendant from the West
Steady square dumping in the center where the crowd
with my flag on my head tied Aunt Jemima style
But ain't nobody trippin' cause we all about the ends
plus fool I don't set trip I set trends
now after this I'm givin' y'all about a year
We gone see how many niggas grow braids in they beard.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/