

# 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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This is my struggle, this is my story, this is my life  
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://www.1songlyrics.com/>