

# The Maze

DJ Quik

[Verse 1]

Bloods kill blood, Crips kill crips  
Mexicanos kills bloods, everybody trips  
The weed ain't workin, so we all take sips  
Road rage, 9 millis, 7 in the clip  
L.A., L.A. where have you gone  
It used to be a time when we had it full grown  
Now it's, more killin'm, like its no more chillin'  
Worried ex-dope dealers, paranoid villians  
Pissed off nigga shoots the shit out of a kid  
Gunnin' at the cops 'til they open up his fuckin' lid  
We ride or die til we really fuckin' die  
You know hes goin', you can see it his eyes  
So, drink a forty when you hoped he could be saved but  
Tomorrow party with a hole up in his braids what?  
Ain't no love up in the city  
It's only hatin' faces  
You should appologize  
That way you won't catch cases

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Now, if you kill a rapper you'll never get caught  
Yes, I am a rapper and I always fought  
I fought for what was right  
Now I gotta bitches and niggaz hatin' me because I'm outta sight  
And I taste just like castor oil to you  
But I'm not a bitter person, pass the rolls to you  
Hit the blunt, it'll pass the spoils to you  
Wake your brain up, that's what is spose to do  
Now, Black Tone keep me off with spruce blonde  
I'm a send chicken coup over there  
Cause Barbara Bird got 2 blocks  
I ain't studyin' you dumbies cause I got  
2Pac bangin' off in my cassette deck, I'm a shut up  
Gangstas die faster than teachers  
And I can see the whole game from under the bleachers  
Guess a whole lot of mad rappers walkin' around Los Angeles  
But, I ain't one of 'em. I'm just a son of one of 'em

[Chorus]