Ay ay ay ay...

Cal-i-forn-ia, hope-you-got-your-gun If-not-call-one-eight-hundred, HOMICIDE One-eight-hundred, HOMICIDE Cal-i-forn-ia, when-you-need-us You-can-call-us-one-eight-hundred, HOMICIDE One-eight-hundred, HOMICIDE

I'm a motherf\*\*kin Aftermath nightmare, wake up motherf\*\*ker I traded in my black Nike Airs For a white pair of Converse, Dre let me bomb first Get out on bail and still make the concert Ask Eminem, homey I'm Shady Too much West coast dick lick it, remember Jay-Z? "The Chronic" and "Doggystyle" raised me My life like rock, it was based in the 80's Red bandana tied around my face I hope the shit don't jam is how gangsters pray And if God forgives the nigga that shot Suge Then all dawgs should go to heaven in my hood I resurrected this gangster shit And this the motherf\*\*kin thanks I get? Every city got Crips and Bloods But since 'Pac died it ain't been no "California Love"

[Chorus: minus last line]