

La Here's To You

Tha Dogg Pound

LA - here's to you
For being the kind of place a man can do his due
Out here the hippies skip, and they get their kicks
Bumpin' all night long, out on Sunset Strip...

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, players and pimps
We'd like to welcome you all to Los Angeles, California - yessir
(For being the kind of place a man can do his due
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Bumpin' all night long, out on Sunset Strip...)

Run it down the line, Sunset and Vine
Blew a half a zip by the Hollywood sign
Scottie once said it gets better with time
Eastside, Long Beach, but this LA County on minds
Yeah, this is the sign of the times
One of a kind, and this might blow your mind
This ain't no TV show, bow wow, yippie yo
Standin' on your tippy-toe, nigga here we, here we go
Crenshaw Boulevard, everywhere niggas hard
Left 'em burnin' on my auntie's front yard
Don't disrespect or disregard
Shout out to the whole motherfuckin' Crip card
Dip hard, wreck hard, used to pop, lock
You turn on the wrong street and you will get got
Move through the city like fee-fi-fo
Creep slow in a four, motherfuck 5-0

Look, Dogg Pound gangsters, we gotta dump off
Unless you wanna hear that pump cough
Watch who you talk on
And watch the different streets you walk on
I mob like a mobster
Like a motherfuckin' monster
Don't make me approach you
Contraband in my hand with the homes from the land
With a plan to expand and leave with a hundred grand
With my pistol in my hand, just me, Daz and... Big Snoop
That nigga ain't never kept out the loop
Is this the way you livin'?
In this land of the unforgiven
Man, be wary how you livin'
So let me show you where the fuck we livin'

The glamour, the lights, turn the city into the place you wanna be at
Them Dogg Pound gangsters, yeah, yeah, we bizzack
Four-figure raw to Pacific Palisades
I counted kindly with culture, blow it in the fray
Blind by the sun rays, I put on my locs
Skirt that Sunset as I ride and smoke
I'm clockin' 22 miles on that famous boulevard
Echo Park, Silver Lake, never smoked in my car
Treacherous and arrogance, yeah, it's four lanes wide
Esses, Asians, niggas, yeah, and One-Time
History is stymied from...
From prostitution to whole-sellin' all that
Live on Sunset strip with a black-and-white, blam, blam

Pistol on the grip, yeah, takin' others' shit
You see us as we ride by
Exit 405, now this shit is gettin' live, we in...