Born In LA

The Evidence

Born in LA, it's hard to get star-struck Born in LA so I always keep my guard up Born in LA, must deal where I stay Everyday, everyday

I'm from a city that breeds death, multiple shots firing Home of the violent niggas wilding, half-city half-island I was born in the wood, raised in the San Fernando valley Where there's eses and mostly Bloods Big family so I had covers from different hoods That taught me the landscape of the city and I was good Driven by the desire to document the lives under fire Then present it to you through the wire Had to struggle with gang codes and navigate a path Through the maze of Los Angeles becoming a man Hopes become smoking the lung up here in the can These streets respect killers and I'm just a man But yet it's still ? remember that Chace told ya The nation is infected by LA gang culture I'm an all-game reporter live from the center Where respected as an artist and a thorough street, nigga My birthplace, my home, and I'll be buried on Prairie across the street from where I was born in LA

I'm from a place where stars are born Weather is never cold, hearts are never warm The gang capital, night time injection, cut life is lethal And daytime is a sunny place for shady people It's your boy, my father stole his son out the hospital No loot wasn't stopping his joy, had it popping Raised in Santa Monica till their divorce Six years old, I couldn't see what was coming Of course the plan, mom bounced on old man Then we moved to the Venice sand A young youth seen gangs firsthand Faked address for school, two educations Rich friends then back to my land You was hard where I'm from, it's a well-known fact Whether a white cat, brown, or black When you heard shots it was never from starter pistols Every night's Fourth of July, launch your missiles LA is different since my best friend is gone Some moved locations, some just moved on (Rest in peace) The neighbourhood changed, new faces came along Had me asking myself if this a place I belong My hustle is strong, I'm up before them Rap caffeine marathon long, determined Venice, California, 90291, let's go

I got a sixth sense for danger man, a second-hand nature for war The biggest rivals in my city is the law I'm from that Pico Union district homie, fuckk what you thought We got trees, windows, and raw, whatever you on I'm just a pawn in that federal plan to get us all on A nice little high, shoot each other for crumbs One by one, dying from wars that's won by none Some might come and make a bastard out of my son So I'm strapped with a gun making sure the axis that come From my body are only medicine pass through my lungs I got that downtown psyche, Cortez with a Nike logo Locos like me treated pipes like wifeys Buying up and down the blocks nightly Don't take my block lightly We're screwed up like everybody in the world might be Born into Union the 17th out the womb In the 70's repping Lost Angels through the musical melodies