

LA

The Game

I'm coolin' in LA
The place where stars are born
And it ain't never cold outside
Because the rain will never stop
And the stars ain't only in the sky
Because the stars lay on the floor
And I-I-I-I, I got the city on lock if you wanna explore
And baby I been coolin' in LA

Pull up to the Rosco's
Only guy here, cause niggas from here
Know you gotta swerve around the potholes
Eatin' chickens with these chickens, politician'
We gon' get a new team or not
They up and down like Impala switches
All these girls got extensions, even with the long hair
Everybody trippin', we mix Ciroc with Patron here
Don't walk around alone here, everybody from a gang
Niggas ask you where you from
That mean you gotta run that chain
Smokin' on that purple rain
We only smoke a certain strain
Soon as you call twice nigga
Welcome to the circle maine
Catch me off of rodeo, Alamita, Figueroa
Whoop these rappers ass, they all bums nigga, skid row
And I ain't dissin' homeless people, I be down there feedin' niggas
100 days, 100 nights, we killin' for no reason nigga
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, look at me in my Impala

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La-la-la-la-la-la
Baby when you comin' to LA
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

I'm from that big blue raggin', tip toe taggin'
Mustard and mayonnaise, with .. on the wagon
Brown paper baggin', baby mama naggin'
.. the skinny jeans, gucci .. straight saggin'
Pleasure of, and agony, black jeans Cagney
The wood is the wood, but the hood is like a cavity
So much tragedy, rarely see clarity
I'm like a ..., charity, sincerely
Los Angeles, scandalous, handle us how?
We the ones you get your swag from, write that down
Home of the green leaf, watch out now
High school lesson, y'all can drop out now
California highway, California my way
I do it that way, then roll a fat jay

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, look at me in my Cadillac car

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Baby when you comin' to LA

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

I got LA poppin', cars be hoppin'

No refreshing these hoes, they keep shoppin'

Sunset droppin', chicken heads flockin'

No recess, my flows, there's no stoppin'

DeLorian rollin', pockets stay swollen

Drive down to .., East Los is where I'm goin'

Cholo swagger, qe pasa wassup?

I'm rockin it, inhale

LA native, LA Raider, LA Rams, motherfucken' traitors

LA Clippers, LA Lakers, trippin' off Kobe, you the motherfucken' greatest

LA Dodgers, finger to the Padres

East Los niggas sayin' chinga to madres

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, look at me in my fancy car

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(Compton, Compton, Compton, Compton, Compton)

It's time to blackout, time to spit this crack out

Niggas been fiendin' for this shit, aftermath .., crackhouse

The way I spit, niggas'll think I pulled the mack out

I said the way I spit, niggas'll think I blew J-Lo back out

Still Compton nigga, fuck y'all thought I went on vacation?

Same nigga that used to break in houses and steal PlayStation's

I hate waitin'

I told Dre to put out Detox, or I'm a do it

This is that nigga, The Chronic mixed with embalming fluid

Bring your chin here blood, so I can put this lama to it

Disrespectful nigga, see this window? I see ya mama through it

Do it for the coast, so we can toast to it

Who showed you all the Pirus? The SA's and how the Los do it?

Similar to how the vice lords and folks do it

You remember .., I'll rest, I'm the closest to it

Put on for my city bitch cause I'm supposed to do it

Straight outta Compton, I'm the fucken movie poster to it, nigga