

Put your lighters up if you want to
Pull your motherfucking Dodger cap
Over your motherfucking eyes, 'til you can't see shit
I want you to go blind nigga
So you can feel how I felt, when I was in that motherfucking coma

Raised in the City of Angels where it's safe
And danger switch lanes so stranger drive slow (drive slow)
Where bangers and gangstas, fast women'll bank up
Just, part of a face, that we show
We got mountains and ocean, we move in slow motion
Off that sticky you walk up to go
I swear, ain't nothing better there
That's why we all take our hats off to you, the one more

Come to my hood hood, look at my block block
That's that project building, yeah that's where I got shot, shot
Cause I was more hood than Suge, had more rocks than Jay
More scars on my face than the original "Scarface," or the homeboy Scarface
Al Pacino couldn't be no gangsta, DeNiro in "Casino" he no gangsta
Wanna be, wanna see, wan' get a shovel
dig Tookie up nigga, cause he know gangstas
Niggas think cause they watched "Menace" a couple times
Seen Cube in "Boyz N the Hood" and pressed rewind
That you could survive when a real Crip
run up on your car and flexed a nine?
You must be out of yo' mind, a real Blood'll put you out of yo' mind
Just stay the fuck up outta my hood
where my niggas take you up outta yo' shine
It ain't a movie dawg, hell yeah this a real fucking Uzi dawg
I'm 'bout to hop inside my Impala, try to keep up, don't lose me y'all

I know the real O-Dog, and that nigga know the real Game
I call him Lorenz Tate, and he ain't never been in no gang
But he been in my house house, and he sat on my couch couch
While I put one in the air so yeah that nigga know what I'm 'bout, 'bout
I'm 'bout my hood, I'm 'bout my block, I'm 'bout my chips
So if the rap money stop and I punch a clock
catch you slippin at a light {GET OUT YO' SHIT!}
You jack niggas, out-of-towners, and rap niggas
And ball players cause we ball player, we chop it up, with them trap niggas
We (OutKasts), we (Big Boi's), (Ludacris) with them big toys
Where I'm from it's only two things
standing on the corner, me and that liquor store
Look what the Bloods did to Weezy, look what the Crips did to Jeezy
This gangbangin shit ain't nothing to play with
Me and Snoop Dogg just made it look easy

Y'all niggas got this L.A. shit real fucked up man
Niggas better start respectin what the fuck we about man
We take niggas the fuck out, this shit ain't no movie dawg
This shit is real - Crips, Bloods, Ese's
We hold shit down, this L.A.
Word to shit on my face, put a motherfucking star behind it
What the fuck I am, Star-face
L.A. Chronicles, L.A.X. Files