

State of Emergency

The Game

California ain't a state it's a army!

One fuckin nigga in the projects killin'
The same motherfucker that would burn down the villains
Where the niggas blunt full of that
You know, who gone take you back to Compton In that 64 two door
Sub woofers in the trunk kickin' that lethal injection
A hood nigga lost with no direction
so he bought a black smith & wesson
strapped on his vest and that's his protection
At the intersection waitin' on the robber
cuz in the city of Angels it's all about survival
motherfuck the 5-0, They wanna see you DOA, welcome to L.A.
Where the ghetto birds flyin over my auntie's and my cuzin's house
tell me what they buzzin bout
the little homie got smoked on the corner
And now his momma cryin', dead in califronia

Motherfuckers ain't gone learn
Till the chronic blunt don't burn
And you can't see nuthin' but the ghetto bird light shinin
through the fuckin' palm trees
California ain't a state it's a army
(2x)

Jumped in my impala took a trip to the swap meat
The scoop bought EGO trippin and some white T's
Cus some niggas in my old hood don't like me
time to put the niggas on check, like my Nike's
shoulda heard my my nigga Mack 10 on the chirp
All I need is me and my bitch
If you scared go to church
Cuz in Californina niggas crack heads for the turf
And life ain't nuthin but Teck-9's and dirt
Dippin through the the jungles, my escalade hit a dip
Here come the gorillas in the mist
and they dressed like Ice Cube was in 96
Stone cold jherri curl and not one drip
I sleep with the worms before I swim with the fish
And I ride with my niggas before I roll witta bitch
If it don't make dollars it don't make sense
And I almost got shot because I hit a fence

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Call the U.S. government and tell em it's a mutherfuckin code red
Niggas tried to straight up jack me and now they both dead
third little nigga got away on his mo-ped
caught him 'round the corner put the beam on his forehead
Jumped in the impala then smashed through the light
without a one time in sight
So I bust a right on Century headed to the L.A.X.

where there ain't nuthin but fly bitches and checks
In and out of lanes and I almost wrecked
Off Brand a nigga in the 600 throwin up his set
he must don't know I got the 40 on deck
and the tec tryin be shit time to flex
it's the third this shit happened to me all day
guess it's time to add another dead body to the throw away
So I turned down my Spice 1 tape and hit the switch
emptied the whole clip in his fuckin face

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