

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