

# To Live And Die In L.A (Feat. Val Young)

2Pac

[Dominique] Street Science, you're on the air  
What do you feel when you hear a record like Tupac's new one?  
I love Tupac's new record Right, but don't you feel like that creates  
A tension between East and West?  
He's talking about killing people  
I had sex with your wife and not in those words  
But he's talking about I want to see you deceased No doubt, to live and die in LA  
California, what you say about Los Angeles  
Still the only place for me that never rains in the sun  
And everybody got love To live and die in LA, where everyday we try to fatten our pockets  
Us niggas hustle for the cash so it's hard to knock it  
Everybody got they own thing, currency chasing  
Worldwide through the hard times, warrior faces  
Shed tears as we bury niggas close to heart  
What was a friend now a ghost in the dark, cold hearted bout it  
Nigga got smoked by a fiend, trying to floss on him  
Blind to a broken man's dream, a hard lesson  
Court cases keep me guessing, plea bargain  
Ain't an option now, so I'm stressin', cost me more  
To be free than a life in the pen  
Making money off of cuss words, writing again  
Learn how to think ahead, so I fight with my pen  
Late night down Sunset liking the scene  
What's the worst they could do to a nigga got me lost in hell  
To live and die in LA on bail, my angel sing [Chorus: x2]  
To live and die in LA, it's the place to be  
You've got to be there to know it, what everybody want to see It's the, City of Angels and constant danger  
South Central LA, can't get no stranger  
Full of drama like a soap opera, on the curb  
Watching the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe  
So many niggas getting three strikes, tossed in jail  
I swear the pen the right across from hell, I can't cry  
'Cause it's on now, I'm just a nigga on his own now  
Living life Thug style, so I can't smile  
Writing to my peoples when they ask for pictures  
Thinking Cali just fun and bitches,  
Better learn about the dress code, be's and see's  
All them other niggas copycats, these is G's  
I love Cali like I love woman

'Cause every nigga in LA got a little bit of Thug in him  
We might fight with each other, but I promise you this  
We'll burn this bitch down, get us pissed  
To live and die in LA  
(Let my angel sing)[Chorus]'Cause would it be LA without Mexicans?  
Black love brown pride and the sets again  
Pete Wilson trying to see us all broke, I'm on some bullshit  
Out for everything they owe, remember K-DAY  
Weekends, Crenshaw, M-L-K  
Automatics rang free, niggas lost they way  
Gang signs being showed, nigga love your hood  
But recognize and it's all good, where the weed at?  
Niggas gettin' shermed out  
Snoop Dogg in this motherfucker perved out, M.O.B.  
Big Suge in the Low-Low, bounce and turn  
Dogg Pound in the Lex, wit a ounce to burn  
Got them Watts niggas with me, O-F-T-B  
They got some hash took the stash left the rest for me  
Neck bone, Tre, Head Ron, Punchy too  
Big Rock got knocked, but this one's for you  
I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hoping it pay  
Getting high watching time fly, to live and die in LA  
(Let my angel sing)[Chorus]This go out for 92.3, and 106  
All the radio stations that be bumping my shit  
Making my shit sells quadruple quitruple platinum,  
This go out to all the magazines that supported me  
All the real motherfuckers  
All the stores, the mom and pop spots  
A&R people, all y'all motherfuckers  
LA, California Love part motherfucking Two  
Without gay ass Dre

Songwriters

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