How To Survive In South Central

Ice Cube

And now, the wonderous world of
Hey, come to Los Angeles
You and your family can have peace and tranquility
Enjoy the refinement
Hey Bone, hey nigga where you at though?
[Incomprehensible]Hello, my name is Elaine
And I'll be your tour guide through South Central Los Angeles
How to survive in South Central
A place where bustin' a cap is fundamental
No, you can't find the shit in a handbook
Take a close look, at a rap crook
Rule number one, get yourself a gun
A nine in your ass'll be fine
Keep it in your glove compartment
'Cause jackers they love to start shit
Now if you're white you can trust the police
But if you're black they ain't nothin' but beasts
Watch out for the kill
Don't make a false move and keep your hands on the steering wheel
And don't get smart
Answer all questions, and that's your first lesson
On stayin' alive
In South Central, yeah, that's how you survive
Hi this is Elaine again
Are you enjoying your stay in South Central Los Angeles
Or is somebody taking your things? Have you witnessed a drive-by?
Okay, make sure you have your Camcorder ready
To witness the extracurricular activities on blacks by the police
So you and your family can enjoy this tape, over and over again
Rule number two, don't trust nobody
Especially a bitch, with a hooker's body
'Cause it ain't nuttin' but a trap
And females'll get you jacked and kidnapped
You'll wind up dead
Just to be safe don't wear no blue or red
'Cause most niggaz get got
In either L.A., Compton or Watts
Pissed-off black human beings
So I think you better skip the sight-seeing

And if you're nuttin' but a mark
Make sure that you're in before dark
But if you need some affection mate
Make sure the bitch ain't a section eight

'Cause if so that's a monkey-wrench hoe
And you won't survive in South Central
Now you realize it's not all that it's cracked up to be
You realize that it's fucked up!
It ain't nothin' like the shit you saw on TV
Palm trees and blonde bitches?
I'd advise to you to pack your shit and get the fuck on
Punk motherfucker
And you need your ass straight smoked
Yo I wanna say whassup to DJ Chilly Chill
Sir Jinx, aiyyo Cube these motherfuckers, don't know what time it is
So show these motherfuckers what's happenin'
Tell these motherfuckers, don't fuck around in South Central
Goddamnit!
Rule number three, don't get caught up
'Cause niggaz aren?t doing anything that's thought up
And they got a vice
On everything from dope, to stolen merchandise
We discern
'Cause South Central L.A., is one big germ
Waitin' for a brother like you to catch a disease
And start slangin' keys
To an undercover or the wrong brother
And they'll smother, a out of town motherfucker
So don't take your life for granted
'Cause it's the craziest place on the planet
In L.A. heroes don't fly through the sky of stars
They live behind bars
So everybody's doin' a little dirt
And it's the youngsters puttin in the most work
So be alert and stay calm
As you enter, the concrete Vietnam
You say, the strong survive
Shit, the strong even die, in South Central
Yeah you bitches, you think I forgot about your ass
You tramp-ass hoes? You better watch out
And for you so called baller-ass niggaz
You know what time it is, South Central ain't no joke
Got to keep your gat at all times motherfuckers
Better keep one in the chamber and nine in the clip goddamnit

You'll sho' get got, just like that, this ain't no joke motherfuckers
Now I wanna send a shout-out to E-Dog, The Engineer
Puttin' his two cents in
This is Los Angeles

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