

# Lax

Michael Giacchino, Tim Simonec & Hollywood Studio

You better get ready for the war  
It's so frustratin', so many hatin'  
Somebody gon' make me break the law  
But I ain't waitin', there's no escapin'  
You better get ready for the war  
A shotgun fanatic, who right back at it  
You get, mopped and dropped like a filthy habit  
X, snatch and grab it, got you hopin' I fail  
'Cuz if I fail you'd be happy like a faggot in jail  
I'm full retail, guaranteed to sell  
In my jet black McClaren with my mademoiselle  
I'm strong arm steady, you fragile and frail  
You think you ready for them steady niggaz? I can't tell  
Sex sells so fuck you all, we came to bubble and ball  
You gettin' shut own soon as I touch down  
Bust rounds, enemies slayed and cut down  
Fully automatic spittin' rounds with no sound  
Break down your whole regime, like an M16  
Make sure the chamber in the barrel is clean  
And the spring that's connected to the firin' pin  
That's connected to the trigger when I squeeze it again, begin  
Dollar menus smell like shit  
Look ma top of the world, the best of the best  
King California, LAX  
Out the hood, in the penthouse, from the projects  
One man, one gun, how the West was won, sing  
It's so frustratin', so many hatin'  
Somebody gon' make me break the law  
But I ain't waitin', there's no escapin'  
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Hit like a heavyweight, breathe deep, meditate  
Make the whole crowd get loud, make 'em levitate  
I ride through my city like a presidential candidate  
LAX, Phantom double R, and accelerate  
Stack build elevate, crash through the prison gate

Generation hate, appetite to eliminate  
X Man don't spit rhymes, I ventilate  
Traffic contraband, yeah, banned through the interstate  
Got a sick flow, didn't know? Let me demonstrate  
Renovate the game, new nigga that you love to hate  
The left hand lands and the right hand devastates  
Half part of your face replaced with a metal plate  
Irate, get snatched to a better place  
Let the detached decorate with the yellow tape  
Detonate, drop bombs, make the earth shake  
In Brazil with a half mill' in the briefcase  
Look ma top of the world, the best of the best  
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