

The Return (feat. Ty Dolla \$ign)

Pac Div

It's the return to the city of the angels and demons
Where the party's still popping while the neighbors is sleeping
Police helicopters flying over our heads
I don't know what happened but I hope that nobody's dead
You know that shit don't stop so now it's back to the basics
Living above the law, that's some classic LA shit
And banging Pac, Cube, Snoop, Eazy, and Dre shit
Been on a hiatus, now we back to our greatness
Since I was kid, my best friend was Kurupt
Yo-Yo was my bitch and DJ Quik was my unc'
Mack 10 and Dub-C taught me to tie my Chucks
And Nate Dogg was my nigga, he never left me on stuck
I give my city a hug and make love to the pavement
Where I live at everyday is like a fucking vacation
Hoes come to my city, looking for a vocation
I tell him get with this pick up or she??
Ya bitch wanna smoke with a nigga
She said you's a broke ass nigga
And girls just wanna have fun
Ride around, top down in the sun
She want a nigga that can
Buy her something, buy her something, buy her something
She need a nigga that can
Buy her something, buy her something, buy her something
Yea, yeaK I heard from this old throwback I been dying to cut down
She used to be a dime, heard she got her a son now
Tryna get at me, but she got a big gut now
And showed up to my crib weighing two hundred plus pounds
You tryna guess if I still got in them guts, wow
I did though, don't act like you never fucked with no big ho
We from that big coast where the 6 4's hop
And where the guns might bust, and where there's none like us
House parties cracking 'til the sun light's up
Name another trio with a buzz like us
Name another trio who can bust like us
Who get love like us, but there's none I trust
Say rest in peace to the homie Chick Hearn
Floss too much and you bound to get served
Talk reckless and it's bound to get heard

Niggas booking flights into town just for the herbs
Don't think it's just the birds
Surfing and sunshine
Run that light and you swerve into one time, some broke, some fly
Cutthroat, cut ties
That nigga sixteen, how he get double life, for tryna bubble white
Pack heats and
Niggas after cash like it's always tax season
Pull a Breezil with ass fat, cleavage
Met her Friday, got the ass that weekend
Hatchback beating, where the cash at, seek it
Wear the wrong hat, you can catch that beating
Laderas and the swang, we in the parking lot chiefin'
Yea, that's the city that I'mma never leaving
We get high
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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