

# How To Survive In South Central (Boyz N The Hood)

## 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?"

"Hello, my name is Elaine

And I'll be your tour guide through South Central Los Angeles" How to survive in South Central (what you do?)

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 (yo) 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 driveby?

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."

"This is Los Angeles." "This is Los Angeles." 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 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 want to say whassup to DJ Chilly Chill  
Sir Jinx, ayyo 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  
God damnit! Rule number three: don't get caught up  
Cause niggaz are 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 yearn  
Waitin for a brother like you to catch a disease  
And start slingin ki's  
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 god damnit.  
You'll sho' get got, just like that.  
This ain't no joke motherfuckers.  
Now I want to send a shout-out to E-Dog, the engineer,  
Puttin his two cents in.. "This is Los Angeles."

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