

LAX Files

The Game

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Put your lighters up if you want to
Pull your muthafuckin' Dodger caps
Over your muthafuckin' eyes til' you can't see shit
I want you to go blind, nigga
So you can feel how I felt
When I was in that muthafuckin' coma
Raised in the city of angels
Where safe and danger switch lanes
So stranger, drive slow
Where beggars and gangsta's pass
Women and dank are
Just part of a face that we show
We got mountains and ocean
We move in slow motion
Off that sticky you walk up to blow
I swear ain't nothin' better there
That's why we all take our hats off to you
The one Blood
Come to my hood, hood
Look at my block, block
That's that project buildin'
Yeah, that's where I got shot, shot 'Cause I was more hood than Suge
Had more rocks than Jay
More scars on my face than the original Scarface
Or the homeboy Scarface
Al Pacino couldn't be no gangsta'
Deniro on Casino, he no gangsta'
Wanna be, wanna see, wanna get a shovel
Dig tookie up nigga 'cause he know gangsta's
Niggas think 'cause they watch Menace a couple times
Seen Cube in Boys n The Hood and press rewind
That you can survive when a real Crip
Run upon your corner and flex the nine
You must be out of your mind
A real Blood will put you out of your mind
So stay the fuck up out of my hood
Or my niggas take you up out of your shine
It ain't a movie, dog
Hell yeah, it's a real fuckin' Uzi, dog

I'm 'bout to hop inside my Impala
Try to keep up, don't lose me y'all
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So stranger, drive slow
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Just part of a face that we show
We got mountains and ocean
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Off that sticky you walk up to blow
I swear ain't nothin' better there
That's why we all take our hats off to you
The one Blood I know the real O-Dog
And that nigga know the real Game
I call him the rinse tape
And he ain't never been in no gang
But he been in my house, house
And he set on my couch, couch
While I put one in the air
So yeah, that nigga know what I'm 'bout, 'bout
I'm 'bout my hood, I'm 'bout my block
I'm 'bout my chips so if the rat money stop
And I punch a clock
Catch you slippin' at a light, get out yo' shit
We jack niggas, out of towners
And rap niggas, and ball players
'Cause we ball player
We chop it up with them trap niggas
We Outkasts, we big boys
Ludacris with them big toys
Where I'm from there's only
Two things standin' on the corner
Me and that liquor store
Look what the Bloods did to Weezy
Look what the Crips did to Jeezy
This gang banger shit ain't nothin' to play with
Me and Snoop Dogg just made it look easy
Raised in the city of angels
Where safe and danger switch lanes
So stranger, drive slow
Where beggars and gangsta's pass
Women and dank are
Just part of a face that we show
We got mountains and ocean
We move in slow motion
Off that sticky you walk up to blow
I swear ain't nothin' better there
That's why we all take our hats off to you
The one Blood Y'all niggas got this LA shit real fucked up man
Niggas better start respectin' what the fuck we about man
We take niggas the fuck out
This shit ain't no movie, dawg
This shit is real, Crips, Bloods, Ese's
We hold shit down, this is LA

Wrote the shit on my face, put a muthafuckin' star behind
What the fuck I am, Starface
LA chronic, LAX files, case closed

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