

Don't Come to LA (feat. Sad boy, AD & Bricc Baby)

YG

Don't come to LA, Nobody fucking with me
I go broke rob fools for their jewelry
Stick yo hand up like you guilty
Doing things that my momma said I shouldn't be
So don't come to LA, Nobody fucking with me
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So don't come to LAI don't give a fuck who you niggas paying
Who name you saying, you ain't good around here
'Cause y'all niggas fucking up the rep
Ya'll playing with the set, it's really war round here
Shit I'm even having problems in the set
But I'm really from the set, y'all don't come around here
So when ya'll niggas hop of the jet
You better tuck what's on ya neck and get the fuck from round here
'Cause ya'll paying for the lifestyle that's watered down
Bompton! That where I'm from, shit is not allowed
Y'all out of bounds, keep that out of town shit out of town
You wasn't banging out of town, it's too late to holla now
Woah! I'mma get the OGs on board
And press the issues on you suckers oh lord!
Whoa! Or hit you with a price you can't afford
Then catch yo ass slipping at the BET Awards
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So don't come to LA
Don't come to LA cuz
Outta town niggas watchin', wrong words get you sprayed, cuz
This shit for real, this ain't for play cuz
Lil' homies bustin' missions, ain't a match, you ain't a thang cuz
Don't give a fuck who you gone call, nobody scare me
Pirus love me solo all inside a rare breed
And shit I'm coming from a rare breed
Nowadays these niggas snitching give you digits off a scared plea

Hold on YG since you came out with BPT
These niggas think it's cool to come down to the CPT
Remember back when rappers was scared to come into town
Now its Hollywood passes man that shit on water down, damn!
A lil' change got you workin' like a slave
Pac prolly rollin' in his grave, shit sad cuz
Ain't no more passes on the set
All you niggas out here fucking up the west, oh god! So don't come to LA, Nobody fucking with me
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So don't come to LA First off this a no fly zone
If you ain't know with the chrome, better take yo ass home
And get some first of the month, cash the checks, c'mon
Yeah you better check in if you niggas want room
Look, one call on my phone
My Tiny Locs pull up with that thing on your dome
Your money chain and rollie 60 seconds is gone
Man I rather text a nigga fuck a feature for songs
Run up on 'em like nigga where the scene at
My niggas on go like 60 green lights
Just got jacked trynna' eat right
With my niggas all drugs they don't think right
It's a recession man the hood fucked up
If a nigga ain't trippin' got the heat in the club
You walk around like you can't get touched
But JFK was a president and still got his head bust So don't come to LA, Nobody fucking with me
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So don't come to LA

Songwriters

KEENON JACKSON, SAMUEL AHANA, ARMAND DOUGLAS, ZIHIRR MITCHELL, MARIO

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