

# LAX Files

## The Game

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  
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 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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