

Some L.A. Niggaz (feat Defari,

Dr. Dre

Yeah nigga, MC Ren up in this motherfucker
(West West y'all)
Yeah, L.A. niggas
L.A. niggas rule the world nigga
Y'all niggas gotta recognize, yaknahmsayin?
Niggas don't wanna peep game, yaknahmsayin?
But this shit come all the way back around here
My nigga Dre, droppin' heat box on y'all bitch-ass
Yaknahmsayin? You gotta recognize
L.A. niggas, connected all over the motherfucking world, nigga
Recognize this; peep game
Now in my younger days I used to sport a rag
Backpack full of cans plus a four-four mag
G'd up from the feet up
Blue'd up from the shoe up's how I grew up
Loc'n, smokin' and drinkin' til we threw up (threw up)
At Leimert Park, taggin', hittin' fools up
Ditching my class, just to fuck yo' school up
You don't wanna blast, nigga tuck yo' tool up
But don't sleep, y'all niggas quick to shoot you
Now there's another motherfucker with no future
But Time Bomb much smoother when I maneuver, dope like Cuba
Got em jumpin Disciples to the Hoover I'm coming "Straight Outta Compton" with a loose cannon
Smoke big green, call it Bruce Banner
Watch your manners, at last another blast from the top notch
From way back with the pop rocks, I pop lock witcha
Picture this, Dr. Dre twisting wit Tha Liks
And Hittman bought a fix
Don't trip, it's a Time Bomb in this bitch
Here it tick tick tick tick {*BOOM*}
Wait a minute it's on, I tell it like a true mackadelic
Weed and cocaine sold separate, check it
From sundown to sunup -- clown and run up
The Aftermath'll be two in your gut, nigga what? We roll deep, smoke on weed drink and pack heat
Requirements for survival each day in L.A.!
It don't stop, we still mash in hot pursuit from the cops
Analyze why we act this way in L.A. Gimme that mic fool, it's a West coast jack move
They call me Hitt cause I spit like gats do
Cock me back
Bust caps for my max crew, at Fairfax

Who used to wear Air Max shoes, that's true
But I grew up where niggas jack you, harass you
Blast you, for that set you claim (where you from?)
Mash on you for your Turkish chain, C.K. B.K
Blue'd up or flame, I ran wit a gang
I helped niggas get, jacked for they Dana Dane's
My pants hang below my waistline
I look humble wanna rumble? (yeah yeah)
I bang though, like Vince Carter from the baseline
Don't waste my time
Fuck a scrap in killa Cali, AK's and 9's
One-time's, sun-shines, and fine-ass bitches
Hawaiian Thai, drive-bys, six-fo's on switches I was raised in the hood called WHAT-THE-DIF'
Where the brothers in the hood, refused to go Hollywood
Slugs for the fuck of it
Anybody hatin' on us can suck a dick
If I catch you touching mine you catch a flat-line, dead on the floor
Better than yours, driving away gettin' head from a whore
It's AvireX-to-the-Z
Fuckin' with me might get you banned from TV
Cassette and CD it's all mine the whole nine the right time
Multiply, we don't die, the streets don't lie
What, so neither do I, I'm bad for your health
Like puttin' a pistol up to your face and blastin' yourself Five in the mornin', burglars at my do'
Glock forty-five in my dresser drawer
Let 'em come in BLAOW he see the thunder roll
Roll with niggas, who buy fifths by the fo'
And brew's by the case
SLAP YOU in the face with the bass, Dr. Dre laced
Likwit Kings wit Sedans and gold rings
Haters fold the style, but can't find no openings We roll deep, smoke on weed drink and pack heat
Requirements for survival each day in L.A.!
It don't stop, we still mash in hot pursuit from the cops
Analyze why we act this way in L.A.! In L.A. That's how we ride

Songwriters

ALVIN JOINER, ANDRE YOUNG, ROGER MCBRIDE, BRIAN BAILEY, D JOHNSON, R. HARBOR,
MARQUESE HOLDER, BIG DEEZZZ Published by

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