

San Andreas

Dan Bull

Howdy neighbours
What a lovely sunny and uncloudy day it is
Come down to our side of town, smell the flavours
Barbecues, car fumes, cannabis vapours
Skyscrapers cast shadows in chromatic rays
Upon some players hanging in a cul-de-sac in San Andreas
We're all a pack of wolves in a gang, Amadeus
I'm CJ back in town for some retaliation
Reluctantly, I'm happy on the PlayStation
Vacation on occasion, waste my days away and blaze a spliff
Oh great I'm late, I need to get my date a gift
I could either leave and drop you off here
Or me and you could tea for two
And we can brew some hot coffee

Big up, Sweet
Big up Big Smoke
Big up Grove Street
OG Loc
The gang from the West Coast
Rising up the ranks won't stop
'Til we run Los Santos

Check out my BMX, it's really rad
I'm finna hit a ramp and wheely off the top of Mount Chiliad
Land it smack dab in the middle of a helipad
Chump, that's a jump you'll never trump, very sad
I'll insane stunts on them
Grab a punk
If he's acting arrogant, I'll have him shook like a can of Sprunk
Hey, you're bringing brass knuckles in the place?
I might have to slap a shovel in your face
Run away to a safe place, say your prayers
Or should I pull an AK? Want to take it there?
Nah, you're a chicken, you should tuck your tail
And run to cover with the others up in Cluckin' Bell
CJ thieving rampantly
So if you leave your keys around
I'll steal your Banshee and I'll leave you bleeding rapidly
Feeling the fantasy of being in a family of street gangstas
Packing heat, we're not about to leave in handcuffs

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I'm CJ back in town for some retaliation
I got a loyalty voucher from Ammu-Nation
The police, they know me well down the station
I'm officer Tenpenny's full time vocation
Yo, I'm going to go find a lowrider
Big pimping, I'm a ho provider
See the kingdom of the Grove Street rise up

Rolling over po po in a stolen Rhino
Hijack a flight, have a right good time
Might fly through the Vinewood sign
I'm a violent type with a Tec-9
I'm going to get mine
Step over the live and there won't be a next time
I don't just run a red light
I run a Red Light District, I'm a headline
Because every single thing I said rhymes
White chalk on the sidewalk, that's a deadline

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