

Some L.a. Niggaz

Defari

Yeah nigga, MC Ren up in this motherf**ker
(West West y'all)
Yeah, L.A. niggaz
L.A. niggaz rule the world nigga
Y'all niggaz gotta recognize, yaknahmsayin?
Niggaz 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. niggaz, connected all over the motherf**kin world, nigga
Recognize this

Now in my younger days I used to sport a rag
Backpack full of cans plus a four-four mag
G'd from the feet up
Blued up from the sewer's how I grew up
Loc'n, smokin and drinkin til we threw up (threw up)
At Leimert Park, taggin, hittin fools up
Ditchin my class, just to f**k yo' school up
You don't wanna blast, nigga tuck yo' tool up
But don't sleep, y'all niggaz quick to shoot you
Now there's another motherf**ker with no future
But Time Bomb much smoother when I manuever, dope like Cuba
Got em jumpin {*King T starts speakin, indecipherable*}

I'm comin "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 twistin 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 seperate, check it
From sundown to sunup -- clown done run up
The Aftermath'll be two in your gut, nigga what?

Chorus: Knoc-Turn'al, Kokane

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 niggaz 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.
Blued up or flame, I ran wit a gang
I helped niggaz 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, sunshines, and fine-ass bitches
Hawaiian thai, drive-by, 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 f**k of it
Anybody hatin on us can suck a dick
If I catch you touchin mine you catch a flatline, dead on the floor
Better than yours, drivin 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 niggaz, who by fifths by the fo'
and bruise 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

Chorus

In L.A.

That's how we ride (4X)