

LA

## The Game

I'm coolin' in LA  
The place where stars are born  
And it ain't never cold outside  
Because the rain will never stop  
And the stars ain't only in the sky  
Because the stars lay on the floor  
And I-I-I-I, I got the city on lock if you wanna explore  
And baby I been coolin' in LA

Pull up to the Rosco's  
Only guy here, cause niggas from here  
Know you gotta swerve around the potholes  
Eatin' chickens with these chickens, politician'  
We gon' get a new team or not  
They up and down like Impala switches  
All these girls got extensions, even with the long hair  
Everybody trippin', we mix Ciroc with Patron here  
Don't walk around alone here, everybody from a gang  
Niggas ask you where you from  
That mean you gotta run that chain  
Smokin' on that purple rain  
We only smoke a certain strain  
Soon as you call twice nigga  
Welcome to the circle maine  
Catch me off of rodeo, Alamita, Figueroa  
Whoop these rappers ass, they all bums nigga, skid row  
And I ain't dissin' homeless people, I be down there feedin' niggas  
100 days, 100 nights, we killin' for no reason nigga  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, look at me in my Impala

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La-la-la-la-la-la  
Baby when you comin' to LA  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

I'm from that big blue raggin', tip toe taggin'  
Mustard and mayonnaise, with .. on the wagon  
Brown paper baggin', baby mama naggin'  
.. the skinny jeans, gucci .. straight saggin'  
Pleasure of, and agony, black jeans Cagney  
The wood is the wood, but the hood is like a cavity  
So much tragedy, rarely see clarity  
I'm like a .., charity, sincerely  
Los Angeles, scandalous, handle us how?  
We the ones you get your swag from, write that down  
Home of the green leaf, watch out now  
High school lesson, y'all can drop out now  
California highway, California my way  
I do it that way, then roll a fat jay

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, look at me in my Cadillac car

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La-la-la-la-la-la-la

Baby when you comin' to LA  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

I got LA poppin', cars be hoppin'  
No refreshing these hoes, they keep shoppin'  
Sunset droppin', chicken heads flockin'  
No recess, my flows, there's no stoppin'  
DeLorian rollin', pockets stay swollen  
Drive down to .., East Los is where I'm goin'  
Cholo swagger, qe pasa wassup?  
I'm rockin it, inhale  
LA native, LA Raider, LA Rams, motherfucken' traitors  
LA Clippers, LA Lakers, trippin' off Kobe, you the motherfucken' greatest  
LA Dodgers, finger to the Padres  
East Los niggas sayin' chinga to madres  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, look at me in my fancy car

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(Compton, Compton, Compton, Compton, Compton)

It's time to blackout, time to spit this crack out  
Niggas been fiendin' for this shit, aftermath .., crackhouse  
The way I spit, niggas'll think I pulled the mack out  
I said the way I spit, niggas'll think I blew J-Lo back out  
Still Compton nigga, fuck y'all thought I went on vacation?  
Same nigga that used to break in houses and steal PlayStation's  
I hate waitin'  
I told Dre to put out Detox, or I'm a do it  
This is that nigga, The Chronic mixed with embalming fluid  
Bring your chin here blood, so I can put this lama to it  
Disrespectful nigga, see this window? I see ya mama through it  
Do it for the coast, so we can toast to it  
Who showed you all the Pirus? The SA's and how the Los do it?  
Similar to how the vice lords and folks do it  
You remember .., I'll rest, I'm the closest to it  
Put on for my city bitch cause I'm supposed to do it  
Straight outta Compton, I'm the fucken movie poster to it, nigga