

# State of Emergency

## The Game

California ain't a state it's a army!

One fuckin nigga in the projects killin'  
The same motherfucker that would burn down the villains  
Where the niggas blunt full of that  
You know, who gone take you back to Compton In that 64 two door  
Sub woofers in the trunk kickin' that lethal injection  
A hood nigga lost with no direction  
so he bought a black smith & wesson  
strapped on his vest and that's his protection  
At the intersection waitin' on the robber  
cuz in the city of Angels it's all about survival  
motherfuck the 5-0, They wanna see you DOA, welcome to L.A.  
Where the ghetto birds flyin over my auntie's and my cuzin's house  
tell me what they buzzin bout  
the little homie got smoked on the corner  
And now his momma cryin', dead in califronia

Motherfuckers ain't gone learn  
Till the chronic blunt don't burn  
And you can't see nuthin' but the ghetto bird light shinin  
through the fuckin' palm trees  
California ain't a state it's a army  
(2x)

Jumped in my impala took a trip to the swap meat  
The scoop bought EGO trippin and some white T's  
Cus some niggas in my old hood don't like me  
time to put the niggas on check, like my Nike's  
shoulda heard my my nigga Mack 10 on the chirp  
All I need is me and my bitch  
If you scared go to church  
Cuz in Californina niggas crack heads for the turf  
And life ain't nuthin but Teck-9's and dirt  
Dippin through the the jungles, my escalade hit a dip  
Here come the gorillas in the mist  
and they dressed like Ice Cube was in 96  
Stone cold jherri curl and not one drip  
I sleep with the worms before I swim with the fish  
And I ride with my niggas before I roll witta bitch  
If it don't make dollars it don't make sense  
And I almost got shot because I hit a fence

Motherfuckers ain't gone learn  
Till the chronic blunt don't burn  
And you can't see nuthin' but the ghetto bird light shinin  
through the fuckin' palm trees  
California ain't a state it's a army  
(2x)

Call the U.S. government and tell em it's a mutherfuckin code red  
Niggas tried to straight up jack me and now they both dead  
third little nigga got away on his mo-ped  
caught him 'round the corner put the beam on his forehead  
Jumped in the impala then smashed through the light  
without a one time in sight  
So I bust a right on Century headed to the L.A.X.

where there ain't nuthin but fly bitches and checks  
In and out of lanes and I almost wrecked  
Off Brand a nigga in the 600 throwin up his set  
he must don't know I got the 40 on deck  
and the tec tryin be shit time to flex  
it's the third this shit happened to me all day  
guess it's time to add another dead body to the throw away  
So I turned down my Spice 1 tape and hit the switch  
emptied the whole clip in his fuckin face

Motherfuckers ain't gone learn  
Till the chronic blunt don't burn  
And you can't see nuthin' but the ghetto bird light shinin  
through the fuckin' palm trees  
California ain't a state it's a army  
(2x)

California ain't a state it's a army!