

Run D.M.C. F/ Stephan Jenkins

"Los Angeles Times"

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At this time, please extinguish all smoking materials
Return all seat backs, and tray tables
to their most upright, and long position
Also at this time please take care to fasten your
seatbelt
Enjoy your stay, welcome to L.A.

Chorus: Xzibit

Welcome to L.A.
Where you can see the whole city burning
Cause the cops got uzis and the dealers keep serving
and your kids ain't learning shit, except this
Sex power and wealth, fuck everything else
(repeat 2X except last line)
Trying to survive, Los Angeles Times

Verse One: Xzibit

MC's get fucked up, chopped like Braveheart
Don't start what you can't finish, serious bidness
Down La Seneca to bust a left on Venice
where you can find me and mines -- Los Angeles Times
Welcome to L.A.
Where every other day I'm taking the hat off my head
Givin respect to the dead, and avoid havin the same
thing
said about me, Xzibit stand underground
like the roots of a tree, watered three times a day
Forty ounce Olde E, like a magnifying glass
making it easier to see, the Mister X to the Z
Don't peak, L.A., why test without vest-es
stop lead projectile, Apocalypse Now
Love Allah not new car, faggot, superstar
type of cat, fuck that, mash away in a
diamond-white Concourse 'Llac
Still black so the one-time react as if under attack
Ain't nothin changed but district range, feel no pain
Mr. Big Bad Insane Black John McClane with
liquor on the brain, down to earth like dirt
From the city where niggaz known for puttin in work

Chorus

Verse Two: Xzibit

Welcome to L.A.
If hand determine dick size, I'm palmin the Earth
Select turf, then plant bad seed and give birth
And make the hard work look easy fuh sheezee
Leavin you and your best man, stiffer than mannequins
Enough to break the skin on a Vietnam leatherneck
Marine drill sergeant, you nothin but a target (pow!)
Charge it to the game, gotta look beyond the brand
name
Comin from the guts like I slammed down twenty cups
of Hennesey straight, relate feel my hate
Xzibit flippin through these bitches like DJ trait
Translate to left field, only real niggaz follow
Bitches suck and swallow, I'm livin life behind the bottle
Never the role model, still shinin like a new automobile
Flow six-fo', you can't steal
cause I got a kill switch with a itch for the action
While other rappers use mass weapons of destruction
to sell they shit

Chorus

Verse Three: Xzibit

El ve-te-rano, you can only pray to learn what I know
Ride slow across the horizon a lone desperado
Comin through the door bringin nothin but hits
Sometimes I feel like a matador, lookin at this bullshit
Niggaz pull rent from the crack of they ass
Maintain do your thang this too shall pass
I season beef with lead pieces then cook it with gas
I'm from the school of hard knocks way ahead in the
class
Xzibit hard to get through, like bulletproof glass
Break it down like Johnny Cochran then mix it with hash
Your defense can't last against advanced prosecution
Hit the airwaves like pollution -- hey, here's a solution
Take a trip to Washington then burn the Constitution
Top government officials locked down for prostitution
Recruitin the hard rocks mean streets keep producin
The world is a riot shit is mine for the lootin

Chorus

Everyone's got to make a living (2X)

Chorus

Enjoy your stay, welcome to L.A.

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