

## **The National Anthem of Holland**

### **"City of Angels"**

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In the City of Angels  
Ain't no motherfucking joke  
Watch your back ese  
That's right  
I'll take your ferias and your fucking putas  
(Gimme that bitch)  
That's the way it's going down

Simon, simon ese, yo soy Conejo de la calle veinte  
cinco  
El valla mas chingones, este I aqui (West Coast locos)  
In the wicked part of Los (West Coast)  
And if you don't believe me, just ask the enemigos  
¿Que calle? en el parque ese, looking for some shit  
Tryin to kill the homeboys from the Tiny Locos Clique  
Spraying on the snitches, cuz that's the way it goes  
They rattle up tecote, on everyone they know  
And now it's time to ride, and now it's time to die  
Nine automatics sitting on my side  
So let me just grab a couple extra clips  
Blast this vato, then scratch him off my list  
When others take revenge, while they make them  
movida  
Shot calling in las calles, they breaking up posida  
How you expect to fly when your wings got clipped  
How you expect to kill when you hold no steel  
Vatos know the real, all the blood gets spilled  
Bitches for the thrill, enemigas get the chills  
Talking about a place where there is no angle  
Choose your poison where there is no angel

In the City of Angels there ain't no angels  
Puro vato loco, crazy gang-bangers  
In the City of Angels there ain't no angels  
Puro vato loco

Damn, another bang bang, killed your homeboy  
Now isn't it a shame, that's what my petho said  
And one of his jams, all bitches rattle but you didn't  
understand  
So I'm break it down, ese I'ma put it down

Conejo rolled up, now it's looking like a ghost town  
Where you at? I thought you had control  
Fucking with the hache, loco now you gotsta go  
misunderstood  
Up in Hotel California with two wicked props  
Homey burning like infernos on the serio  
Ese gotsta get his issue, and walk away like nada  
And not even miss you, I don't trip  
I'll catch you on the rebound, I'll see you in the barrio  
And then we could get down, down and dirty  
That's the only way, I automade her body, with digital  
delay  
I waste no time, I get up and I go  
Cuz no one really knows what this broad could hold  
She could set me up ese, for the right price  
Depends on her addiction, the streets ain't nothing nice

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Puro vato loco, crazy gang-bangers  
In the City of Angels there ain't no angels  
Puro vato loco

Puro vato loco, that's right ese  
Check it out

First I claim my city, puro Los Angeles  
You know holmes, that's where the gangas is  
First I claim my city, puro Los Angeles  
You know holmes, that's where the gangas is

That's where the gangas at loco  
25th and Hoover, Hillpoint Gang  
California My Way, Tiny Locos

First I claim my city, puro Los Angeles  
You know holmes, that's where the gangas is  
First I claim my city, puro Los Angeles  
You know holmes, that's where the gangas is

Watch your back when you come to my barrio  
Soy Conejo

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