

## **The National Anthem of Holland**

### **"Planet Los Angeles"**

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[Police officer]

We have in Los Angeles cities about 50,000 gang members and 150,000 wannabes

[Conejo]

Live and direct from Planet Los Angeles

Weed, pills, crack, coke, speed, heroin

Anything you want I got your fix

My eyes stay low, watch your back

Critically acclaimed is all I claim

Drug cartels wanna sell my name

Homey serio, you get hooked like that

Tidal wave coming at you about to sink your raft

This is it, how the West was won

Shaking down all the busters, my word is my bond

In these cinematic streets kingpins and all

Bake a broke ass vato wanna rob them all

I'm on some deep shit if you have any doubts

I'ma flood them with the obvious, my rocks and my clout

I'ma reign supreme in your fatalist dream

Biographical blueprint of a dope fiend scheme

My voice distinct, I'm a lyrical marksman

You run down my alley and my dogs start barking

I said homey don't try to cross mine

No man has succeeded, find them dead on mine

Everywhere I go it's the Devil's playground

Ese vatos being caught, ese vatos being shot

And that's all going down while the city sleeps

So they say, so they say

Don't believe what you hear

Controversy has been predicted

Unforeseen complications, the times are really wicked

Guns blazing, I got work late

My dogs hit it off, bitch vatos get sprayed

Watch the caile, these some pit fights

You get covered in beams by some infared murder lights

What the fuck, you know the rules  
Ain't no rules on the street, lame riders get fooled  
It be official, these circumstances  
Baby got no ferias so she gave lap dances  
Spark joints laced with weed and coke  
I install deadly rhymes in the form of sand storms  
Gatos, ese extasy waits  
In the street corners for the underground tapes  
Urban chaos, it be the sickest  
Run around and one, I'ma put you on my hit list

Slight careful with that axe dog  
You got the touch of death and you just don't know it  
Nobody's home when the feds come knocking que no  
Fuck the motherfucking pigs  
That's right, watch out

Step back homey, don't wanna smack your ass  
With a steel desert eagle, rather blast your ass  
Vocabulary tight, you bite you die  
My method of accounting make the ferias multiply  
Chin checking enemigas up and down the coast  
Kicking in real slow like the effects of dope  
Controlled substance copywritten in blood  
Fuck this dope fiend bitch, got her smoking my bud  
Now I'm back in the grave that you buried me in  
Ese out by twenty fifth ese committing more sin  
Let's get down so I can make you buckle  
Ain't no rules in a fight so I grip brassknuckles  
Decision final, last round last bout  
Young ex-con ese flexing my clout  
Then I opened my eyes and I saw it all  
Now I stay paranoid like I've been hitting the pipe

I know you vatos can't comprehend the angle that I'm  
coming at you  
See I got camaradas that sit in front of Ice Castles all  
day  
Snorting their life away, my world is a ghetto  
Live and direct from Planet Los Angeles  
Los Angeles, Los Angeles

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