

Tracy Byrd F/ Dawn Sears

"Northern California"

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Yah, yah it's northern California cranking off the hook
Where the rappers are affiliated everywhere you look

Too short 85, girl that's your life smoking on that glass
pipe
Had me paying attention my cousin loosing weight fast
Like apartments crooked in Lakeview, Grandma stayed
across the street
Playing hoop in the gym when I heard the Cougar speak
Voice deep spitting rap said he was rolling dip and sick
Snake skin on top of the vill and that was eighty six
I was nine, then came eighty nine
Then came Richey Rich and d-loc
Oakland's 415
Groupie ass bitch tried to get a baller from the
sideshow
And tried to be apart of MC Hammer's stage show
Hammer had MTV locked before Nelly and Will
I'm telling you this is real
He sold seventeen mil
Digital Underground Money B, Fuse, and Shock
Refuel the rap world by introducing Pac
From the same spot slang rocks wrote raps on the
same soil
Check the next verse I'll spit more game for you

It's Northern California cranking off the hook
Where the rappers are affiliated everywhere you look
They juke, hit banks and rank high in the pen
Rest in peace to every one that's not here

Richey Rich got cracked early nineties with a half a
thing
Heavy in that rap game still getting that dough
MC Hammer bought helicopters from the cops from the
O
Probably pushing that shit (shhhh), probably keeping it
low
Mac Dre put Vallejo on the map first in the bay
You can tell me something good, if you know what to
say

A Richmond cat named Filthy Phil made player hating a statement
Then he got even more famous
When he gave it to a cop trying to stop him
On some true bay thug shit, pulled his shit quick and popped him
I watch him on America's Most
I watch him put out a tape called the Manhunt and the nigga got ghost
Mac Dre still doing his thang, instead his Romper Room gang
Was robbing banks, media tried to ruin his name
Got convicted seven year in the feds
And about this time started writing them rhymes
And about this time the year was ninety one
I'm in the studio laying raps only for fun
Selling crack doing strong armed robberies at ATM's
Ninth grade high school always in the gym
My verses getting props in the bleachers
Spitting verbal heaters finna be on the shelf next season
Check the next verse I got more to say
About the real element going down in the bay

Northern California where the rappers crooks
Rappers locked down for years got they fame took
We made game made niggaz put the world in fear
You better know that it's real out here

Spice One ninety one ninety two had the east bay shining
Spitting about that killing that jacking and that grinding
Then came 40 I'm tired of being stepped on
Mr. Flamboyant, here our respect come
Tupac dropped Tupacalypse now nine one
Brenda got a baby girl my age had a son
Real shit from a real nigga who ya'll mocked
Real game from a real place it's about to be hot
Since Too Short we sold tapes out of the trunk
And we never gave parties without having funk
It was 40 and the click, Dru Down and the Luniz
Too Short and the Dangerous Crew, here come the City
JT and the GLP, RBL Posse, Cougnut, Cellski, and IMP
X-raided out in Sac, Brother Lynch, and C-Bo
Totally Insane, Shawn from Palo Alto
Murder capitol nineteen ninety two
You niggaz perpetrate the rhymes I rap are true
One cat on Rap-A-Lot named C from the East-O
The bay was on fire recognize it my people
Had deals on the table another verse to write
Let the world know the bay is worthy of the hype

From the bay to Sac, I testify on this track
So we can get back on track as I spit these raps

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Where the rappers are affiliated everywhere you look
They juke, hit banks, rank high in the pen
Rest in peace to every one that's not here

X-Raided went to jail, for killing somebody's momma
Up in Sac, with that blood and crip drama
Forty selling thousands of records got a deal with Jive
Worth about three point five
Don't give me no bammer weed
We don't smoke that shit in the SFC
See bone and AWOL playing with change ya'll
Trips to Atlanta, twenty deep on the plane dog
JT hooked four up with EMI
We sat back for a year and we seen him fly
Tupac sentenced for rape in ninety four
After being shot in skantless ass New York
Master P emerging hard up out of Richmond
Playing real tuff but he's only a sixth man
Luniz really put your eyes on him
When they dissed him on the flip side of five on it
GLP signed in ninety five along with Master P
Things about to change fast as can be
Short gave a picnic in Fairfield
Niggaz busting a thousand people trying to find a
shield
Death Row and Southern Cal running the rap game
Niggaz got big deals (while) we fucking off big change
C-Bo in and out of jail parole violating and such
The whole nation is biting our stuff
Farrakhan million man march
Half a million guns spark
Tupac released on bail Shug Knight bought him
He told us the east would hate instead of jocking our
style
On radio shows, commercials knocking us down
In the City RBL signed a deal at the end of the nine fifth
Then Mister C from RBL was shot dead
January first nineteen ninety six
And they say the bay isn't sick

Northern California cranking off the hook
Where the rappers are affiliated everywhere you look
They juke, hit banks, rank high in the pen
Rest in peace to the ones that's not here

Coming strait from Northern California where the
rappers crooks

Rappers locked down for years got they fame took
We made dank, made millions put the world in fear
You got to know that it's real out here
In Northern California???

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