

## 2 Pac "To Live And Die In LA"

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INTRO:

Dominique: What do you feel when you hear a record like Tupac's new one?

Man: I love Tupac's new record

Dominique: Right, but don't you feel like that creates tension between East and West?

Dominique: He's talking about killing people, I had sex with your wife

and not in those words, but he's talking about I wanna see you deceased.

Makaveli:

No doubt

To live and die in LA

California - Don't care what you say about Los Angeles

Still the only place for me it never rains

To Live and Die in LA

Where everyday we try to fatten our pockets

Us niggaz hustle for the cash so it's hard to knock it

Everybody got they own thang currency chasin'

World wide through the hard times warrior faces

Shed tears as we bury niggaz close to heart

What was a friend now a ghost in the dark

Cold hearted bout it, nigga got smoked by a fiend

Tryin to floss on him

Blind to a broken man's dream

A hard lesson--court cases--keep em guessin'

Plea bargain ain't an option now--so I'm stressin'

Cost me more to be free than a life in the Pen

Making money off of cuss words--writin' again

Learn how to think ahead--so I fight with my pen

Late night down Sunset like in a sin

What's the worst they could do to a nigga

Get me lost in hell--To Live and Die in LA

On bail--my angel sing...

Chorus:

To Live and Die in LA, it's the place to be

You've got to be there to know it

Where everybody wanna see

To Live and Die in LA, it's the place to be

You've got to be there to know it

Everybody wanna see

It's the cities of angels and constant danger

South Central LA--can't get no stranger  
Full of drama like a soap opera  
On the curb watching the ghetto bird helicopters  
I observe--so many niggaz  
Gettin 3 strikes--tossed in jail  
Swear the Penn's right across from hell  
I can't cry--cause it's home now  
I'm just a nigga on his own now  
Livin life thug style--so I can't smile  
Writin to my peoples  
When they ask for pictures  
Thinkin Cali just fun and bitches  
(hahaha)  
Better learn about the dress code  
B's and C's--all them other niggaz copycats  
These is G's  
I love Cali like I love woman  
Cause every nigga in LA  
Got a little bit of thug in em'  
We might fight among each other  
But I promise you this  
We'll burn this bitch down--get us pissed  
To Live and Die in LA  
~Chorus~  
Cause would it be LA with out Mexicans?  
Black love, Brown pride  
and the sets again--Pete Wilson  
Tryin to see us all broke  
I'm on some bullshit  
Out for everything they owe  
Remember K day  
Weekends--Crenshaw--MLK  
Automatics rang free niggaz lost they way  
Gang signs being showed  
Nigga love your hood  
But recognize and it's all good  
Where the weed at--niggaz gettin shermed out  
Snoop Dogg in this muthafucka burned out  
M-O-B  
Big Suge in the low low  
Bounce and turn  
Dogg Pound in the Lex  
With an ounce to burn  
Got them Watts niggaz with me OFTB  
They got some hash  
Took a stash  
Left the rest for me  
Neckbone--Dre, Heron, Punchy too  
Big Rock got knocked  
But this one's for you  
I hit the studio and drop a jewel

Hoping it pay  
Gettin high--watchin time fly  
To Live and Die in LA  
~Chorus~  
Makaveli:  
This goes out for 92.3, 106--all the radio stations  
That be bumping my shit  
Makin my shit sells Quadruple, Quadrople, platinum  
This goes out to all the magazines  
That support a nigga  
All the real mothafuckas  
All the stores, the mom & pop spots  
A&R people, all ya'll mufuckas  
LA--California love  
Part mothafuckin 2 without gay ass Dre

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