

Dj Quik "The Maze"

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[Verse 1]

Bloods kill blood, Crips kill crips
Mexicanos kills bloods, everybody trips
The weed ain't workin, so we all take sips
Road rage, 9 millis, 7 in the clip
L.A., L.A. where have you gone
It used to be a time when we had it full grown
Now it's, more killin'm, like its no more chillin'
Worried ex-dope dealers, paranoid villians
Pissed off nigga shoots the shit out of a kid
Gunnin' at the cops 'til they open up his fuckin' lid
We ride or die til we really fuckin' die
You know hes goin', you can see it his eyes
So, drink a forty when you hoped he could be saved but
Tomorrow party with a hole up in his braids what?
Ain't no love up in the city
It's only hatin' faces
You should appologize
That way you won't catch cases

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Now, if you kill a rapper you'll never get caught
Yes, I am a rapper and I always fought
I fought for what was right
Now I gotta bitches and niggaz hatin' me because I'm
outta sight
And I taste just like castor oil to you
But I'm not a bitter person, pass the rolls to you
Hit the blunt, it'll pass the spoils to you
Wake your brain up, that's what is spose to do
Now, Black Tone keep me off with spruce blonde
I'm a send chicken coup over there
Cause Barbara Bird got 2 blocks
I ain't studyin' you dumbies cause I got
2Pac bangin' off in my cassette deck, I'm a shut up
Gangstas die faster than teachers
And I can see the whole game from under the
bleachers
Guess a whole lot of mad rappers walkin' around Los
Angeles

But, I ain't one of 'em. I'm just a son of one of 'em

[Chorus]

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