Dr Dre "Some L.A. Niggaz Ft. Defari, Xzibit, Knoc Turn'al, Time Bomb, King T, MC Ren & Kokane"

Visit "Some L.A. Niggaz Ft. Defari, Xzibit, Knoc Turn'al, Time Bomb, King T, MC Ren & Kokane" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, nigga MC Ren up in this motherfucker West, West y'all

Yeah, LA niggaz, LA niggaz rule the world, nigga Y'all niggaz gotta recognize, ya know what I'm sayin'? Niggaz don't wanna peep game, ya know what I'm sayin'? But this shit come all the way back around here

My nigga Dre, droppin' heat box on y'all bitch-ass Ya know what I'm sayin'? You gotta recognize LA niggaz, connected all over the motherfuckin' world, nigga Recognize this

Now in my younger days I used to sport a rag Backpack full of cans plus a four-four mag G'd from the feet up Blued up from the sewer's, how I grew up

Loc'n, smokin' and drinkin' til we threw up, threw up At Leimert park, taggin', hittin' fools up Ditchin' my class, just to fuck yo' school up You don't wanna blast, nigga, tuck yo' tool up

But don't sleep, y'all niggaz quick to shoot you Now, there's another motherfucker with no future But time bomb much smoother when I maneuver, dope like Cuba Got 'em jumpin' [Incomprehensible]

I'm comin' straight outta Compton with a loose cannon Smoke big green, call it Bruce Banner Watch your manners, at last another blast from the top notch

From way back with the pop rocks, I pop lock witcha

Picture this, Dr. Dre twistin' wit tha liks And Hittman bought a fix Don't trip, it's a time bomb in this bitch Here it tick, tick, tick, tick

Wait a minute, it's on, I tell it like a true mackadelic Weed and cocaine sold separate, check it From sundown to sunup, clown done run up The aftermath'll be two in your gut, nigga what?

We roll deep, smoke on weed drink and pack heat Requirements for survival each day in LA It don't stop, we still mash in hot pursuit from the cops Analyze why we act this way in LA

Gimme that mic, fool, it's a West coast Jack move They call me Hitt 'cause I spit like gats do Cock me back, bust caps for my max crew at Fairfax

Who used to wear air max shoes, that's true But I grew up where niggaz, jack you, harass you Blast you, for that set you claim, where you from? Mash on you for your Turkish chain, C K B K

Blued up or flame, I ran wit a gang
I helped niggaz get jacked for they Dana Dane's
My pants hang below my waistline
I look humble wanna rumble? Yeah yeah

I bang though, like Vince Carter from the baseline Don't waste my time, fuck a scrap in killa Cali, AK's and 9's

One-time's, sunshines and fine-ass bitches Hawaiian, Thai, drive-by, six-fo's on switches

I was raised in the hood called, What The Dif'
Where the brothers in the hood refused to go
Hollywood
Slugs for the fuck of it
Anybody hatin' on us can suck a dick

If I catch you touchin' mine, you catch a flat line, dead on the floor

Better than yours, drivin' away gettin' head from a whore

It's Avirex to the Z

Fuckin' with me might get you banned from TV

Cassette and CD, it's all mine, the whole nine the right time

Multiply, we don't die, the streets don't lie, what? So neither do I, I'm bad for your health Like puttin' a pistol up to your face and blastin' yourself Five in the mornin', burglars at my do' Glock forty-five in my dresser drawer Let 'em come in, blaow, he see the thunder roll Roll with niggaz, who by fifths by the fo'

And bruise by the case Slap you in the face with the bass, Dr. Dre laced Likwit kings wit sedans and gold rings Haters fold the style but can't find no openings

We roll deep, smoke on weed drink and pack heat Requirements for survival each day in LA It don't stop, we still mash in hot pursuit from the cops Analyze why we act this way in LA In LA

That's how we ride That's how we ride, ho That's how we ride, yeah That's how we ride

Visit <u>Dr Dre</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.