

Makaveli

"To Live & Die In La"

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Street Science, you're on the air
What do you feel when you hear a record like 2Pac's
new one?
I love 2Pac's new record
Right, but don't you feel like that creates a tension
Between East and West? 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

No doubt to live & die in L.A., California
What you say about Los Angeles
Still the only place for me that never rains in the sun

To live & die in L.A., 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'
Worldwide 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 me guessin'

Plea bargain' ain't an option now, so I'm stressin'
Cost me more to be free than a life in the pen
Makin' money off of cuss words, writin' again

Learn how to think ahead, so I fight with my pen
Late night down Sunset likin' the scene
What's the worst they could do to a nigga got me lost in
hell
To live & die in L.A. on bail, my angel sing

To live & die in L.A., it's the place to be
You've got to be there to know it
What everybody wanna see

To live & die in L.A.
To live & die in L.A., it's the place to be

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It's the, City of Angels and constant danger
South Central L.A., can't get no stranger
Full of drama like a soap opera, on the curb
Watchin' the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe

So many niggaz gettin' three strikes tossed in jail
I swear the pen the right across from hell, I can't cry
'Cause it's on 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
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 L.A. got a little bit of thug in him
We might fight with each other but I promise you this
We'll burn this bitch down, get us pissed
To live & die in L.A.

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'Cause would it be L.A. without 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' screamed out
Snoop Dogg in this muhfucka perved out, M.O.B.
Big Suge in the Low-Low, bounce and turn
Dogg Pound in the Lex, wit' a ounce to burn

Got them Watts niggaz with me, OFTB
They got some hash took the stash left the rest for me
Neckbone, Tre, Head Ron, Punchy too

Big Rock got knocked but this one's for you
I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hopin' it pay
Gettin' high watchin' time fly, to live & die in L.A.

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This go out for 92.3 and 106
All the radio stations that be bumpin' my shit
Makin' my shit sells katruple quitruple platinum
This go out to all the magazines that supported to
make it
All the real motherfuckers, all the stores, the mom and
pop spots
A and R people, all y'all motherfuckers
L.A., California Love part motherfuckin' Two without gay
ass Dre

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