

## Conejo "Planet Los Angeles"

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[Police officer]

We have in Los Angeles cities about 50,000 gang members and 150,000 wannabes

[Conejo]

Live and direct from Planet Los Angeles  
Weed, pills, crack, coke, speed, heroin  
Anything you want I got your fix  
My eyes stay low, watch your back

Critically acclaimed is all I claim  
Drug cartels wanna sell my name  
Homey serio, you get hooked like that  
Tidal wave coming at you about to sink your raft  
This is it, how the West was won  
Shaking down all the busters, my word is my bond  
In these cinematic streets kingpins and all  
Bake a broke ass vato wanna rob them all  
I'm on some deep shit if you have any doubts  
I'ma flood them with the obvious, my rocks and my clout  
I'ma reign supreme in your fatalist dream  
Biographical blueprint of a dope fiend scheme  
My voice distinct, I'm a lyrical marksman  
You run down my alley and my dogs start barking  
I said homey don't try to cross mine  
No man has succeeded, find them dead on mine

Everywhere I go it's the Devil's playground  
Ese vatos being caught, ese vatos being shot  
And that's all going down while the city sleeps  
So they say, so they say  
Don't believe what you hear

Controversy has been predicted  
Unforeseen complications, the times are really wicked  
Guns blazing, I got work late  
My dogs hit it off, bitch vatos get sprayed  
Watch the caile, these some pit fights  
You get covered in beams by some infared murder lights  
What the fuck, you know the rules

Ain't no rules on the street, lame riders get fooled

It be official, these circumstances  
Baby got no ferias so she gave lap dances  
Spark joints laced with weed and coke  
I install deadly rhymes in the form of sand storms  
Gatos, ese extasy waits  
In the street corners for the underground tapes  
Urban chaos, it be the sickest  
Run around and one, I'ma put you on my hit list

Slight careful with that axe dog  
You got the touch of death and you just don't know it  
Nobody's home when the feds come knocking que no  
Fuck the motherfucking pigs  
That's right, watch out

Step back homey, don't wanna smack your ass  
With a steel desert eagle, rather blast your ass  
Vocabulary tight, you bite you die  
My method of accounting make the ferias multiply  
Chin checking enemigas up and down the coast  
Kicking in real slow like the effects of dope  
Controlled substance copywritten in blood  
Fuck this dope fiend bitch, got her smoking my bud  
Now I'm back in the grave that you buried me in  
Ese out by twenty fifth ese committing more sin  
Let's get down so I can make you buckle  
Ain't no rules in a fight so I grip brassknuckles  
Decision final, last round last bout  
Young ex-con ese flexing my clout  
Then I opened my eyes and I saw it all  
Now I stay paranoid like I've been hitting the pipe

I know you vatos can't comprehend the angle that I'm  
coming at you  
See I got camaradas that sit in front of Ice Castles all  
day  
Snorting their life away, my world is a ghetto  
Live and direct from Planet Los Angeles  
Los Angeles, Los Angeles

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