

# The Game

## "L.A.X. Files"

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[Intro]

Put your lighters up if you want to  
Pull your muthafuckin Dodger cap  
Over your muthafuckin eyes  
Until you can't see shit  
I want you to go blind nigga  
So you can feel how I felt  
When I was in that muthafuckin coma

[Chorus]

Raised in the city of angels  
Where it's safe and dangerous  
Switch lanes so stranger drive slow (drive slow)  
Where bangers and gangstas,  
Fast women and dank are just part of a face that we  
show  
We got mountains and ocean, we move in slow motion  
Off that sticky you walk up to go,  
I swear, ain't nothin better there  
That's why we all take our hats off to you  
The one more

[The Game]

Come to my hood (hood), look at my block (block)  
That's that project building  
Yeah, that's where I got shot (shot)  
Cause I was more hood than Suge, had more rocks  
than Jay  
More scars on my face than the original Scarface  
Or the homeboy Scarface  
Al Pacino couldn't be no gangsta  
DeNiro in Casino, he no gangsta  
Wanna be, wanna see one, get a shovel  
Dig Tookie up nigga, cause he know gangstaz  
Niggaz think cause they watched "Menace" a couple  
times  
Seen Cube in "Boyz N the Hood" and pressed rewind  
That you could survive,  
When a real Crip run up on your car and flex the nine  
You must be out of yo mind  
A real Blood will put you out of yo mind  
Just stay the fuck up outta my hood

Where my niggaz take you up out of yo shine  
It ain't a movie dawg  
Hell yeah this a real fuckin uzi dawg  
I'm about to hop inside my Impala  
Try to keep up, don't lose me ya'll

[Chorus]

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[The Game]

I know the real O-Dog  
And that nigga know the real Game  
I call him Lorenz Tate  
And he ain't never been in no gang  
But he been to my house (house)  
And he sat on my couch (couch)  
While I put one in the air  
So yeah, that nigga know what I'm bout (bout)  
I'm bout my hood  
I'm bout my block  
I'm bout my chips  
So if the rap money stop and I punch ya clock  
Catch you slippin at a light (get out yo shit)  
We jack niggaz, out of towners, and rap niggaz  
And ball players cause we ball playa  
We chop it up with them trap niggaz  
We Outkasts, we Big Boi's, Ludacris with them big toys  
Where I'm from, it's only two things  
Standin on the corner, me and that liquor store  
Look what the Bloods did to Weezy  
Look what the Crips did to Jeezy  
This gangbangin shit ain't nothin to play with  
Me and Snoop Dogg just made it look easy

[Chorus]

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[Outro]

Ya'll niggaz got this L.A. shit real fucked up man  
Niggaz better start respectin what the fuck we about  
man  
We take niggaz the fuck out  
This shit ain't no movie dawg  
This shit is real  
Crips, Bloods, Ese's  
We hold shit down  
This L.A.  
I wrote this shit on my face  
Put a muthafuckin star behind it  
What the fuck I am, Starface  
L.A. Chronicles, L.A.X. Files  
Case closed

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