

# The Game

## "State Of Emergency"

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California ain't a state it's a army!

[Verse 1]

One f\*\*kin nigga in the projects killin'  
The same motherf\*\*ker that would burn down the  
villains  
Where the niggas blunt full of that  
You know, who gone take you back to Compton In that  
64 two door  
Sub woofers in the trunk kickin' that lethal injection  
A hood nigga lost with no direction  
So he bought a black smith & wesson  
Strapped on his vest and that's his protection  
At the intersection waitin' on the robber  
Cuz in the city of Angels it's all about survival,  
Motherf\*\*k the 5-0, They wanna see you DOA, welcome  
to L.A.  
Where the ghetto birds flyin over my auntie's and my  
cuzin's house  
Tell me what they buzzin bout  
The little homie got smoked on the corner  
And now his momma cryin', dead in califronia

[Chorus]

Motherf\*\*kers ain't gone learn,  
Till the chronic blunt don't burn  
And you can't see nuthin' but the ghetto bird light  
shinin  
Through the f\*\*kin' palm trees,  
California ain't a state it's a army  
(2x)

[Verse 2]

Jumped in my impala took a trip to the swap meat,  
The scoop bought EGO trippin and some white T's  
Cus some niggas in my old hood don't like me  
Time to put the niggas on check, like my Nike's  
Shoulda heard my my nigga Mack 10 on the chirp  
All I need is me and my bitch,  
If you scared go to church,  
Cuz in Califorinia niggas crack heads for the turf  
And life ain't nuthin but Teck-9's and dirt

Dippin through the the jungles, my escalade hit a dip  
Here come the gorillas in the mist  
And they dressed like Ice Cube was in 96  
Stone cold jherri curl and not one drip  
I sleep with the worms before I swim with the fish  
And I ride with my niggas before I roll witta bitch  
If it don't make dollars it don't make sense  
And I almost got shot because I hit a fence

[Chorus]

Motherf\*\*kers ain't gone learn,  
Till the chronic blunt don't burn  
And you can't see nuthin but the ghetto bird light shinin  
Through the f\*\*kin palm trees,  
California ain't a state it's a army  
(2x)

[Verse 3]

Call the U.S. government and tell em it's a mutherf\*\*kin  
code red,  
Niggas tried to straight up jack me and now they both  
dead  
Third little nigga got away on his mo-ped  
Caught him 'round the corner put the beam on his  
forehead  
Jumped in the impala then smashed through the light  
Without a one time in sight,  
So I bust a right on Century headed to the L.A.X.  
Where there ain't nuthin but fly bitches and checks  
In and out of lanes and I almost wrecked  
Off Brand a nigga in the 600 throwin up his set  
He must don't know I got the 40 on deck  
And the teck tryin be Sh? time to flex  
It's the third this shit happened to me all day  
Guess it's time to add another dead body to the throw  
away  
So I turned down my Spice 1 tape and hit the switch  
Emptied the whole clip in his f\*\*kin face

[Chorus]

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Till the chronic blunt don't burn  
And you can't see nuthin but the ghetto bird light shinin  
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