

Paris

"True"

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[Paris] Welcome back to California The punk po-lice will calico ya The funk won't cease, we battle on the grounds of who it is that really own the town Business, palm trees, a hundred degrees C.I.A's, F-E-D's smuggle in ki's Schwarzenegger still hustle and scheme, puffin the weed Feelin on women, killin the whole scene and I'm killin that old image you got I know you think the West coast started with Eazy and finished with 'Pac But think again, we got it just as hard out here You act like the government ain't in charge out here - man Pass the Molotov, light it up and throw it at the city hall Administration, station Face the Nation, I ain't talkin 'bout the President I'm talkin 'bout the flag with the star and the crescent in it [Chorus: repeat 2X] Look at all the gangbangs sidin with true cuz Look at all the flamebrangers ridin with true blood P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs, and how they divide and confuse us [Paris] Now put your purple back partner, I don't smoke trees (nah) No dank, no drank, no coke or speed (HELL NAW~!) You know me homey, sober and clean A lot of G's want me on the team but I don't roll with dopefiends Imagine me goin from Tookie to Pookie I'm a threat cause mainstream rejection didn't spook me! Rappers tried to make me switch and couldn't move me Kufi salute me and true niggaz choose me Viewed to be the new Huey in Newsweek We all speak truth now listen to the truth speak Full circle with the way I view beef If you don't choose peace you leave with no front two teeth up in this motherfucker (yeah) Guerrilla Funk and we ain't never been no run and duckers (that's right) Now tell me what's so gangster 'bout flossin your bank account for some quick attention from the women while the people in the hood suffer [Chorus] [Paris] Well look here, what'chu think of bringin back the free breakfastes The free food, free health care, free dentistes The homey Fleetwood got the homeboy hotline An ex-felon job line, hit him on MySpace And pardon as I take part in upliftin of my race Past the high rate of incarceration and crime rate bein my fate, so if you don't believe that we can struggle and achieve

then get out my face! So quick, so fast, you don't get
no pass You don't get mo' black we'll kick yo' ass! Then
turn around and spend yo' cash, in the hood with the
mommamas and the kids livin with no dad 'Frisco through
Oakland, Vallejo through Oakland They try to gentrify
and then rebuild most Oaklands But it's still mo' funk
and coke smokin in the Oakland Fo-fo's blowin domes
open, think about it [Chorus]

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