

Game, The "LAX Files"

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Put you're lighters up if you want to

Pull you're muthafuckin dodger caps over you're
muthafuckin eyes
Till 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 safe and danger switch lanes
So strenger drive slow (drive slow)
Where beggers and gangstas
Fast women and dank are
Just part of the face that we show
We got mountains and ocean
We move in slow motion
Off that sticky that you all love to blow
I swear ain't nothing better there
that's why we all take our hats off to you, the one blood

[Verse 1]

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 in my face than the original Scarface
Or the homeboy Scarface
Al Pacino couldn't be no gangsta
Deniro in casino he no gansta
Wanna be, wanna see, wanna get a shovel, dig tookie
up nigga
Cause he know gangstas
Niggas think cause they watch menace a couple times
Seen Cuban boys in the hood and press rewind
That you can survive when a real crip run upon your
corner an flex the nine
You must be out of your mind

A real blood will put you out of your mind
So stay the fuck up out of my hood
Or my niggas take you up out of your shine
It ain't a movie dogg
Hell yeah it's a real fuckin uzi dogg
I'm bout to hop inside my impala
try to keep up, don't loose me ya'll

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

I know the real O-Dog
And that nigga know the real Game
I call him the rinse tape
And he never been in no gang
But he been in my house (house)
And he set on my couch (couch)
While I put one in the air
so yeah tat 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 rat mony stop and I punch a clock
Catch you slippin at a light get out yo shit
We jack niggas, out of towners
And rap niggas, and ball players
Cause we ball player
We chop it up with them trap niggas
We outkast, we big boys
Ludacris with them big toys
Where I'm from there's only two things standing on the
corner
Me and that liquor store
Look what the bloods did to Weezy
Look what the crips did to Jeezy
This gangbanger shit ain't nothing to play with
Me and Snoop Dogg just made it look easy

[Chorus]

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[Game Talking]

you niggas got this L.A shit real fucked up man

Niggas better start respecting what the fuck we about
man

We take niggas the fuck out, this shit ain't no movie
dawg

This shit is real crips, bloods, essays

It holds you down, this is L.A

Wrote the shit on my face ,put a mutafuckin star behind
What the fuck I am .. starface!

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