

## Hi-Tek f/ Dion, The Game

### "1-800-Homicide"

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{\*plane soars overhead\*}  
Ay ay ay ay... {\*echoes\*}

[Chorus: Dion - singing]  
Cal-i-forn-ia, hope-you-got-your-gun  
If-not-call-one-eight-hundred, HOMICIDE  
One-eight-hundred, HOMICIDE  
Cal-i-forn-ia, when-you-need-us  
You-can-call-us-one-eight-hundred, HOMICIDE  
One-eight-hundred, HOMICIDE

[The Game]  
I'm a motherfuckin Aftermath nightmare, wake up  
motherfucker  
I traded in my black Nike Airs  
For a white pair of Converse, Dre let me bomb first  
Get out on bail and still make the concert  
Ask Eminem, homey I'm Shady  
Too much West coast dick lick it, remember Jay-Z?  
"The Chronic" and "Doggystyle" raised me  
My life like rock, it was based in the 80's  
Red bandana tied around my face  
I hope the shit don't jam is how gangsters pray  
And if God forgives the nigga that shot Suge  
Then all dawgs should go to heaven in my hood  
I resurrected this gangster shit  
And this the motherfuckin thanks I get?  
Every city got Crips and Bloods  
But since 'Pac died it ain't been no "California Love"

[Chorus] - minus last line

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