

## Tonya Mitchell

### "City Of Dope"

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City of Dope, I call it Oak  
Can't be broke, selling coke  
Fat ropes, shattered hopes  
Fresh cars and all that dope  
Baseheads keep the trade alive  
Nobody know about a 9 to 5  
Everybody's just trying to survive  
You need a gun, can't use those knives  
You got a bullet? Well just pull it  
And if you trip, get pistol-whipped  
By a psychomaniac sick in his head  
Wanna be a gangster, now he's dead  
His brother took over, ain't no sweat  
Bought a new drop-top white Corvette  
Now he's buying keys, making G's  
And all the girls say "Won't you please  
Take me" In the City of Dope

See I'm hard as hell, no ghetto tale  
You play a gun, but the game is real  
You want to stop my money, how?  
You keep smoking, I'm selling out  
It's called the City of Dope, might be your town  
Get a piece of the rock, turn your life around  
So cool, don't even trip  
You got the sack, get on the tip  
A resident in the City of Dope  
And every day I'm selling coke  
I'm never broke, I don't smoke  
I sold a rock and made you have a stroke  
Pay cold cash you know, I won't need Bruno  
I'll hit you with my gat and then I won't come back  
Like ym peanut butter top with the candy paint  
All the high school tenders drop down and faint  
In the City of Dope

Life in a coke town, heard it before  
Think it's all been said, but it's so much more  
It's like midnight, slanging rock  
Task force just hit the block  
Time to make a move, the spot got hot

You chase a cop, homeboy why not?  
She lit the match and light the crack  
Ain't giving no bitches no kind of slack  
Or if you're playing the game, you're thinking the same  
Goddamn that rock cocaine  
I've seen a lot of my friends go off that pipe  
And every night smoke coke that's white  
So when you get up, man, there you go  
You and that pipe just dogging the hoes  
In the City of Dope, and the story goes  
Want to be like free, breaking millions of loaves  
In the City of Dope, where the color is gold  
On your neck, and your fingers, and your brand new  
Rolls  
Enough said, but my rap won't end  
It's on a one way trip to San Quinten  
Like you my friend, ain't nothing new  
You want to grind that boat til it's way past two  
You say it's not easy, that you're so hard  
Sporting gold tone Z's, not credit cards  
Got clout turn 'em out, you got bitches  
You say you're not fake, but I'm telling you this is  
The City of Dope, might be your world  
Get a beeper homeboy and just sell that girl  
I'm from the town called "The City of Dope"  
It couldn't be saved by John the Pope  
So go on, live your life of crime  
The beat'll keep beating while I say my rhyme  
In the City of Dope

Smoking weed, rolling 'em fat  
You wonder where the boy learned to act like that  
Hey was raised in the ghetto and felt the need  
To roll a fat joint and smoke that weed  
But the tale goes on and years went by  
Another drug came and the boy got high  
Ever since that day, he just wasn't the same  
Where I come from, we call it "rock cocaine"  
Where you come from, you might call it "crack"  
But wherever he went, you see he never came back  
I tried to tell the motherfucker, but he don't know  
I say to coke, "Pimp that ho"  
I don't live in a mansion but I drive a Benz  
Cut to the turf and collect my ends  
Say "Look here freak, kick me down  
I don't have time to talk right now"  
Got to go to, my next hoe  
And get kicked down, a little more  
Left right left, down the street  
Getting paid freak by freak  
There you see me, there you don't

You wonder will I, or won't  
Is it yes, is it no?  
But does it really matter you freaky hoe?  
In the City of Dope

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