

# Murs, L.A.

(Murs)

I'm from L dot A dot Californ-I-A hot  
Days got shade let me take you 'round the way  
Lot of out-of-towners can't handle this city  
Where you wear the wrong color and it can get tricky  
But that was eighty-six and, things done changed  
We a lot mo' evolved with the way that we bang  
Not the rips and the dawgs, man the smog might kill ya  
But you ain't gotta worry if you stayin North of Wilshire  
Don't be scared of Crenshaw, the Slausson super-mall  
Or Earl's Hot Dogs man you gotta do it y'all, c'mon  
Come to the hood where we do the most good  
Magic Johnson be ownin everything like he should  
Lynnwood, Long Beach, Hawthorne, Gazine  
From the towers in Watts, to the hills of Pasadena  
The home of the traffic and that gangbang culture  
And I hope the way we do the damn thang don't insult ya

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

I'm from L.A. (ahh) Southern California  
Fool the West coast, where everybody is somebody  
And the game is fame, do everythang with a bang  
And everybody wanna know, what set you claim

(Murs)

The land where the six-fo's, hop up and get low  
Your favorite rapper gettin jacked for more than his sick flows  
Home of the pornos, we mess up award shows  
The weather's always warm so the women wear short clothes  
Our beaches ain't the cleanest but the {ahh} is the greenest  
And we got the blonde bombshells and sick latinass  
Then mix in the dark-skinned light-skinned sisters  
Where you never have to wear your triple goose on Christmas  
You can miss us with the blizzards and the winters  
The hurricanes unless it's in some glasses with some actresses  
Perfect frame, silicone or real it don't matter if she paid for it  
Every single trend you can probably thank L.A. for it  
Bandanas, facelifts, quick trips to Vegas  
White t-shirt, Chuck Taylors or them K-Swiss  
Poplockin, Crip walkin, chronic blunts, G-Funk  
A place that everybody hate, but you gotta see once

(Chorus)