

People Under The Stairs, The L.A. Song

(Intro)

Yo, alot of people be steppin to us like
Y'all from San Francisco right?
Nah G we show alot of love
But in the state of California from Humboldt to Oceanside ya dig
But L.A. is where it all happens for the Dub and Thes One
All you MC's say L.A. when you on stage
And when you do spit that hot verse
We gonna make it happen man

(Verse One: Double K)

Who wanna test?
We lickin' off shots in the west
We make believers out the best
Lay the weak to rest
In southern California ain't no place like this
Have to stuff y'all too and we created this shit
So don't be saggin young buck in the presence of this
Don't even come from the city and your runnin your lips
I'm 'bout to make a call get the news van out
Explain to trisha (?to your da'?) on how your crew ran out
We comin live from the trey two three area code
Mad clouds of smoke and ain't no room for snow
Sucka niggaz with sucka beats
Stay in the back seat and buckle up for the ride
I'm chillen with bad guys
And got time on my side
Cause this is my city this is where I live
And if ya bring bad vibes I got something to give
Hangin out under the sun is an everyday thang
And gettin crazy in the labs the only way I bang
Don't step to me with that mean face
Buddy I'm all smiles and I'm countin the miles
Down Crescent Heights boulevard
Home of the stars
Get ya pulled out ya car for frontin' too hard
Just listen, you ain't down with the streets my brotha?
I can forsee in your future ther'es some runnin for cover
Alot of y'all talk a good game
But ain't playin
I learned about the hood and now feel thats where your stayin
Fools be givin you the mad dog after the show
Cause we ain't feelin them flows
Or your designer clothes
Its phony people in L.A. I counted its alot
And if the hanus catch your a bully there claimin your block
Just get it right its Crescent Heights all day all night
The community where I was raised
Livin my days
Wishin I could be the mayor i'd deport you fools
And send you back to squareland cause over here we brew
Authentic people in the town
Throw up your dub take a drag
It's Double K signin off from the home of the bodybags

(Verse Two: Thes One)

Yo about five years after they kill
Creep up the hipe
Wrestlee moovahs the sleepers
Drugdealers rock beepers
T tops, jerry curls, jelly flip flops for girls
C.B.'s on the strip and a commercial for world
All wheels I whistle to my crew up on the block
The color soundtrack rock the fat burger do box

My L.A. U.S.C memories are every sticks who filed down clowns
Claimin the same tricks on this turf
My roots go deep like turbo Nerf
And the cops still sweat us
I roll on all blocks like I'm sellin paletas
And rock the bells
Home of the drive-by where they pop the shells
I eat at (?chuttles en la baka?) not Taco Bell
And if your not from the city then you should probably bail
Cause alot of cats are implants
Claimin our labels something to say and something to prove and
At the shows with the flows and they think the crowds groovin
Its like the 405 at 5:30 nobodys movin
I'm tired of non-recognition losin the mission to proven to cats
That my soundtracks and L.A. hat
When newjacks strap New York rap on the block
With a palm tree it makes me sick
All you underground producers get off Premier's dick and just (chill)
I'm headed back to Pe-dro to sit up on the hill
Next to the Korean bell eatin bizzy bee
Watchin waves swell high visibility catalina and sail boats
Hollywood hip hop soaps and sit-com dreams
I make morphine for beat fiends
Support L.A. teens stay trippin with Cal Green
O.G. Jerry Duffey when I'm on your screen
I'm friends with neighborhood crack heads
And I know (?Ben?)
L.A. is the place where I solve my problems
In it i'll never fear
I'll always stay here
Cause when I'm in L.A. my family's there