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