

Tupac, To Live And Die In La

(Dominique) Street Science, you're on the air *static*
What do you feel when you hear a record like Tupac's new one? *static*
(Man Responds) I love Tupac's new record *static*
(Dominique)
Right, but don't you feel like that creates *static*
a tension between East and West? *static*
He's talking about killing people *static*
I had sex with your wife and not in those words *static*
but he's talking about I wanna see you deceased *static*

Intro: Makaveli

No doubt... to live and die in LA
California -- what you say about Los Angeles
Still the only place for me that never rains in the sun
and everybody got love

Verse One: Makaveli

To live and die in LA, where everyday we try to fatten our pockets
Us niggaz hustle for the cash so it's hard to knock it
Everybody got they own thang, currency chasin
Worldwide through the hard times, worryin faces
Shed tears as we bury niggaz close to heart
What was a friend now a ghost in the dark, cold hearted bout it
Nigga got smoked by a fiend, tryin to floss on him
Blind to a broken man's dream, a hard lesson
Court cases keep me guessin, plea bargain
ain't an option now, so I'm stressin, cost me more
to be free than a life in the pen
Makin money off of cuss words, writin again
Learn how to think ahead, so I fight with my pen
Late night down Sunset likin this sin
What's the worst they could do to a nigga got me lost in hell
To live and die in LA on bail, my angel sing

Chorus: Val Young

To live and die in LA, it's the place to be
You've got to be there to know it,
what everybody wanna see
(2X)

Verse Two: Makaveli

It's the, City of Angels and constant danger
South Central LA, can't get no stranger
Full of drama like a soap opera, on the curb
Watchin the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe
So many niggaz gettin three strikes, tossed in jail
I swear the pen the right across from hell, I can't cry
Cause it's on now, I'm just a nigga on his own now
Livin life Thug style, so I can't smile
Writin to my peoples when they ask for pictures
Thinkin Cali just fun and bitches, hahaha
Better learn about the dress code, B's and C's
All them other niggaz copycats, these is G's
I love Cali like I love woman
Cause every nigga in LA got a little bit of Thug in him
We might fight with each other, but I promise you this
We'll burn this bitch down, get us pissed
To live and die in LA
(Let my angel sing)

Chorus

Verse Three: Makaveli

Cause would it be LA without Mexicans?
Black love brown pride in the sex again
Pete Wilson tryin to see us all broke, I'm on some bullshit
Out for everything they owe, remember K-DAY
Weekends, Crenshaw -- MLK
Automatics rang free, niggaz lost they way
Gang signs being showed, nigga love your hood
But reconize and it's all good, where the weed at?
Niggaz gettin shermed out
Snoop Dogg in this muhfucka perved out, M.O.B.
Big Suge in the Low-Low, bounce and turn
Dogg Pound in the Lex, wit a ounce to burn
Got them Watts niggaz with me, OFTB
They got some hash took the stash left the rest for me
Neckbone, Tre, Head Ron, Punchy too
Big Rock got knocked, but this one's for you
I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hopin it pay
Gettin high watchin time fly, to live and die in LA
(Let my angel sing)

Chorus

Outro: Makaveli

This go out for 92.3, and 106
All the radio stations that be bumpin my shit
Makin my shit sells katruple quitraple platinum, hehe
This go out to all the magazines that supported me
All the real motherfuckers
All the stores, the mom and pop spots
&R people, all y'all motherfuckers
LA, California Love part motherfuckin Two
Without gay ass Dre