

# Big Hutch, Lost Angels (L.A. L.A.)

(Intro: Cold 187Um Talking)

chop, chop, chop, chop, chop, chop &quot;that's right&quot;;  
shot you, shot you, shot you, &quot;that's been real right&quot;;  
chop, chop, chop, chop, chop, chop &quot;in City Of Angels y'all&quot;;  
you know, yeah...

(Verse 1: ColdUm 187)

They always yelling out freeze  
When I'm on the back streets gettin' mine  
Dodging the law, dodging the chalk line  
And if y'all feel me  
I'mma keep it real for this episode  
Takin' you all into some critical overload  
What must I do to live in the City of Angels?  
Pack a full clip with one cocked in the chamber?  
Cause it remains to be the same to me  
I gotta be an O.G. like my daddy and my grandpappy  
Don't ever test mine  
Don't ever disrespect mine  
Better yet I tote a 'Tech in case you ever cross the line  
Yo, I'm like the crow, Low down and dirty  
As I handle my business and as I take you on this journey  
It ain't no City Of Angels where I'm at  
It's just people playing get back and more get back  
Yo, a lot of drama on my block but I never stress  
Because I'm built like a Presidential Rolex  
A lotta people die over the red or the blue  
A lotta players hustle cause they got to  
But if I ever go out before I'm supposed to go  
I'm goin' revenge myself like the Crow...

(Chorus 2X: Frost)

L.A. should be crazy-Ass-Place to stay  
where the rider die and players play  
I've been around the world and around the way  
24/7 like every way

(Verse 2: Frost)

I see the clock strike half past  
I'm movin' fast, quick to blast  
I'm like an angel in the city with the devil's path  
And everybody's out to get me  
So I quickly stick and move  
And if he moves I trip, my finger's itchy  
I got a vision, I'm on a mission  
Listen, I can hear them but I can't trust my intuition  
I'm wishin' upon that midnight mystical  
And through the darkness, I'm hoping for a miracle  
I can't holler till you hear me  
I gotta get me through the madness even though I'm guilty  
And as I reload I'm all alone set to explode  
Like a pathological murderer that's in the zone  
I know the working, the spirit's lurking  
I'm hurting, the triple six with the kiss got my soul searching  
When I awoke I choked on a cloud of smoke  
It was a dream and in my dream, I seen a black crow...

(Chorus)

(Break: Frost Talking)

another day in L.A. comes to an end  
the dark of the nights starts to set in  
lots of peers going down under the seek lights

(Verse 3: KM.G)

Welcome to the city of drag where my pants sag  
And my homies still reying on the flag  
Yeah, life starts to twist and turn  
And it hits you at another angle  
Just some more drama in the City Of Angels  
Violence is brought forth through many years  
Broken memories, we cried so many tears  
Ooh the Devil plays the repo man  
And he's sucking up souls  
As fast as he can  
It ain't no question  
It's in our nature  
A 45 brings out the criminal behaviour  
When the clouds in the sky turn black and gloom  
As soon as the smoke starts to fill the room  
Your heart starts to beat, it's like the ritual  
And the feeling that you get is somewhat spiritual  
I'mma have to let you know how reality goes  
Makes you fly like the Crow as you slide into limbo...

(Chorus)