

Defari, Lowland Anthem, Part 1

The burning sands of the lowlands
"The L dot A dot"
-Tash of Tha Alkaholiks "Hip Hop Drunkies"
Yo you don't know man?
"The L dot A dot"
Yo You don't know man? (x2)

Verse 1:

Give thanks that's what I say when I wake
Another day in L.A. feel the sun bake
I holla at Scott he knows about the spot
At the beach Dockweiler nigga straight box
I call up Swift let him know about the shit
Call up Will
He got the Henessy on chill
I'm with Doncril he on deck with Santrel
Rollin' bleazy like Terry McMillian wait to exhale
My nigga Will stay off Stocka
Some city got hot bitches but on Crenshaw it's hotta
>From bad ass bitches to cold ass Impalas
Vasea special with two glasses for twenty dollars
It's hella hot we pull up to Dockweiler
The scene is so lovely it makes me wanna holla

Hook:

The burning sands of the lowlands
where sisters is bad man
And brothers fear no man
Yo you don't know man? (X2)

Verse 2:

Summertime 7:30 time for sunsets
Sometimes I go and park with my queen and get lit
Watch the sun cascade over the ocean
Thoughts about how the Likwit gonna put it all in motion
Sometimes I sit and watch and see dolphins
Defari alumni
From Pac 10 like Kenny Lofton
Never soft stay healthy avoid coughs
In L.A. we buy houses fuck apartments and lofts
Yo my cold flow straight wild west professional
California green from the trees down to the vegetables
Wack MCs are also edible
After six figures where I'm trying to see my decimal
Pointland, cash in hand
I'm on my way to see Phil in the Cressant Heights Lowland

Hook (x4)

Verse 3:

Flex the skills see this broad with a baby strill
Ass poppin out no doubt man I got's to kill
Like Grant Hill I play with cool moves
See niggas out here we ain't loud we straight smooth
And don't mistakes fool for being chump
Cause L.A. is the wrong place if you think niggas won't thump
In a flash
Sunshine, cars, bitches and cash
Six foot rippers, chron blends with hash
We classic like that T.V. show M.A.S.H.
With bitches way badder than that broad Stacey Dash
No jokin' that's word to brother deep dish spokin'
Down the boulevard pint in hand straight smokin'
No chokin', and no it's not brown that's word to Oakland

One time sees us stoppin' for bitches and keeps rollin'

Hook