The Game (feat. Ice Cube), State Of Emergency

California ain't a state it's an army
[Verse 1:]
One motherfucker in the projects killin
The same motherfucker that'll burn down the village
With a chronic blunt full of that you know who gon
Take you back to Compton in that 6-4 two-door
Sub whoofers in the trunk kickin that lethal injection
A hood nigga lost with no direction
So we bought a blacksmith in western strapped on his vest and that's his protection
At the intersection waitin on arrival cause in the city of angels it's all about survival
Fuck the 5-0 they wanna see you D.O.A welcome to L.A.
Where the ghetto birds flying over my aunties and my cousin house
Tell me what they buzzin bout the lil homie got smoked on the corner
And now his momma cryin dead in california
[Chorus:]
[Ice Cube:]
Motherfuckers ain't gon learn till the chronic blunt don't burn
And you can't see nothin but the ghetto bird light shining through the fuckin palm trees
[The Game:]
California ain't a state it's a army
Motherfuckers ain't gon learn till the chronic blunt don't burn
And you can't see nothin but the ghetto bird light shining through the fuckin palm trees
[Ice Cube:]
California ain't a state it's a army
[Verse 2:]
Jumped in my impala took a trip to the swap meet
To scoop up ego trippin and a white t
Cause some niggas in my old hood don't like me
Time to put they ass in check like my nikes
Shoulda hit my nigga mack 10 on the chirp
All I need is me and my bitch if you scared go to church
Cause them california niggas crack heads for the turf
And life ain't nothin but tech nines and dirt
Dippin through the jungles my escalade hit a dip fuck
Here come the gorillas in the mist
And they dressed like ice cube was in 96'
Stone cold jerry curls not one drip
I'll sleep with the worms 'fore I swim with the fish
And I'll ride with my niggas 'fore I roll with a bitch
If it don't make dollars it don't make sense
And I almost got shot cause I could'nthit a fence
[Chorus:]
[Ice Cube:]
Motherfuckers ain't gon learn till the chronic blunt don't burn
And you can't see nothin but the ghetto bird light shining through the fuckin palm trees
[The Game:]
California ain't a state it's a army
Motherfuckers ain't gon learn till the chronic blunt don't burn
And you can't see nothin but the ghetto bird light shining through the fuckin palm trees
[Ice Cube:]
California ain't a state it's a army
[Verse 3:]
Call the U.S. government and tell em it's a motherfuckin code red
Niggas try to straight up jack me now they both dead
Third lil nigga got away on his moped
Caught him round the corner put the beam on his forehead
Jumped in the impala then smashed through the light
Without him one time in sight so I bust a right
Oh century headed to the L.A.X where ain't nothin but fly bitches and jets
In and out of lanes and I almost wrecked [?] nigga in a 600 throwin up the set
He must don't know I got the 40 on deck and the tech
Tryna be [?] time to flex it's the third time this shit happened to me all day
Guess it's time to add another dead body to the doorway
So I turned down my spice one tape and hit the switch

Emptied the whole clip in his fuckin face
[Chorus:]
[Ice Cube:]
Motherfuckers ain't gon learn till the chronic blunt don't burn
And you can't see nothin but the ghetto bird light shining through the fuckin palm trees
[The Game:]
California ain't a state it's a army
Motherfuckers ain't gon learn till the chronic blunt don't
And you can't see nothin but the ghetto bird light shining through the fuckin palm trees
[Ice Cube:]
California ain't a state it's a army
[Both:]
California ain't a state it's a army