

# Xzibit, Some L.A. Niggaz

(MC Ren)

Yeah nigga, MC Ren up in this motherf\*\*ker

(West West y'all)

Yeah, L.A. niggaz

L.A. niggaz rule the world nigga

Y'all niggaz gotta recognize, yaknahmsayin?

Niggaz don't wanna peep game, yaknahmsayin?

But this shit come all the way back around here

My nigga Dre, droppin heat box on y'all bitch-ass

Yaknahmsayin? You gotta recognize

L.A. niggaz, connected all over the motherf\*\*kin world, nigga

Recognize this

(Time Bomb)

Now in my younger days I used to sport a rag

Backpack full of cans plus a four-four mag

G'd from the feet up

Blued up from the sewer's how I grew up

Loc'n, smokin and drinkin til we threw up (threw up)

At Leimert Park, taggin, hittin fools up

Ditchin my class, just to f\*\*k yo' school up

You don't wanna blast, nigga tuck yo' tool up

But don't sleep, y'all niggaz quick to shoot you

Now there's another motherf\*\*ker with no future

But Time Bomb much smoother when I manuever, dope like Cuba

Got em jumpin {\*King T starts speakin, indecipherable\*}

(King T)

I'm comin "Straight Outta Compton" with a loose cannon

Smoke big green, call it Bruce Banner

Watch your manners, at last another blast from the top notch

From way back with the pop rocks, I pop lock witcha

Picture this, Dr. Dre twistin wit Tha Liks

and Hittman bought a fix

Don't trip, it's a Time Bomb in this bitch

Here it tick tick tick tick {\*BOOM\*}

Wait a minute it's on, I tell it like a true mackadelic

Weed and cocaine sold seperate, check it

From sundown to sunup -- clown done run up

The Aftermath'll be two in your gut, nigga what?

Chorus: Knoc-Turn'al, Kokane

We roll deep, smoke on weed drink and pack heat

Requirements for survival each day -- in L.A.!

It don't stop, we still mash in hot pursuit from the cops

Analyze why we act this way -- in L.A.!

(Hittman)

Gimme that mic fool, it's a West coast jack move

They call me Hitt - cause I spit like gats do

cock me back

Bust caps for my max crew, at Fairfax

who used to wear Air Max shoes, that's true

But I grew up where niggaz jack you, harass you

Blast you, for that set you claim (where you from?)

Mash on you for your turkish chain, C.K. B.K.

Blued up or flame, I ran wit a gang

I helped niggaz get, jacked for they Dana Dane's

My pants hang below my waistline

I look humble wanna rumble? (yeah yeah)

I bang though, like Vince Carter from the baseline

don't waste my time

F\*\*k a scrap in killa Cali, AK's and 9's

One-time's, sunshines, and fine-ass bitches  
Hawaiian thai, drive-by, six-fo's on switches

(Xzibit)

I was raised in the hood called WHAT-THE-DIF'  
Where the brothers in the hood, refused to go Hollywood  
Slugs for the f\*\*k of it  
Anybody hatin on us can suck a dick  
If I catch you touchin mine you catch a flatline, dead on the floor  
Better than yours, drivin away gettin head from a whore  
It's AvireX-to-the-Z  
F\*\*kin with me might get you banned from TV,  
cassette and CD it's all mine the whole nine the right time  
Multiply, we don't die, the streets don't lie  
What, so neither do I, I'm bad for your health  
like puttin a pistol up to your face and blastin yourself

(Defari)

Five in the mornin, burglars at my do'  
Glock forty-five in my dresser drawer  
Let em come in BLAOW he see the thunder roll  
Roll with niggaz, who by fifths by the fo'  
and bruise by the case  
SLAP YOU in the face with the bass, Dr. Dre laced  
Likwit Kings wit Sedans and gold rings  
Haters fold the style, but can't find no openings

Chorus

(Outro)

In L.A.

That's how we ride (4X)