

Come on, everybody throw your hands up in the air
Come on lets...
And you know, we keep the party jumpin'
So lets keep them 40s comin'

R: Come on down to the city of LA
Where we, we ride with gangsta's and the pimpins' easy
You know how we keep it bumpin' everyday, baby
We ride with gangsta's and the pimpins' easy

Well I ride with jay-dee-oh-gee
And it's like, kay, basically
We get shit faced and crazy
We're screaming "FUCK THE POLICE!"
J-just like easy lets smoke these with Old'E and Charlie
We mix it over a heartbeat, and run with the Undead Army!
And you don't need to see the best of me
The best MC, its just a beat, produce the feeds that makes me mean
That seems to be what makes me scream
So what up?!
Let's roll the town fucked up!
Let's sing LA and show love!
Yo JDOG, wait, just hold up
Take my mic, my PO showed up!

R:

We're six Caucasians, hell raisin'
Blazin', making zero pay
Can't wait to drink to stop the pain
To call Funny
To ride with me
My pants are so low, I'm sippin' on this 4-0
Rollin' in the fo' do'
Producer, me, and four ho's
OH NO!
The 5-0's rollin' cold, I didn't stop, but tried to smoke
Container's open, Funny's smokin'
I think I'm chokin'
It's time to go (OH)
This midnight tale, let's keep it rollin'
Keep the fuckin and Mad Dog flowin'
Los Angeles we keep it goin'
Undead is what we're throwin'

R:

I keep'em blowin' on my
Head keeps gettin' fatter everyday, baby
On TV ya better listen 'cause you know they'll play me
In the club, you in the corner while my shit go crazy
And I got my soldiers in the back so you don't wanna face me
And when your girl looked up at me, I'm lookin' right down
And all that yappin', you know you gonna' be a smack down
I stick around to keep it mad while the crowd's loud
In the city of LA; that's my hometown