

If it ain't about the chips, I ain't 'bout the stress  
That's why I stay dipped behind limousine tint  
With a fly hooker, and a fly hookup  
'Bout to bend the corner where K-oss cook up, yeah  
Four tight-Ass-Chevys, linked at the spot  
Pancaked and hot  
Chariots await, for the homies call  
That'll twist 'n grip, K Mr U-Haul  
And f\*ck the fifty boys you see  
Plus they ain't thinkin' 'bout the P.C.G  
Trouble man like Marvin  
Come humble with the bumble  
Legs on stumble, lay the Glock on the table, now  
Nigga, is you able to be my price  
Or nigga, is you able to roll them dice?  
Nah, but I see your ass trickin' tonight at the club  
Bitches hittin' your ass for dubs  
Yeah, I got beef with Bumpy, beef with the Grimmys  
Two little bitches, careers all finished  
I'm laughing at that ass with my homie Tow-Truck Kurt  
Just put in work on your turf, nigga  
G for it, and I'm ready for that rap shit  
To capture all the scrill record deal could bring to me  
Hennessy, diamond link, too many freaks  
Asshole naked at the chateau on the beach

It's a hold up, with a L.A. flavour  
You get rolled up with your bitch ass behaviour  
That's the L.A. vibe.....  
I'm like the grill on a '64 Chevy, I'm classic  
Have your bitch sayin' "Hutch, we kinda tight,"  
Push a SE 400 with the ??  
Niggas get scared when I bring the pain  
I'm a legend, you could check the scrapbook  
Snitches and player-hating bitches, gettin' shook  
Got to lay law, when I say it's time to lay  
Got to pay up, when I say it's time to pay  
Because you don't really wanna see me and my kinfolk  
Hanging out the window, with the toolie "pow"  
We comes deep like the waters in heavy soup  
We got it sewed up every block, every avenue  
Uh, that's the L.A. vibe.....

It's the L.A. vibe

See I mash up the block, I love my turf  
And players can hate for what it's worth  
I twist what I can just to stay alive  
Cause that's the L.A. vibe  
(\*Echoes\*)