

Real -[?] [?] [?] [?] [?] [?] [?] [?] Don't Ya Dare Laugh feat. Xzibit and Young

B-Real

Intro/Chorus: Young De

Niggaz run up on ya, when you live in California
In the home of marijuana, streets get hotter than sauna
Now this ain't funny so don't ya dare laugh
They run up on the side of your ride and then blast
When it pops off it happens that fast
If you soft, you just won't last

B-Real

I was born in Los Angeles city
Where the thugs ride low, get dough, and the girls are pretty
It's hostile and gritty, outsiders see the beauty
Sun shines but sometimes it's dark and moody
Whatever you do to me you won't stop my grind
Son when you find one you hold on and shine
Don't lay back, relax
Cause the minute you lay back, someone takes away from your stacks
Nowadays it's a struggle to hustle
Not only in the street, the rap games, and the fucked up shuffles
So I came with the rain, to boost it back
Real life is a struggle but we used to that
No matter, who you are or who you be with
We all want the same thangs, we all in the same gang
Same dope, same notes we flow for
Same dreams and schemes we investin our soul for

Chorus

Young De

I'm livin that Cali life, in the hundred degree heat
And you wonder why they found another body in the streets
No AC, packed in a car eight deep
They go kamikaze, no camaraderie or peace
And beef, homey ain't just somethin you eat
But the taste of revenge, is oh so sweet
Your boy won't sleep, 'til I'm up in that Benz
E-class heat blast leave 'em in a trench
And take me off the bench, I'm ready for the game
Your business fucked up they got you signin for a chain
They callin for a change, they callin out my name
Young De they want me to come and do my thang
Plain black tee I ain't do it for the fame
Same black glock if you move into my lane
Same old blocks is the spots where I hang
On the stoop with the vets but your boy ain't changed

Chorus

Xzibit

Top hat smashin in a California fashion
Even the strong get chinchecked tested and blasted
Wrapped in plastic, dumped out for weak reasons
I beach cruise, black t-shirts for each season
Come here flossin ya knots
You're not leavin with that, now where my motherfuckin gangsters at?
More single mothers than brothers than we got on the street
Better have you a handle whenever you keepin the peace

Still 'Fuck Tha Police' at least the coast stay consistent
Fame is lame but life is lost in an instant
Hit the fence then sprint through the neighbor's yard
Canine is on your ass if they catch you then you're gone
This is for the soldiers that's never comin home
who been crackin for the cause candy-painted to the chrome
Hikin up Cypress Hill with two bong
B-Real got a pound then it's on - we smokin