

The LA

Blu

It'd be absurd for you to think, you could serve like me
The big BL, nobody blew that herb like me
Straight out of CA, nobody know the curb like me
The curse might be, the gifts when you birth like g's
The first mic king, that CA seen since Mac Dre
Had tapes, servicing niggas that had papas
Had the jakes on my place, 3 days, had to shake
Threw the luggage at my brother, that's how you catch a case
Muthaf*ckas need to 1-8-7 a deep cover, just to be discovered
I shot the sheriff no shutter
Close your blinds while I open mine
And let that California shine make a ho go blind
Before she blow yo' mind

Waking up in my city
A lot of angles, not an angel here to guide me
Living lost in these streets
Wouldn't advise you to come and find me
Ain't shit shiny, if anything is someone as grimy
Wonder how I see it everyday and still put it behind me
Stronger, top of the block, still walking through the bottom

Problems we got'em, funny, just wouldn't be the same without'em
It's the balance, can't challenge what it was already written
Is some truth, some proof
But the majority sit in my Caddy, Krysten, Crystal quiet(?)
Still hear them snakes, system, politic and they starting riots
My science sparks the ignition fire, burn

California coast line outline my poetry
Declare my dedication to my street hop openly
Potent throw-etry (floetry?) confidently confident
Smacking the incompetent with dominant doctrine
Devastating documents, documented in confidence
Manifested swag since I first started rocking shit
Hide from behind the trees in fatigue flow
Super back south central mental with my dome
West coast Destro, GX, baby, like Jethro
Back then to lately, they say crazy how we wreck the flow
Men in black? Double 0 agent pounding pavements
West is yet to come, going HAM on imitators like that