Hawthorne to Longbeach, haha... Some of that Capone and Dat Nigga Daz shit Smackin y'all niggaz upside the head, beyotch Show y'all niggaz what it is..

Welcome to California where the gang stay Longbeach, Compton to Watts, Hawthorne and L.A. Outside we rip-ride, let the slugs fly I maintain just to bang with the gang till the day that I die Get crazy plus looney and insane, on yo' ass First just to blast on yo' ass if yo' talkin trash Cash; she in all them hardy-tardy no (?) They get some get back and get they whole wig peelt back Hangin out on the corner drinkin Sapp Little homies doin things from murders to jackin And they say, ("Yo Daz are you a rider?") And I reply with, "Hell yeah I'm a rider!" Motorola TV's - 'Lacs on D's Make us niggaz feel good when us niggaz got cheese Young niggaz robbin niggaz for they dope sacks (give it up!) Just to see where they hearts at Smokin weed and loots and hubs, roll around with beat in my truck Roll around with heat in the front, just to dump at two punks 12 gauge sawed-off, thinkin my point across Cooperate nigga or get broke off Ask ya homies how we put it in work Now they here, now they gone, six feet in the dirt Rest in peace to my homie L-Dogg from the DPG Bringin drama to these niggaz, bringin drama to the streets

Whattcha gonna do if ya wanna hang and bang ..and move around with those gangstas
Whattcha gonna do if ya wanna hang and bang ..and move around with them gangstas, gangstas!

In L.A. ya dress cordial, accordin to the area ya goin to Ya might need to where a black khaki suit standin in grey and blue Ya never know who gon' be waitin, and watchin - plannin and plottin to getcha caught and leave ya shot and forgotten Remember back in the day, Lewsinger high Caught every park in the mornin, school was cool when ya high Knockin niggaz on they ass, put a nigga through the glass Capone got there so fast, the motherfuckers crashed And I laugh when I think back on the days of my past My gangsta-ass ways, take a sip like drinkin blaze in the Purple Haze -- finna get my smoke on Two o'clock in the mo'nin with my motherfuckin lotes on Getcha loc' on wit a nigga if ya wit a nigga Hit a nigga up in traffic, then go try and get a nigga Cause I'll split a nigga with millimeters from heaters Cop killers, case I gotta kill a cop I'ma need 'em to beat 'em They say, "Slip are you a rider?" And I reply, "Hell yeah I'm a rider!" My situation got illy, Kurupt was out in Philly When I hooked up with Daz Dilli, to slap ya silly Make a milli-on, when I drop to Leban-on Mega-tron, Veit-nam, napalm, Bombay bomb

it don't stay calm for long
When a nigga livin in a warzone, then the war's on
I'm a king on my throne, so put the crown on my dome
And so it read 'Hawthorne: The city where I was born'
Till the cows come home, in the southside of L.A.
The City of Angels, but Hell surround us, all around us
Makin it hot, I heat it up, slow my slow and speed it up
Flip a rock and give a cut to the homies
to get some new chucks to bang in
Keep the rag hangin, Cutlass to slang in
Got a whole gang of ends

Knick-knack patty-whack, give a G a strap
If he a G put to work, if he a punk he pass it back

You want the AR-15, the glock 17, the M16 or the uzi 14 Mini-machine, with the infrared beam, gangsta lean It's like a dream to be fresh on the scene, knahmean? Rest in peace to Strak-Lo, keep calm Rest in peace to the homie, NailBoy and radio ridin in peace

Yeah, that's how we do it Slip Capone and Dat Nigga Daz Funky Fresh '99.. yeah haha...