

Here In LA

Deuce

Hollywood in the house
Los Angeles
Stand up

I was having dreams laid out on the futon
Knocks on my mama's crib
They came thought suton
I couldn't save my life even if I had a coupon
Four years later, now I'm back with my jewels on
Yeah I'm Mr. Hollywood
Ain't talkin' lights, camera
Money grow on fuckin trees
Yeah I'm talkin marijuana
I'm talkin pistol hammer
Ain't talkin Trudy Zammer
I ain't talkin baking soda
But I got that arm and hammer
Yeah, she got a head game
She be playin head games
Fuckin with a real pimp
Dunkin on you hater legs
Sippin on that Haterade
Get yourself a minute maid
Makin moves, getting praised
Switching lanes, interstate
Laker game... the center, sittin next to O Jack
Nothin but fuckin Truth puttin on the cold act
Ridin through the boulevard
All clear, no tip
And I got my stripes on
Like Jay on his girlfriend

Here in LA, here in LA
All of our dreams come true, there's a reason
But we're here in LA, we're here in LA
So if ya see me, don't be scared to greet me
Up here in LA, in LA

Hi I'm the Truth, rapper slash hustler
See the Benz parked
Blame it on the costumer
Ain't talkin safe sex
Homie but I stay strapped
Yes I'm the Chrysler I don't come with gift wrap
I still come from Hollywood
From my Mexicanos, right there by the fence
Right around McDonalds
Keys ain't a problem, I push it like Alicia
Break it all down and charge it like a visa
Walkin' through Griffith Park
Sippin on that Kool-Aid
Yeah I got a PS3, you could blame the Blu-Ray
Yeah I love the Dodgers
Love 'em like the Vatos
Not a fan of the Rascoes
Cuz I don't really fall for waffles
Atleast once a week I gotta have my tacos

First wrap I ever got I snatched it up from Carlos
Twenty-twenty vision yeah it's hard to be on me
Cuz alls on my face, you don't see that I see

It's the city of dreams
Where people come and people go
It's the city of fiends
Where people runnin' for that blow
This city just needs a little love, little hope
And I ain't talkin' snortin' a little bit of coke
Or tokin' on that dope runnin' from the po-po
Oh no, been there and done that, so yo
Here's story that I like you to know
About my life and those I once rolled with
We used to go sip Alize with no mix
Drink, catch a couple girls with some lip rings
And then joke about how we hit these
And laugh and talk about how her shit stinks
Or how she ripped three queefs
And when I bent her over she would scream
(No, that's a big thing)
Oh shit, it's a he, it's a she
Here in LA, it's all the same to me

Goddamn it feels good to be back
You've been so good to us
Here in LA, here in LA
Palm trees, fast cars, gangsters and hustlers
Only place you can find us at is..