

The City

Erick Sermon

City of Angels, Dogg Pound
Yeah, whoo
Yeah, haha

In the city, city of Compton
Where there's bomb weed
'Cause the city of California's with me

We in the city
Where the big lights get dimmy got pounds of E-Double
My dog just riding with me
Got plenty just in case it ain't enough, you want more?
This is what we got in store, wipe you on the floor
It's D-P-G with E-R-I-C-K
See I don't know nigga, but we do's it this way
I'm head banging conscience in the city full of danger
I ain't new to this shit
You know we looking for you strangers
Better watch out
Beware of them dogs, we bite viciously, intensely
You know we all through the city
When you mention we D-P-G-C, niggas that's our lifestyle
I'm not late a nigga, but yes right now
Better bow down the rest ain't coming
When you see that nigga Daz, you know that I'll be gunning
And I'm all through the city getting grimy and gritty
Everywhere you know you know that thing coming with me like

(In the city) Rolling down Crenshaw
Put it in my pockets on swoll
(In the city) Banging that Nipsey
And you know the marathon continues
(In the city) Rolling on ziggies
And the cadillacs getting so low
(In the city) Spark me up one
The city of California's in here

Pandora's box, in a melting pot
Running from the cops, throwing up the block
Raised in the hood, chicken flipping, dipping
This is just the city of guns
I gotta have it automatic cop out, gotta have it
Lions chasing gazelles, the fox chasing the rabbit
Push come to shove, I'ma ride and push the line
Find a way to get this cheese
Divine intervention, smoke a kush
Let me intervene, rewind the times from 1983
I heard all about it, 1993
Couldn't live without it, chucks, khakis and teas, all white
Nigga don't act like it's alright, it's all bad
Sock a nigga, don't stab
Stab means a mouth
While all y'all just don't know about that South Central lingo

(In the city) Rolling down Crenshaw
Put it in my pockets on swoll
(In the city) Banging that Nipsey

And you know the marathon continues
(In the city) Rolling on ziggies
And the cadillacs getting so low (Getting so low)
(In the city) Spark me up one
The city of California's in here

Sunshiny days, palm trees, the best weed
Where they say it never rains (In the city)
You fleas get DP'd on Harley's, you black knights
And we all rare bread, ride out (In the city)
And to the homies, rest in peace
Nate dog, Crazy Toones, Pac, Nip, Eazy-E (In the city)