

## Born In LA

## Evidence

Born in LA, it's hard to get star-struck  
Born in LA so I always keep my guard up  
Born in LA, must deal where I stay  
Everyday, everyday, everyday

I'm from a city that breeds death, multiple shots firing  
Home of the violent niggas wilding, half-city half-island  
I was born in the wood, raised in the San Fernando valley  
Where there's eses and mostly Bloods  
Big family so I had covers from different hoods  
That taught me the landscape of the city and I was good  
Driven by the desire to document the lives under fire  
Then present it to you through the wire  
Had to struggle with gang codes and navigate a path  
Through the maze of Los Angeles becoming a man  
Hopes become smoking the lung up here in the can  
These streets respect killers and I'm just a man  
But yet it's still? remember that Chace told ya  
The nation is infected by LA gang culture  
I'm an all-game reporter live from the center  
Where respected as an artist and a thorough street, nigga  
My birthplace, my home, and I'll be buried on Prairie across the street from  
where I was born in LA

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I'm from a place where stars are born  
Weather is never cold, hearts are never warm  
The gang capital, night time injection, cut life is lethal  
And daytime is a sunny place for shady people  
It's your boy, my father stole his son out the hospital  
No loot wasn't stopping his joy, had it popping  
Raised in Santa Monica till their divorce  
Six years old, I couldn't see what was coming  
Of course the plan, mom bounced on old man  
Then we moved to the Venice sand  
A young youth seen gangs firsthand  
Faked address for school, two educations  
Rich friends then back to my land  
You was hard where I'm from, it's a well-known fact  
Whether a white cat, brown, or black  
When you heard shots it was never from starter pistols  
Every night's Fourth of July, launch your missiles  
LA is different since my best friend is gone  
Some moved locations, some just moved on (Rest in peace)  
The neighbourhood changed, new faces came along  
Had me asking myself if this a place I belong  
My hustle is strong, I'm up before them  
Rap caffeine marathon long, determined  
Venice, California, 90291, let's go

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I got a sixth sense for danger man, a second-hand nature for war  
The biggest rivals in my city is the law  
I'm from that Pico Union district homie, fuckk what you thought  
We got trees, windows, and raw, whatever you on  
I'm just a pawn in that federal plan to get us all on  
A nice little high, shoot each other for crumbs  
One by one, dying from wars that's won by none  
Some might come and make a bastard out of my son  
So I'm strapped with a gun making sure the axis that come  
From my body are only medicine pass through my lungs  
I got that downtown psyche, Cortez with a Nike logo  
Locos like me treated pipes like wifeys  
Buying up and down the blocks nightly  
Don't take my block lightly  
We're screwed up like everybody in the world might be  
Born into Union the 17th out the womb  
In the 70's repping Lost Angels through the musical melodies

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