

1-800-homicide

Hi-Tek

Ay ay ay ay...

Cal-i-forn-ia, hope-you-got-your-gun
If-not-call-one-eight-hundred, HOMICIDE
One-eight-hundred, HOMICIDE
Cal-i-forn-ia, when-you-need-us
You-can-call-us-one-eight-hundred, HOMICIDE
One-eight-hundred, HOMICIDE

I'm a motherf**kin Aftermath nightmare, wake up motherf**ker
I traded in my black Nike Airs
For a white pair of Converse, Dre let me bomb first
Get out on bail and still make the concert
Ask Eminem, homey I'm Shady
Too much West coast dick lick it, remember Jay-Z?
"The Chronic" and "Doggystyle" raised me
My life like rock, it was based in the 80's
Red bandana tied around my face
I hope the shit don't jam is how gangsters pray
And if God forgives the nigga that shot Suge
Then all dawgs should go to heaven in my hood
I resurrected this gangster shit
And this the motherf**kin thanks I get?
Every city got Crips and Bloods
But since 'Pac died it ain't been no "California Love"

[Chorus: minus last line]