

# How to Survive In South Central

Ice Cube

And now, the wonderous world of  
Hey, come to Los Angeles  
You and your family can have peace and tranquility  
Enjoy the refinement  
Hey Bone, hey nigga where you at though?  
...  
Hello, my name is Elaine  
And I'll be your tour guide through South Central Los Angeles

How to survive in South Central  
A place where bustin' a cap is fundamental  
No, you can't find the shit in a handbook  
Take a close look, at a rap crook

Rule number one, get yourself a gun  
A nine in your ass'll be fine  
Keep it in your glove compartment  
'Cause jackers they love to start shit

Now if you're white you can trust the police  
But if you're black they ain't nothin' but beasts  
Watch out for the kill  
Don't make a false move and keep your hands on the steering wheel

And don't get smart  
Answer all questions, and that's your first lesson  
On stayin' alive  
In South Central, yeah, that's how you survive

Hi this is Elaine again  
Are you enjoying your stay in South Central Los Angeles  
Or is somebody taking your things? Have you witnessed a drive-by?  
Okay, make sure you have your Camcorder ready  
To witness the extracurricular activities on blacks by the police  
So you and your family can enjoy this tape, over and over again

Rule number two, don't trust nobody  
Especially a bitch, with a hooker's body  
'Cause it ain't nuttin' but a trap  
And females'll get you jacked and kidnapped

You'll wind up dead  
Just to be safe don't wear no blue or red  
'Cause most niggaz get got  
In either L.A., Compton or Watts

Pissed-off black human beings  
So I think you better skip the sight-seeing  
And if you're nuttin' but a mark  
Make sure that you're in before dark

But if you need some affection mate  
Make sure the bitch ain't a section eight  
'Cause if so that's a monkey-wrench hoe  
And you won't survive in South Central

Now you realize it's not all that it's cracked up to be

You realize that it's fucked up!  
It ain't nothin' like the shit you saw on TV  
Palm trees and blonde bitches?  
I'd advise to you to pack your shit and get the fuck on  
Punk motherfucker

And you need your ass straight smoked  
Yo I wanna say whassup to DJ Chilly Chill  
Sir Jinx, ayyo Cube these motherfuckers, don't know what time it is  
So show these motherfuckers what's happenin'  
Tell these motherfuckers, don't fuck around in South Central  
Goddamnit!

Rule number three, don't get caught up  
'Cause niggaz aren't doing anything that's thought up  
And they got a vice  
On everything from dope, to stolen merchandise

We discern  
'Cause South Central L.A., is one big germ  
Waitin' for a brother like you to catch a disease  
And start slangin' keys

To an undercover or the wrong brother  
And they'll smother, a out of town motherfucker  
So don't take your life for granted  
'Cause it's the craziest place on the planet

In L.A. heroes don't fly through the sky of stars  
They live behind bars  
So everybody's doin' a little dirt  
And it's the youngsters puttin in the most work

So be alert and stay calm  
As you enter, the concrete Vietnam  
You say, the strong survive  
Shit, the strong even die, in South Central

Yeah you bitches, you think I forgot about your ass  
You tramp-ass hoes? You better watch out  
And for you so called baller-ass niggaz  
You know what time it is, South Central ain't no joke  
Got to keep your gat at all times motherfuckers  
Better keep one in the chamber and nine in the clip goddamnit  
You'll sho' get got, just like that, this ain't no joke motherfuckers  
Now I wanna send a shout-out to E-Dog, The Engineer  
Puttin' his two cents in  
This is Los Angeles