

L.A.

Murs & 9th Wonder

(Murs)

I'm from L dot A dot Californ-I-A hot
Days got shade let me take you 'round the way
Lot of out-of-towners can't handle this city
Where you wear the wrong color and it can get tricky
But that was eighty-six and, things done changed
We a lot mo' evolved with the way that we bang
Not the rips and the dawgs, man the smog might kill ya
But you ain't gotta worry if you stayin North of Wilshire
Don't be scared of Crenshaw, the Slausson super-mall
Or Earl's Hot Dogs man you gotta do it y'all, c'mon
Come to the hood where we do the most good
Magic Johnson be ownin everything like he should
Lynnwood, Long Beach, Hawthorne, Gazine
From the towers in Watts, to the hills of Pasadena
The home of the traffic and that gangbang culture
And I hope the way we do the damn thang don't insult ya

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

I'm from L.A. (ahh) Southern California
Fool the West coast, where everybody is somebody
And the game is fame, do everythang with a bang
And everybody wanna know, what set you claim

(Murs)

The land where the six-fo's, hop up and get low
Your favorite rapper gettin jacked for more than his sick flows
Home of the pornos, we mess up award shows
The weather's always warm so the women wear short clothes
Our beaches ain't the cleanest but the {ahh} is the greenest
And we got the blonde bombshells and sick latinas
Then mix in the dark-skinned light-skinned sisters
Where you never have to wear your triple goose on Christmas
You can miss us with the blizzards and the winters
The hurricanes unless it's in some glasses with some actresses
Perfect frame, silicone or real it don't matter if she paid for it
Every single trend you can probably thank L.A. for it
Bandanas, facelifts, quick trips to Vegas
White t-shirt, Chuck Taylors or them K-Swiss
Poplockin, Crip walkin, chronic blunts, G-Funk
A place that everybody hate, but you gotta see once(Chorus)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

