

# Tupac, To Live And Die In La

(Dominique) Street Science, you're on the air \*static\*  
What do you feel when you hear a record like Tupac's new one? \*static\*  
(Man Responds) I love Tupac's new record \*static\*  
(Dominique)  
Right, but don't you feel like that creates \*static\*  
a tension between East and West? \*static\*  
He's talking about killing people \*static\*  
I had sex with your wife and not in those words \*static\*  
but he's talking about I wanna see you deceased \*static\*

Intro: Makaveli

No doubt... to live and die in LA  
California -- what you say about Los Angeles  
Still the only place for me that never rains in the sun  
and everybody got love

Verse One: Makaveli

To live and die in LA, where everyday we try to fatten our pockets  
Us niggaz hustle for the cash so it's hard to knock it  
Everybody got they own thang, currency chasin  
Worldwide through the hard times, worryin faces  
Shed tears as we bury niggaz close to heart  
What was a friend now a ghost in the dark, cold hearted bout it  
Nigga got smoked by a fiend, tryin to floss on him  
Blind to a broken man's dream, a hard lesson  
Court cases keep me guessin, plea bargain  
ain't an option now, so I'm stressin, cost me more  
to be free than a life in the pen  
Makin money off of cuss words, writin again  
Learn how to think ahead, so I fight with my pen  
Late night down Sunset likin this sin  
What's the worst they could do to a nigga got me lost in hell  
To live and die in LA on bail, my angel sing

Chorus: Val Young

To live and die in LA, it's the place to be  
You've got to be there to know it,  
what everybody wanna see  
(2X)

Verse Two: Makaveli

It's the, City of Angels and constant danger  
South Central LA, can't get no stranger  
Full of drama like a soap opera, on the curb  
Watchin the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe  
So many niggaz gettin three strikes, tossed in jail  
I swear the pen the right across from hell, I can't cry  
Cause it's on now, I'm just a nigga on his own now  
Livin life Thug style, so I can't smile  
Writin to my peoples when they ask for pictures  
Thinkin Cali just fun and bitches, hahaha  
Better learn about the dress code, B's and C's  
All them other niggaz copycats, these is G's  
I love Cali like I love woman  
Cause every nigga in LA got a little bit of Thug in him  
We might fight with each other, but I promise you this  
We'll burn this bitch down, get us pissed  
To live and die in LA  
(Let my angel sing)

Chorus

Verse Three: Makaveli

Cause would it be LA without Mexicans?  
Black love brown pride in the sex again  
Pete Wilson tryin to see us all broke, I'm on some bullshit  
Out for everything they owe, remember K-DAY  
Weekends, Crenshaw -- MLK  
Automatics rang free, niggaz lost they way  
Gang signs being showed, nigga love your hood  
But reconize and it's all good, where the weed at?  
Niggaz gettin shermed out  
Snoop Dogg in this muhfucka perved out, M.O.B.  
Big Suge in the Low-Low, bounce and turn  
Dogg Pound in the Lex, wit a ounce to burn  
Got them Watts niggaz with me, OFTB  
They got some hash took the stash left the rest for me  
Neckbone, Tre, Head Ron, Punchy too  
Big Rock got knocked, but this one's for you  
I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hopin it pay  
Gettin high watchin time fly, to live and die in LA  
(Let my angel sing)

Chorus

Outro: Makaveli

This go out for 92.3, and 106  
All the radio stations that be bumpin my shit  
Makin my shit sells katruple quitraple platinum, hehe  
This go out to all the magazines that supported me  
All the real motherfuckers  
All the stores, the mom and pop spots  
A&R people, all y'all motherfuckers  
LA, California Love part motherfuckin Two  
Without gay ass Dre