

# CITY BY THE SEA

THE CITY OF LONG BEACH IS WICKED, HOW YOU GONNA TELL ME?  
I'VE BEEN WHERE IT'S BEEN BAD, YOU'RE LUCKY IF YOU MAKE 18.

ONLY REASON I MADE THAT AGE, BECAUSE I WAS LOCKED IN A CAGE,  
I SURVIVED THE BULLSHIT, THAT LONG BEACH HAS GOING ON THESE DAYS.

I LOOK AT MY TATS, AND I ADMIT I MADE SOME MISTAKES,  
I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER WHERE I GOT'EM, BEHIND THE RAZOR WIRE GATES.

I'LL NEVER FORGET WHERE I CAME FROM, YOU'LL SEE IT IN MY TATS,  
I'M AN EASTSIDE BABY, I'LL ALWAYS REPRESENT WHERE I GREW UP AT.

I'M NOT FROM A GANG, YEAH I MISSED THE B.S.  
BUT I DIDN'T DODGE THE PRISON BULLET, NOW MY LIFE IS A MESS.

I'M AN EASTSIDE BY HEART, BUT IF I GO BACK,  
I'LL BE BACK IN THE PRISON SYSTEM, OR I'LL BE LAYING FLAT.

WITH MY HEAD TO THE SKY, IN A CITY THAT'S HECTIC,  
BLOOD LEAKING ON 21<sup>ST</sup> STREET, WAITING ON A PARAMEDIC.

IF I GO BACK, NOTHING GOOD WILL EVER ENTAIL,  
ONLY WAY I'LL MAKE IT, IS IF I HAD A SECURITY DETAIL.

IF I HAD A BULLETPROOF VEST, AND A ARMORED CAR,  
PEOPLE MAY NOT KNOW ME, BUT THE TATS I HAVE LABEL ME BY FAR.

RIVAL GANGS WILL SEE MY TATS, AND IMMEDIATELY THINK I'M A CRIP,  
BUT I'LL BE ON PAROLE, SO I CAN'T CARRY A GUN OR THE CLIP.

I MAY WAER BLUE LIKE I'M AN AVATAR, BUT OTHERS SEE A GREEN LIGHT,  
WHEN I WAKE UP I PRAY "LORD PLEASE LET ME MAKE IT HOME TONIGHT."

A LOT OF SHIT CAN HAPPEN, KEEP YA HEAD ON A SWIVEL G,  
BECAUSE YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN, IN THE CITY BY THE SEA.