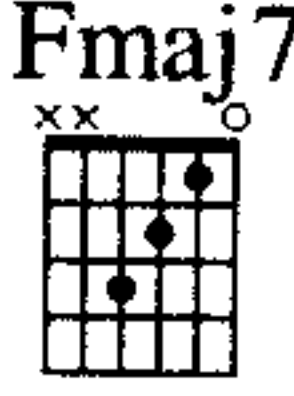
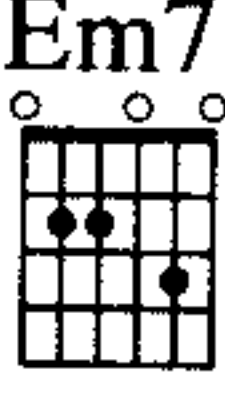
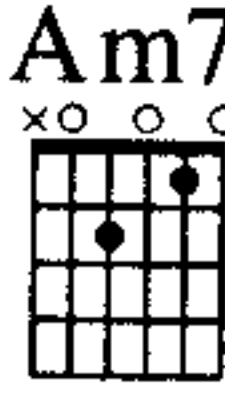


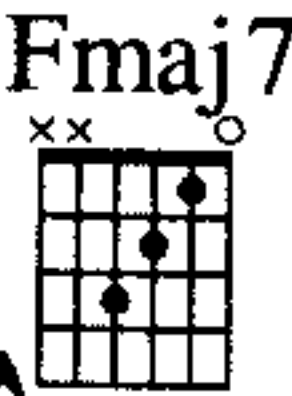
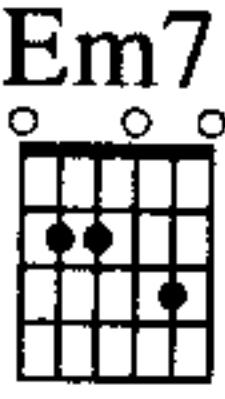
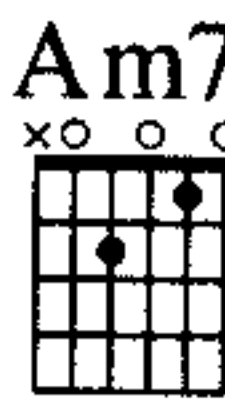
# To Live & Die In L.A.

Written by  
TUPAC SHAKUR, QUINCY DELIGHT JONES III  
and VAL YOUNG

Moderate funk ♩ = 87

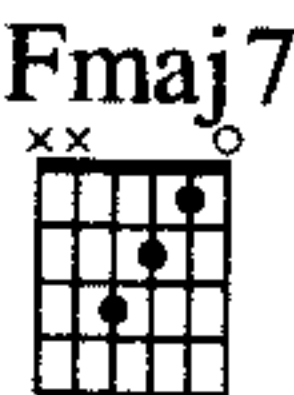


**Fmaj7**  **Em7**  **Am7** 

*Spoken:*  
*mf* I love L.A.... No doubt,  
to live and die in L.A., California. What you

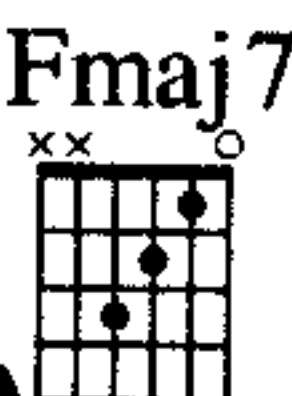


**Fmaj7**  **Em7**  **Am7** 

say about Los Angeles, still the only place for  
me that never rains in the sun. And everybody got love.  
*Rap:* 1. To live and die in L.A.,

**Verse:**

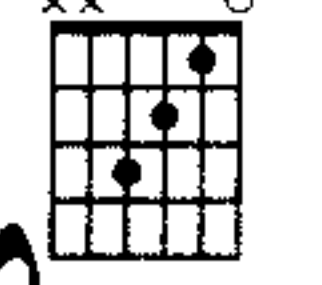
**Fmaj7**  **Em7**  **Am7** 

where every day we try to fatten our pockets. Us niggaz  
2.3. See additional lyrics  
hustle for the cash, so it's hard to knock it.

**Fmaj7**  **Em7**  **Am7** 

Everybody got they own thing, currency chasin'  
worldwide through the hard times, warrior faces.

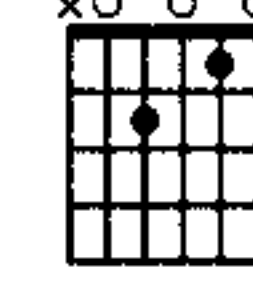
Fmaj7



Em7

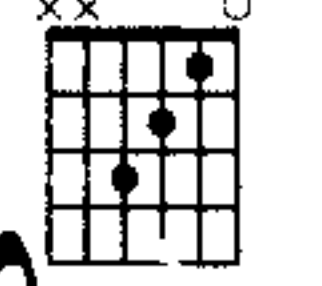


Am7

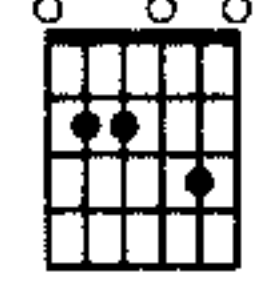


Shed tears as we bury niggaz close to the heart. What was a friend now a ghost in the dark. Cold hearted about it.

Fmaj7



Em7

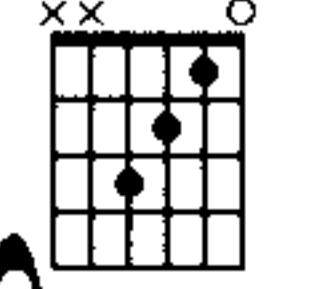


Am7

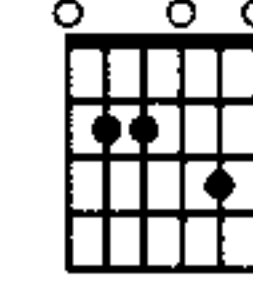


Nigga got smoked by a fiend, tryin' to floss on him. Blind to a broken man's dream, a hard lesson.

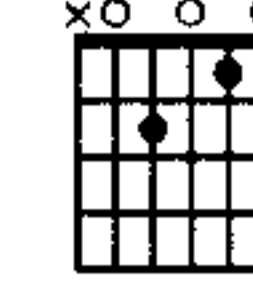
Fmaj7



Em7

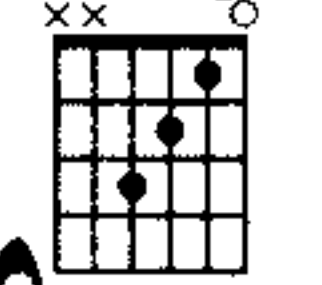


Am7

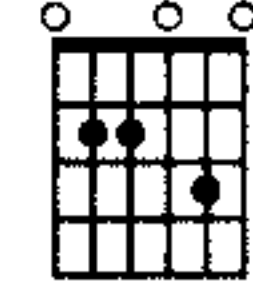


Court cases keep me guessin', plea bargain ain't an option now, so I'm stressin', Cost me more to be

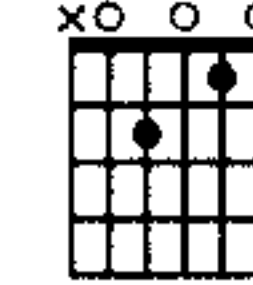
Fmaj7



Em7

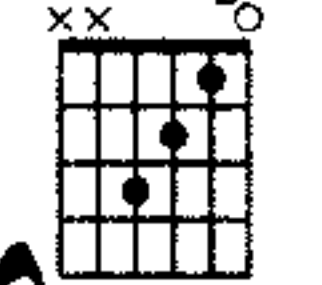


Am7

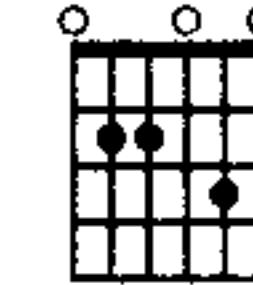


free than a life in the pen. Makin' money off of cuss words, writin' again. Learn how to think a-

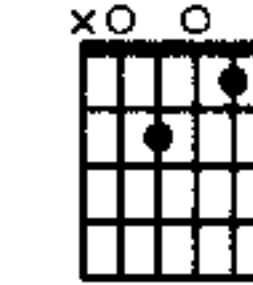
Fmaj7



Em7



Am7



head, so I fight with my pen. Late night down Sunset, likin' the scene. What's the worst they could

Fmaj7 Em7 Am7

do to a nigga? Got me lost in hell, to live and die in L.A. on bail. My angels sing. To live and

Chorus: Fmaj7 Em7 Am7

die in L. A., it's the place to be. You've got to

Fmaj7 Em7 Am7

be there to know it, what ev - 'ry - bod - y wan - na see. To live and

Fmaj7 Em7 Am7

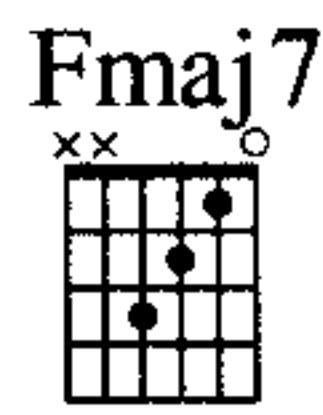
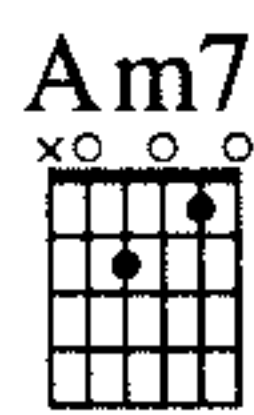
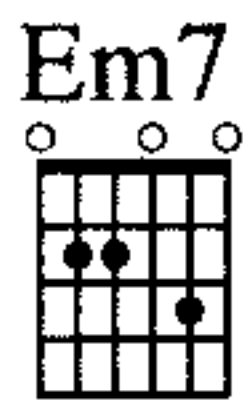
die in L. A., it's the place to be. You've got to

1.2. Fmaj7 Em7 Am7

be there to know it, what ev - 'ry - bod - y wan - na see.

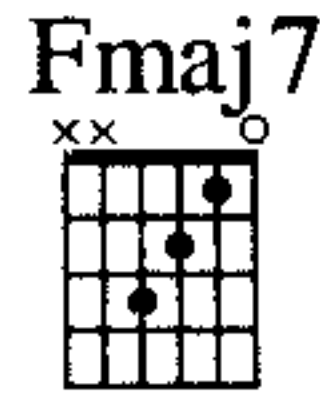
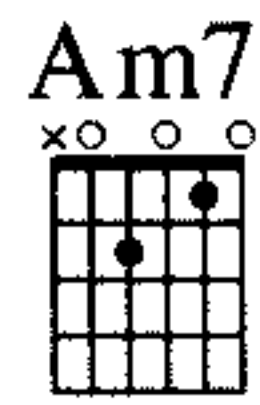
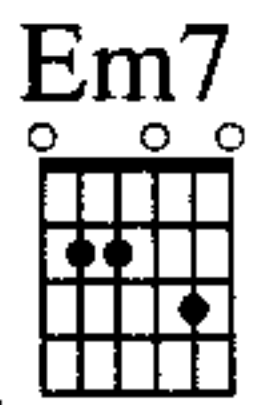
Ending Rap:

3.

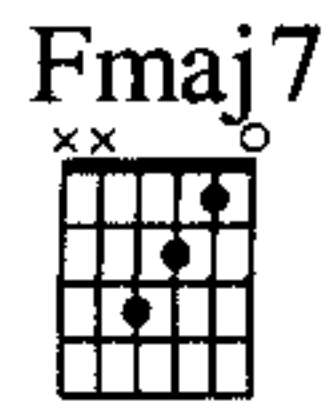
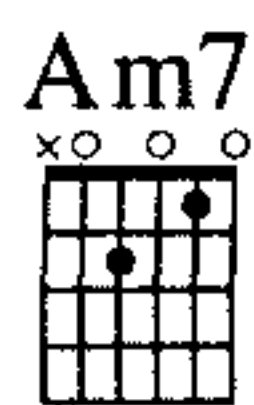
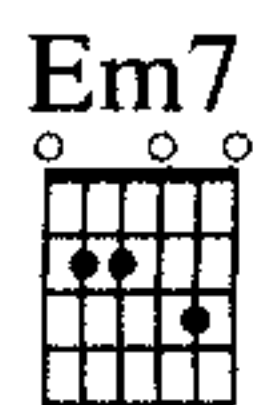


y wan - na see. \_\_\_\_\_

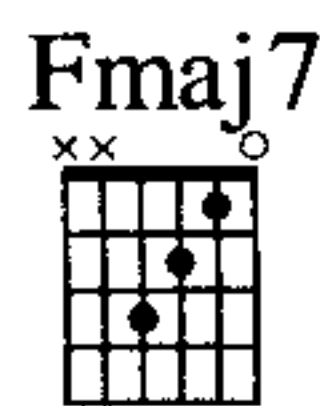
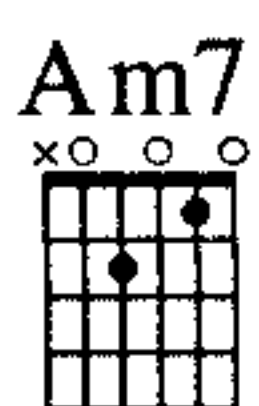
See additional lyrics



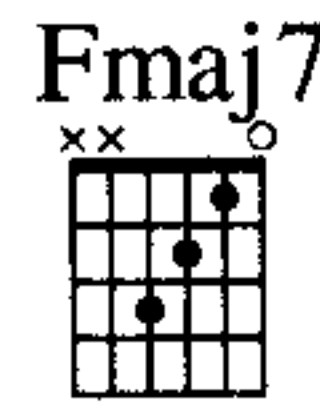
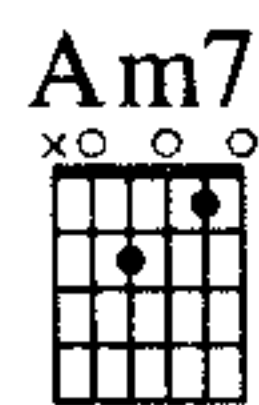
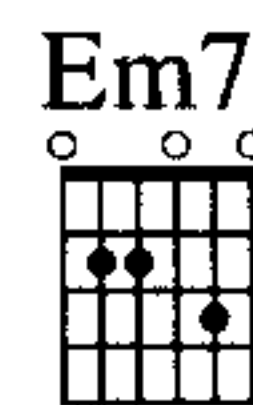
See additional lyrics



To live and die in L. A., \_\_\_\_\_



hmm. \_\_\_\_\_ To live and die in L. A., \_\_\_\_\_



hmm. \_\_\_\_\_ To live and die in L. A., \_\_\_\_\_

*Repeat ad lib. and fade*

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has five guitar chord diagrams above the staff: Em7, Am7, Fmaj7, Em7, and Am7. The melody is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The lyrics are: "hmm. To live and die in L. A.,". The second system repeats the melody and lyrics: "hmm. To live and". The piano accompaniment is written in bass clef, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line.

**Verse 2:**

*It's the City of Angels and constant danger.  
 South Central L.A 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 right across from hell. I can't cry  
 'Cause it's on now, I'm just a nigga on his own.  
 Livin' life thug style, so I can't smile.  
 Writin' to my peoples when they ask for pictures,  
 Thinkin' Cali just fun and bitches, ha,ha,ha.  
 Better learn about the dress code, B's and C's.  
 All them other nigga copycats, these is G's.  
 I love Cali like I love women,  
 'Cause every nigga in L.A. got a little bit of thug in him.  
 We might fight amongst each other, but I promise you this.  
 We'll burn the bitch down, get us pissed.  
 To live and die in L.A. Let my O.G. sing.  
 (To Chorus:)*

**Verse 3:**

*It wouldn't be L.A. without Mexicans?  
 Black love, brown pride and the sets again.  
 Pete Wilson tryin' to see us all broke, I'm on some bullshit.  
 Out for everything they owe, remember K-Day,  
 Weekends, Crenshaw, M.L.K.  
 Automatics rang free, niggaz lost they way.  
 Gang signs bein' showed, nigga love your hood.  
 But recognize and it's all good. Where the weed at?  
 Niggaz gettin' shermed out.  
 Snoop Dogg in this muhfucka permed out, M.O.B.  
 Big Suge in the Low-Low, bounce and turn.  
 Dogg Pound in the Lex, wit an ounce to burn.  
 Got them Watts niggaz with me, O.F.T.B.  
 They got some hash, took the stash, left the rest for me.  
 Neckbone, Tre, Head Ron, Bunchy, 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 L.A.  
 Let my angels sing.  
 (To Chorus:)*

**Ending Rap:**

*This go out for 92.3 and 106.  
 All the radio stations that be bumpin' my shit.  
 Makin' my shit sells katruple, quitruple platinum, he, he.  
 This go out to all the magazines that support a nigga,  
 All the real mother fuckers,  
 All the stores, the mom and pop spots,  
 A&R people, all y'all mother fuckers.  
 L.A., California Love, part mother fucker, two.  
 Without gay ass Dre.*