

The City

The Game

(Leave the angels in the city)

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Tell them muthafuckas I'm forever paid, California king
Wrestle gators in the Everglades, drive up out that mothafuckin' swamp
In the Escalade so before you put that Red rag
In your pocket I wanna see your fuckin' resume
Started off on ground zero, then I start to levitate
Rip rappers a new asshole, I never hesitate
Dre Beats on, smoking that chronic just to meditate
I'mma give em hurricanes until another levee break
You niggas is featherweights, I'm Aftermath's heavyweight
Now Dre's weapon of mass destruction is 'bout to detonate
When a nigga wack found me, shit, I was selling weight
Now a nigga's selling millions, now it's time to celebrate
Performing in front of millions, nigga every race
Six four in a six four, now watch the Chevy scrape
Fourth album, no five mics? Then let 'em hate
But I'm not stopping 'til I'm the fucking king in every state

[Chorus]

Recognize my life, ridicule my fight,
Give me fuel for the fire burning when I yearn these lights
In the midst of the hieroglyphs my fingertips start to write,
Get familiar with Cartwright
Cause I wrote that shot, I'm a raging bull when the needle drops
For the record, I'mma wreck it,
Even if my record don't pop
I'mma tie your knot on a downtown building,
Let the toll behind me tell 'em
They can find me in the dark with the ghetto children look at my heart,
Nigga fuck your feelings, this is me

I'm sick of motherfuckers talking about "the West died"
Can't you hear my heart beating?
That's the motherfuckin' west side, you test me, you test God
I'm his son, insane songs, you come at me
Then I can split you with this Tommy gun,
You won't have time to run

I'm from the Compton slums and that's how the West ride
I'm from the city where two of the best died
Rest in peace to both of 'em, spit like I'm the ghost of 'em
Damn, I said I spit like I'm the ghost of 'em
Name your top ten, I'm harder than the most of 'em
Matter of fact, shorten your list nigga, top five
Game, Biggie, Hov, prolly Pac, Nas
No particular order, bet a mil that I slaughter
Serve niggas, give a fuck what you ordered
How dare you niggas pop fly
When I'm the nigga sold five mil out the gate and numbers do not lie

[Chorus]

I gave you the Documentary, shit was a classic
Gave you Doctor's Advocate, you ripped it out the package
Came with LAX, since critics said it was average
I was stressed the fuck out, torn between Aftermath and
Geffen, Interscope, now I got you in the scope
Spill the red ink on the paper, it's like my pen is broke
And this is what you all been waiting for
I'm the lost angel knocking on Satan's door
What the fuck y'all take me for?
I love you cause you hate me more
I'm Kobe on the Lakers floor, except I give you eighty four
Shake you like Haiti's floor,
Walk up on you like "what's going on baby boy?"
Shots in that Mercedes door
Either I'm crazy, or the black Slim Shady, or
Could that be the reason that Baby said he would pay me more
But I still owe Jimmy one more album
The best the West has ever seen, no disrespect to Calvin

[Chorus]

And I wear pendant on my shoulder, soldier
Like a lieutenant, and the coupe tinted got pulled over
Johnny always lock a nigga down
Knowing damn well we don't wanna see the box like Manny Pacquiao
Little nigga Mayweather size, ride like Pac
In his prime, thug life is now on radar
Til the federal come through and raid ours
Reminiscing when the LA Raiders
Was in my home, snapback fitted on my uncle's dome
And I don't condone dickriding, I'm addicted to

Westsidin', living in a city where the skinny niggas die
And the semi bullets fly, but it turn me to a lion
Trying,
And I mean that shit
Game came through, put the city on his back
I was in the city with a nigga, had seen that shit
"Compton!", a nigga gotta scream that shit
Never went commercial, never T.V. screened that shit
Can't block or screen that shit, now everybody sing that shit

Red, is a very emotionally and intense color
It enhances human metabolism,
Increases respiration rate and raises blood pressure.
It has a very high visibility, it is why
Stop signs, stop lights and fire equipments are usually painted red.
It also represents one third of California's gang population.
Needless to say, please dress accordingly
While visiting the Los Angeles area
Also, tuck your jewelry,
And keep your hands inside your vehicle.
Thank you!
Enjoy!

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