

The Game Lord (edited version)

Ice Cube

[Ice Cube]

I love chrome and paint, lookin' for some motherfuckin' corners to bank
West coast what the fuck you thank?
Everybody here off weed and drank (everybody)
Before you check my rims
When you leave the parking lot, check ya limbs
You better check ya friends
And see if ya baby momma left with them
Blacks and Mexicans, stop all that bullshit in the pen
Understand that is us verse them
They can give a fuck if we sink or swim
They give us guns and drugs
Then wonder why in the fuck we thugs
I got to show my ass
To thank these motherfuckers for my past
In South Central, Los Angeles, Grandmama smoke cannabis
Granddaughter wanna dance and shit, her own momma can't stand the bitch[Chorus: x2]
If you fuckin' up, pray to the game lord
Wanna bust a nut? Pray to the game lord
Nigga get ya cup, pray to the game lord
You can throw it up, pray to the game lord[Ice Cube]
I love where I from, hungry ass niggas better get you some
Smart ass niggas play dumb
Y'all can't fuck with the city I run
If I snap my fingers, better curl up just like a fetus
I hope you know Jesus
Because if you don't, boy you will see us
Where? Up in your house, two double barrels up in your mouth
You got some explainin' to do
And don't get the line 'cause we aiming at you
(Ewww!) It's a doggy dog world baby, you a nut and I'ma squirrel baby
Can I get ya in my world baby?
Can ya grease my Jerry curl baby?
Did you flip yo' wig
To let Michael Jackson baby sit yo' kids?
That nigga old as hell
They need to throw the motherfuckin' momma in jail
Let 'em know[Chorus: x2][Repeat: x2]
Fuck wit this if you want to, the game lord will punish you

Punish us if we ain't true, to the game like we 'pose to[Ice Cube]
I'm the game lord, y'all come now
Casanova niggas, got the sun down
Run down every hoe that wanna go shoppin'
Get they kids, take 'em to the mall, buy 'em somethin'
Are you a gentleman?
Big bear wit a nigga named Gentle Ben
Ladies, he'll be yo' friend
Wait for the cable guy, even let him in
Not me, I won't flex or bend
Just 'cause a hoe promise me some trim
You better get wit the rest of them
Cause can't none of y'all even fuck wit Kim
Some niggas was born wit hoe in 'em
I was put on this Earth to spit ism
And I shall return like it's written
And slay all the suckers who be sippin'[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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