

Church For Thugs

The Game

Yeah, Fort Knox, Aftermath, Compton to Jersey
What y'all fools know about percolating on low, low's?
Mics and six-fo's nigga
Ha ha, no more hand claps, please nigga
Here we go, Just Blaze!

To all my niggas on the porch getting they hair braided
Cornrowed by a L.A. bitch
And I can't forget, my niggas riding the train, Yankee fitted
Snub nose under that Pele shit
I love New York, but gang-banging that's L.A. shit
And I'm proud of it, spit it through the wire so the crowd love it
Haters you know who you are, you can turn it down, fuck it
I can shoot a video to it and spend half the budget
I'm gangster, let the forty cal blow in public
More hatred inside my soul than 'Pac had for Delores Tucker
Every time one of my niggas get shot, the more I suffer
Cause we trapped inside a world where you forced to die for your colors
I seen it all through the Range tints
Got niggas doing life in the state pen, so I dread like Jamaicans
If I die for one of my statements
Then break up the streets of Compton, spread my blood in the pavement

[Chorus: x2]

Believe me
Niggas keep saying they goin' heat me up
Talking that shit like they goin' lay me down
But and
When I come through strapped to see what's up
Niggas really don't want no parts of me pal

Who I gotta talk to, who I gotta write
Get my Reebok deal done or I'm staying in Air Nike's, alright?
I handle bars, you ain't gotta ride a bike
To beat Game in his skills, here go some training wheels
Let's roll, through the City of God, where niggas trained to kill
We'll chop you up a hundred times worse than the Haitians will
For real, nah for real I eat a track homey
Dre we too close, ain't no turning back homey

Deal with it, I'ma be here for ten years
Spitting like the ghost of Eric Wright and Big here
Let me paint this picture while you sit here
Thinking in the back of your mind, this is the shit, yeah
I spit for niggas doing twenty-five on they fifth year
Ready to throw a nigga off the fifth tier
Them white boys in the Abercrombie and Fitch gear
And every nigga who ever helped me to get here

[Chorus]

It go one brick, two brick, the boy moving weight
Now three bricks, four bricks, I'm driving upstate
Five bricks, six bricks, the nigga got cake
Not rap money, but money been wrapped since eighty-eight
Look at the world we live in, niggas steady hate
Til the Heckler and Koch, leave 'em chopped up like Freddie's face
Niggas catching feelings cause I'm about millions
And out of all the new comes out, my flow the illest
You a close second nigga, banana to a gorilla
Put us in the same cage, and I'ma have to peel him
The best of both worlds, rappin' and drug dealing
Run and tell Lateef I came to burn down the village
The head honcho, staring out the third story window
Of my Beverly Hills condo
Two long-ass Heats, I call 'em Shaq and Alonzo
You niggaz want me out of L.A., yeah I know

[Chorus]

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