

# Never Can Say Goodbye

## The Game

Picture me rollin' in that bmdub  
Headed to the club  
Fresh out the Tyson fight  
Beamer all rimmed up  
Shinin' with the big homie five car caravan  
Ridin' shotgun put that chronic smoke in the air  
Me against the world is what I told my foes  
So it's me against the world til I poke them hos  
Leanin' out the window  
Flickin' ashes off the indo  
Throwin' up westside I see one of my kinfolk  
Put that blunt closer to my mouth cause only she knows  
I'm feelin' bad about that nigga we stomped out in the casino  
But fuck it, it's deathrow  
The big homie never told me that my next blow would be my fuckin' death blow  
Tell kadada I'm not ready I ain't even let my momma know  
I ain't got no kids I'm only twenty four  
Before I could let the smoke out niggas let twenty go  
The thirteen that hit the car went through the passenger door

[Chorus: Latoya Williams]

Never can say goodbye  
Never can say goodbye to my friends [x4]

I love it when they call me big poppa  
I only smoke blunts if they rolled propa  
Look I got's ta catch the first thing smokin' the cali  
And hit one of my bitches in the valley  
Gotta call my nigga Sean  
Tell him reserve the don  
Tell him to get the chron and the teflon  
I think they trippin' off the homie gettin' shot  
But God bless his soul, Lord knows it wasn't pop or the mafia  
Kim tell cease get the fuckin' truck  
We 'bout to hit the Wolersheim district get fucked up  
Pop bad bottles son twist up the phillies  
I'm thinkin' bout tiana these niggas is lookin' silly  
If this was Brooklyn I would ump the nine milli  
But fuck it we to the truck roll a dutch we outta phillies

Hop in the front seat of that dark green suburban  
Heard another car swervin'  
Gun shots closed my curtains  
Biggie

[Chorus:]

Layin' in this hospital bed with bronchitis I can't talk  
Walked myself in and all of a sudden I can't walk  
Iv's in my arm my wife Tomika at my legs  
Ruthless I mean records we got married on my death bed  
I can hear Jerry Heller in the hall  
But I could'nt Cube and Dr. Dre no more at all  
Through all the bullshit them niggas were my dogs  
Niggas with attitude spray painted on the walls  
I'm flatlinin' it's bad timin'  
Straight outta Compton the king of gangsta raps dyin'  
'Cause of death the aids virus  
Conspiracy I guess the government just hates violence  
They thought my group influenced the L.A. riots  
Woulda been here to see my kids grow if I stayed quiet  
Took twelve years for a real nigga to break silence  
Easy I had to let 'em know  
You could catch me cruisin' down the street in my sixty four

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written by Isley, Ernie / Isley, O'Kelly / Isley, Rudolph / Isley, Ronald / Jasper, Christopher H / Isley, Marvin /  
Wallace, Christopher / Taylor, Jayceon / Pope, Ervin  
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