

# Ricky

## The Game

Blood of a slave, heart of a giant  
Had to leave Aftermath Dre said I was to defiant  
That was five years ago  
Look how fast it go  
destroyin Interscope  
Shot myself like plaxico  
But fuck that blaze one where the matches yo  
Hit the freeway and see how fast the Aston go  
Roll the window down clip off the Aston so  
You can see all my diamonds and how much cash I blow  
How many bitches I fucked  
How many cars I drive  
How many goon I got count 'em and they all outside  
Niggas try to shut me up like Malcolm  
But standing in the window cased smokin was the outcome  
Sometimes I get a little stressed and pop a valum  
Hit Hollywood latenight and knock down a stallion  
So niggas think twice bout my medallion on ya head  
Cuba Gooding yelling (RICKY!!!)  
My nostalgia a hundred percent Compton zero percent snitch  
Park a Bentley and a Phantom on blocks I used to pitch  
Made Cincinnati more famous than Griffy did  
And just to think several years ago they tried to split his wig  
Two to the chest struck heart one hit his rib  
Then I blacked out like a movie all I could hear  
(Come on man let's get him, let's get him. Cut him off, cut him off. Pull right here cut him go man go.)  
Feelin all fucked up  
Woke up to a doctor  
All I could think about was if the cops got my weed and my chopper  
They want me to sing like Sinatra at a opera

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Lyrics submitted by JeRome Freeman.

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