

Lost Angels (feat. The Game)

R-MEAN

[Intro: The Game]

R-Mean

Naaa mean?[R-Mean]

Mother fucking game[Hook: Marka]

My hood

My block

My city loves me

For the things I do

And there ain't no way to stop me

They all seen where I've been

Already know where I'm from

But you can't go if can't follow in the footsteps of a lost angel[Verse 1: R-Mean]

If you on top I'm 'bout to push you off B

I'm like a wobbly bridge over treacherous waters

Don't cross me

I can give you my address

Even give you the cross street

You be usin' that mapquest

Still I bet you get lost B

It's R-Mean homie

I don't squash beef

I hold grudges

You cross me and Ima kill all you mothafuckas

Strictly spit the types of shit you feel

So they be like "Yo he ain't Jewish but he is-Real"

My yamaka us my dodger fitted

Its a holocaust how the R will off these garbage soft rappers

No Hitlers

Came from humble beginnings

Now we humble contenders

With a flow that's sharp enough to circumcise all of your infants

Yeah

Homie I'm rocky in that slaughterhouse

Cocky like your daughter's mouth

Shawty's 'bout the bottles that we poppin'

As we order rounds

Its goin' down

These bitches prove that

And I don't eat her pussy

I get other chicks to do that[Hook]
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On my grind since '05
I had a cutless
But I ain't have no drive
All I ever wanted to be was a street nigga
Dre put me in a freestyle battle to eat niggas
So I did
Now my kids in private school
And I'm on private jets
It ain't a fuckin' thing I regret
There ain't a fuckin' thing I respect
Except God
Drinkin' Ace of Spades
Pull every one of you niggas' cards
Fuck every one of your broads
No remorse
Take the condom off
Nut in that bitch
And let the sperm take its course
Dr. Evil
My attitude worse than Styles P
10 times worse than Beanie Sigel
I'm the sequel
Speak my name and Ima see you
You ain't never seen a devil in a bullet proof regal
Clutchin 2 eagles like thick shoulder pads
I'm the west coast king
I know they mad
But fuck 'em...[Hook]
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So follow me
Heaven my destination
I'll show you that we in-hell like the sess we blazin
I'm inspired like my lungs
Cemetery off 'em
These wack rappers
Robitussin couldn't clear your coffin
Your cornea show that you corny
I carry California on me
You couldn't
Your vertebrae will crack
Got you slippin' like a disc in a herniated back
Fuckin' with this lost angel
Homie I'm far from a saint though
So who stoppin' the big bodies
I'm coppin' the S class
You push little C's like Junior Mafia
So grab your dicks if you love Hip Hop
And rub your mothafuckin' titties if you with me
This for my city
So if you new to this
Peep how we do this shit
The weak will get eat
Cause the streets full of Judases
The meek shall inherit
Game bodying the rest
Been grey but today the sun rises in the west[Hook]
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