

# 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]  
    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 2: The Game]

    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]

        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 3: R-Mean]

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]  
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

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