

Letter To The King

The Game feat. Nas

[The Game]

Second floor of my hotel
I'm rollin' up bout' to blaze
It's on now
To this Frankie Beverly and Mase
As our days about to pass
And our days in the past
He said my mind free
So my mind free at last
So much that I don't even drink from a glass
I'd rather find the first fountain I can
And do it fast
Didn't understand the dream of a king
I do the math
Coincidentally on ya birthdays
I ditched the Class
Cause the younger me, dumber me
Was chasin' the cash
Chasin' the ass
Lowlife with his face in the grass
Ridin' home from school
In front of the bus
Not even thinkin' bout how
Rosa Parks done it for us
How she stayed behind bars
And she done it for us
And she stayed behind bars
Till she won it for us

[Repeat: x2]

Sometimes I wanna give up
Or at least take a break
Thats when I close my eyes
And see Coretta Scott's face

[Nas]

Word up Game,
Standin at the Pu
Panoramic view of the seating

Greeting
I've been meanin'
To do me some letter readin'
To the king, he forever breathin'
Your message is never leavin'
Some of your homies, fonies
I should said it when I seen em
Some sleezy bastards
Greedy pastors
Should never be allowed to be
In Ebenezer Baptist Church
In Atlanta
So people be patient
I know there's ghetto grammar
But I'm a street dude
Normally I just speak rude
Martin Luther
The model of truth
But hate killed em
Nobel peace prize winner
They duplicate the feelin'
As a kid, I ain't relate really
I sell your dream speak jokely
Till your world awoken me
First I thought you was passive
Soft one to ass kiss
I was young
But honest, I was feelin' Muhammad
I ain't even know the strip
You had to have the march
You were more than talk
The first real Bravehart
We miss you.

[The Game]
The word nigger
Is nothin' like nigga
Don't sound shit like
Like game like Jigga
One came before the other
Like aim and pull the trigga
Wanna slang for my brother
Wanna hang and take his picture
The rope ain't tight enough
He still alive, go fix it

Pour some gasoline on em
Call his daughters Black Bitches
Make em pick cotton
While his momma cleanin' up the kitchen
Same cotton in white tees
That's the cotton they was pickin'
If Dr. King marched today would Bill Gates march?
I know Obama would
But would Hillary take part?
Great minds think great thoughts
The pictures I paint
Make the Mona Lisa look like fake art
I feel the pain of Nelson Mandela
Because when it rains, it pours
I need Rhianna's umbrella
For Coretta Scott's tear drops
When she got the phone call that
The future just took a fuckin' head shot
I wonder why Jesse Jackson didn't catch em
Before his body drop
Would he give me the answer
Probably not

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