House Of Pain

The Game

Dodge This

Catch me if you can I'm in those old school Barkley's,
Back to the fence, puffin' on that Bob Marley,
Flow like a regeno, nigga you already know,
My competition stiffer than Ronald Regan, let it go
For you be a mother-fuckin' vegetable,
You scrap niggas too animated like the Incredibles,
Let this beef go around like the 26th,
Its young Game of Flame, welcome to the House of Pain
Nigga what about the game?
Keep on playin' boy, I'll hop of this fuckin' Range,
Look, I ain't even ask for his fuckin' chain,
But he took it off like Vanessa-Del-Rio,
Now I'm on my way to "Reo"
After I see I my PO
She cool, she a Leo
She ain't trippin' off the weed smoke
So I'ma blow it like the Patriots
And throw my dove up, cause Dr.Dre made me Rich

[Chorus]
Where you from? California
What city? Compton
What you drive? Impala
What you smokin' on? Chronic
What you drinkin' on? Patron
What you sittin' on? The Trone
Relax, make yourself at home

Welcome to Compton
Welcome to Compton
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Welcome to Compton

I wrote the block off, I talk that shit,
Size 12 Bo Jacksons cause I walk that shit,
There on Compton Blvd, thats where I walk my pits,
Biggie and Tupac, and they bark like this
As I spark my splif,

I see the corner, puttin' chalk around the snitch,
We be shootin' like free throws, flying them desert Eagles,
Sell dope to the pope, while we eatin' chilli freetos
From a gang-banger, to a CEO,
Everything I do is big like the nigga Ceaser-leo,
Wont stop till I'm dead,
Ain't gotta watch for the feds,
They ain't watchin' me so here's a dome shot to the head
As I take a Patron shot to the head,
And reminisce about the shit the DOC said,
"Get money, Get cars, get mine, get yours,
And keep your head up, like the Lambo doors"

[Chorus]

Guess its time to break the number nine Jordan's in,
Make a nigga made, when they been tryna floor the Benz,
I'm doin' one sixty in the fast lane,
Scott Storch, in his Bogadi, couldn't pass game,
I got it made like my last name,
I'm gone, just like my After-math Chain
Don't make me take you back to '96,
Leanin' on that dostin', on the corner, eatin' catfish,
The Game, Da-Da-Da-Game, spit that shit,
I'm controversial, like the Afro-pic with the Black fist,
Just ask the rapper that had to catch my last diss,
I'm reckless, and I ain't never crash whips,
My pops wasn't around, so this bastard,
Bleed California from the cradle to the Casket,
And I wont stop ridin' for my coast,
Niggas keep talkin' bout my bread, we gonna make toast

[Chorus]

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