

The Game, Can't Figure It Out

Cant Figure It Out - The Game ft. Black Wall Street

Lord forgive me for killin outta control
Got the spirit of big will pourin outta my soul
Gangbangin or put a tag on your toes
If you down for a drive by nigga we gottta role
I know they hate me 'cause im out chasin dough
But id rather be doin that
then dying behind these hoes
Tell hunned I need sumtin to hold
Bust a couple of shots in memory of my nigga foe
You at home nigga
I swear to god ima empty out this chrome shit and never left you alone I
Solemnly swear even though you in heaven with mars berg theres still apart of you here and I
Solemnly swear my nigga was the best at cookin yay
Since we was yay high
Im in love with that life
Dont hate me 'cause that bastard that I am
Is just the thug in me rite

(Chorus)

Lord I cant figure it out
Why you took my nigga from me
We out here huggin the block
All night tryna get this money
I just cant figure it out
Why you took my nigga from me
We out here huggin the block
All night tryna get this money

You already know who it is
And how I play the game
Wat you think im suppose to change
'cause I fuk wit game
Im addicted to these streets
And this beat is automatic
Dont speak if you dont wats static(?)
Say we hit you nigga
Gotta team of young niggas
That come and get you nigga
Grippin 2 2 3's until they flip you nigga
21 gunshots and new real thugs n killas
Hey you know I clear the block for my nigga my nigga
But ima make it happen for ya

By any means neccessary
Clear of galride til we berry(???) yea
Rest in peace bim day(?)
I serve the whole world to bring ya back
U know what were my love is at
Young playa real homie
You got to feel homie
And rite now my nigga to hot to chill homie
You know that deal homie
Jus keepin it real homie
And ima ride 44
Until a nigga kill homie

(Chorus)

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As hard as it is for me
Homie I got to spit my hearts hurtin
Sumbody help me
My niggas not here no more
Billboard real ass nigga the worlds gonna miss you nigga
You supposed to be here rite now
Holdin a movie down
But now I gotta mourn you now
Thug, im really not stable
Last we was watchin cable
And I feel bout talkin bout rippin piece up(???)
Wen you left I felt wierd as fuk
Next mornin my nigga game look sick as fuk
I new rite there
Then he said foe is dead
Why you couldnt take me instead
Damn

(Chorus)
Lord I cant figure it out
Why you took my nigga from me