

# The Game, Church For Thugs

(Verse 1)

To all my niggas on the porch getting their hair braided  
Corn rolled by a L.A. bitch  
And I can't forget  
My niggas riding the train Yankee fitted  
Thermals under that Pelle shit  
I love New York but gangbanging that's L.A. shit  
And I'm proud of it  
Spit it through the wire so the crowd love it  
Haters you know who you are you can turn it down fuck it  
I can shoot a video to it and spend half the budget  
I'm gangsta, let the .40 cal blow in public  
More hatred inside my soul than Pac had for Delores Tucker  
Every time one of my niggas get shot the more I suffer  
Cause we trapped inside a world where your forced to die for your colors  
I seen it all through the Range tints  
Got niggas doing life in the state pen  
So I dread like Jamaicans  
If I die for one of my statements  
Than break up the streets of Compton and spill my blood in the pavement

(Hook)

Believe me niggas keep sayin they gon heat me up  
Talking that shit like they goin lay me down  
And then I come through strapped to see what's up  
Niggas really don't want no parts of me pal

Niggas keep sayin they gon heat me up  
Talking that shit like they goin lay me down  
And then I come through strapped to see what's up  
Niggas really don't know parts of me pal

(Verse 2)

Who I gotta talk to who I gotta write  
Get my reebok deal done  
Or Im staying in Air Nikes  
Aiight, I handle bars you ain't gotta ride a bike  
To peep game and his skill here go some training wheels  
Let's roll  
Through the city of god  
Where LA niggas train to kill  
Chop you up hundred times worse than the Haitians will  
For real naw Pharrell I need a track homie  
Dre we to close aint no turning back homie  
Deal with it I'm a be here for ten years  
Spittin like the ghost of Eric Wright and Big yeah  
Let me paint this picture  
While you sit here thinking in the back of your mind this is the shit yeah  
I spit for you niggas doing 25 on they 5th year ready to throw a nigga off the 5th tier  
Them white boys in the Abercrombie and Fitch gear  
And every nigga who ever helped me get here

(Hook)

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(Verse 3)

One brick, two brick  
The boy moving weight  
Now three bricks, four bricks  
I'm driving upstate  
Five Bricks, six bricks  
The nigga got cake  
Not rap money, but money been rap since 88  
Look at the world we live in  
Niggas steady hate, to the heckler at Koch  
Leave him chopped up like freddy's face  
Niggas catching feelings  
Cause I'm about millions  
And outta all the newcomers out, my flow's the illest  
You a close second nigga,  
A banana to a guerilla  
Put us in the same cage and I'ma have to peel em  
The best of both worlds  
Rapping and drug dealing  
Run and tell the chief I came to burn down the village  
The head honcho, staring out the third story window  
Of my Beverly Hills condo  
With two long ass heats  
I call em Shaq and Alonzo  
You niggas want me outta L.A.  
Yeah I know

(Hook)

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