

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 gangbangin' 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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