

# The Game, Cocaine

( Verse One )

I'm too gangsta for the streets, watch me when I creep  
I put five in ya, jeep - leave a nigga sleep  
Now you six feet deep over bullshit  
Got a Mac 10 mouth ain't never pull shit  
The ghetto dont make G's and mo niggaz  
Get down or lay down, like Bennie Mack told niggaz  
Or meet the fo fo, nigga - I let the guns blow nigga  
I'm a rider - thug live til I die  
Black Wall Street behind us - I'm a menace to society  
F\*\*k Cane And O dogg, I got the cane and the o's, dawg  
I'm gangsta like Hennesy and Alizay, thug passion  
Ride or die til they kill me and put me in thugs mansion  
Gang bangin, this California life-style got me heated  
They want me burried so I don't leave with out the Desert Eagle  
Shoot first, ask questions on way to county jail  
Kill a nigga over my chain, 'cause I know I'ma make bail  
I'm troublesome

( Verse Two )

If I die tonight - bury me a G, amongsts rap legends  
'Cause I spit bullets and rhymes, sixteens and nines  
I keep a vest and a weapon, my baby momma got me stressin  
Prayin on my knees every night, askin God is there a heaven  
So here is my confession to my unborn child  
If five shots couldn't drop me but I ain't take 'em and smile  
I lost a lot of my niggaz to gang bangin and ditches  
One finger on the trigger, dawg, I live the life of a sinner  
These motherf\*\*kers wanna see me doing life in the pen  
I'm a outlaw and the westcoast is ridin again  
My competition is none, I'm on the mission with guns  
Starring death in the eyes, 20 niggaz deep, when we ride  
My enemies is bitches - they plottin on my riches  
Can't walk in the street with out paparazzi taking pictures  
Label me a made nigga, all the way from Compton to Boston  
These niggaz keep talkin, I leave 'em dead in the coffin  
I'm troublesome

( Verse Three )

Money over bitches is my motto, in the street I'n known for catchin hollo's  
Packing pistols and drinking belvy and Grey Goose out the bottle  
No role models, only killas and fiends  
Withness my niggaz strapped with gats, and army fatigues  
If it's murder, he wrote it, if I'm lying  
let the devil excel quoted and know that I'm strictly a rap poet  
Babtized in my own tears, chastized by my own peers  
I'm a product of my childhood years  
My mother told me I'm hopeless, my pops wasn't around  
One of the reasons why I'm clutchin a pound  
California dreaming, chronic smoke out the beamer  
One hand on the nina, scheeming got these hoochie bitches screaming  
They know that I'm a celeberty - keep the cop-killers in the clip  
And watch my back is what my niggaz keep telling me  
Twenty-one years old, no felonies so I ride with the Desert  
and pay homage to the hardest rap legends  
I'm troublesome