

The Game, Gutter

(Intro)

Aye yo dis be da reason why I do dis shit
Stright da f**k outta Compton
Reapin' that muthaf**kin' N.W.A.
I got a lot of love fo' Dre
No Dre beats on da Album
But it ain't no love loss nigga, thats ma nigga
We do it fo' da muthaf**kin' WESTSIDE NIGGA WHAT!!!

(Verse 1)

Soon as the breaks hit da snare
My Dodger Fitted in da air
I graduated form da school of Hard Knocks like yea
So what da f**k you niggas rhymin' about
If Hip-Hop was a pussy I'll knock the linin' out
Then I get low like they ride in da South yea I'm dirty
I shine without da diamonds in my mouth say..Cheese
Take a picture of da gold D's
Then picture me rollin' with da top back on a 6-4 please
Get da f**k up off my ass
For I put ma foot on da break den slam on da gas
Burn rubba' like da Daytona 500
Where I'm from you get Daytonas fo' 500
Get a casket fo' free
How da f**k could I stay off MTV News when niggas askin' fo' Beef
Talkin' bout' they gon Kill Game when they say these thing
I where da 4-5 in L.A. like I'm A.C. Green

(Chorus)

I'm da rawest most Gutter
In da street with da fiends and da Coke Cuttas'
Disrespect yo whole click and I don't stutta'
Westside til' I die Compton Muthaf**ka!
Yea I'll be da rawest most Gutter
In da street with da fiends and da Coke Cuttas'
Disrespect yo whole click and I don't stutta'
F**k da World Straight Outta Compton Muthaf**ka!

(Verse 2)

I shine fo' niggas behind bars I ain't got that Diddy glow
Black Rows in da cement I got that New Jack City flow
Black Rows sittin' low 22 dippin' gold bangin' Friend or Foe, feel me
Yea when from a young and dumbin'
To da second comin'
Niggas can't see in da Phantom I call them Stevie Wonder
It never rained Southern California everyday is Summa'

Even when da skys grey its still hot fo' da Block Runnas stop frontin'
I told niggas da same day Dre signed me, I'll come back in Tupac numbas
I drop classics when otha' rappas makin' hits
I stay hard cause all you niggas hangin' from my dick
Louie Vuitton bandana on my face, Jesse James of da Rap game
I'm takin Hovas place, if life was a crap game and I was delt da Ace
Never wanted to be King just wanted to meet Dre

(Chorus)

I'm da rawest most Gutter
In da street with da fiends and da Coke Cuttas'

Disrespect yo whole click and I don't stutta'
Bring da crown back to Compton Muthaf**ka!
Yea I'll be da rawest most Gutter
In da street with da fiends and da Coke Cuttas'
Disrespect yo whole click and I don't stutta'
Polishin' da thrown in Compton Muthaf**ka!

(Verse 3)

I can't forget about da Hustlers in da hood same Sean John Jeans as yesterday
Waitin' fo' da Customas , nigga I us to be them all black B.M.
From da A.M. to da P.M. fiends call me da G.M.
I was da General Manager watchin' them baggin' Grammys up like John Legend and Black Eye Pe
Black hoody on
Black Chuck Taylors, HaHa
Watchin' fo' da Black Van
Some niggas call them Pac-Man know watch me get Ghost
In that white on white 550, 55 on da dash
Gotta' drive slow homie, Kanye in da dash
Let da sun roof back and da Cronic smoke out
Low Pro Pirelli so da Giovannis poke out
Gwen Stefani ridin' shotgun yea I'm high No Doubt
But not to high to Nextel Chirp and have them boys roll out
See I'm that 1 rappa' gun clappa' compared to da unstaba'
Lyrically Insane Muthaf**ka' and when I'm done plow!

(Chorus)

I'm da rawest most Gutter
In da street with da fiends and da Coke Cuttas'
Disrespect yo whole click and I don't stutta'
Westside til' I die Compton Muthaf**ka!
Break it
I'll be da rawest most Gutter
In da street with da fiends and da Coke Cuttas'
Disrespect yo whole click and I don't stutta'
F**k da World Straight Outta Compton Muthaf**ka