

The Game, House Of Pain

(Man)
Dodge This

Verse 1 (The Game):
Catch me if you can im in those old school barkley's..
back to the fence..puffin on that Bob Marley..
flow like a regeno..nigga u already know..
my competition stiffer than Ronald Regan..let it go..

For you be a mother-fuckin vegetable..
You scrap niggas too animated like the Incredibles..
Let this beef go around like the 26's..
Its young Game of Flame..welcome to the House of Pain...

Nigga what about the game?..
Keep on playin boy.. I'll hop of this fuckin Range...
Look..i aint even ask for his fuckin chain..
but he took it off like Vanessa-Del-Rio...
Now im on my way to "Reo"...
After i see i my PO..
She cool..she a Leo..
she aint trippen off the WEED smoke..

So ima blow it like the Patriots
And throw my dove up..Cuz Dr.Dre made me Rich...

Chorus - The Game & Traci Nelson

[The Game]
Where you from?.....California
What city?.....Compton
What you drive?....Impala
What you smokin on?..Chronic
What you drinkin on?..Patrone
Waht you sitten on?....The Trone
Relax..make yourself at home..

[Traci Nelson]
Welcome to Compton...
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Welcome to Compton...

Verse 2 (The Game):
i wrote the block off, i talk dat shyt..
size 12 bo-jacksons cuz i walk dat shyt..
Dere on Compton Blvd..thats where i walk my pits..
Biggie & Tupac..and they bark like this.(dogs barking)...

As i spark my splif..
I see the corner..puttin chalk around the snitch...
We be shootin like free throws..flying them desert Eagles...
Sell dope to the pope...while we eatin' chilli freetos..

From a gangbanger..to a CEO..
everything i do is big like the nigga Ceaser-leo..
Wont stop till im dead...
aint gotta watch for the feds..
they aint watchin me so here's a dome shot to the head..

As i take a patrone shot to the head..
and reminisce about the shit the DOC said..
"Get money..Get cars..get mine..get yours..
and keep your head up..like the Lambo doors"..

Chorus

Verse 3 [Game]:

.....Guess its time to break the number 9 Jordan's in...
Make a nigga made..when they been tryna floor the benz..
Im doin 160 in the fast lane..
Scott Storch.. in his Bogadi..couldnt pass game..
I got it made like my last name..
Im gone..juss like my After-math Chain..

Dont make me take you back to '96...
leanin on that dostin..on the corner..eatin catfish..
The Game..Da-Da-Da-Game..spit dat shit..
Im controversial..like the Afro-pic with the Black fist..
Jus ask the rapper that had to catch my last diss...
Im reckless..and i aint never crash wips..
My pops wasnt around..so this bastard..
bleed california from the cradle to the Casket...
and i wont stop ridin for my coast..
niggas keep talkin bout my bread...we gonna make toast..

Chorus