

# The Game, Ol' English

(Chorus)

Ol' English (la-lala-la-la-la-la)  
Ridin' by gettin' high  
Smokin' on that chronic drinkin' Ol' English  
Rags tied gangs signs Letters on my hat in  
Ol' English (la-lala-la-la-la-la)  
Drive by homicide  
R.I.P. tats in Ol' English Westside 'til I die  
Niggas pourin' out that Ol' English (la-lala-la-la-la-la)

(Verse 1)

Once upon a time in the projects yo  
I watched my uncle Greg put D's on his six-fo'  
I washed it on Monday so he bought me a gold chain  
Shopped crack and watched "Colors" and I soaked up game  
Drove the Impala on his lap that was my role model  
Used to let me kill the corner of his 40-ounce bottle  
On the weekend him and my pops flashed the 'Vette  
'Til one weekend my uncle got stabbed to death  
He got murdered by a fiend my pops ain't like that  
He was from Nutty Block they used to call him Maniac  
Crazy ass n\*\*\*\* wit' a Black Panther tat  
Kill a n\*\*\*\* cross him out on his Compton hat  
Told me when I got older I would understand that  
It's blood in blood out and ain't no turnin' back  
Few summers went by and we moved across the tracks  
13 that's when I had my first

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

I was the first n\*\*\*\* wit' a Starter jacket on the block  
Used to build model cars and let the muthaf\*\*kas hop  
Moms banged Hoover Crip she was known for sellin' rocks  
Let me collect the 40-ounce bottles in the dope spot  
Bought my first Converse thought I couldn't be stopped

When I creased up my khakis and threw on my Ronnie Lott  
Used to think that I was hard so I stole my brother's glock  
And that's the day my life changed 'cause that night he got shot  
Killed by another crip over his Rolex watch  
I got high for three years off that Chronic from the Doc  
I was drinkin' 40-ounces a lot  
And every liquor store in Compton sold out the day Eazy dropped  
I start bangin' red laces in my adidas  
Drinkin' out a brown paper bag on my first drive-by  
I was a menace to society  
But I never left fingerprints on my

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

I got a lot of dead homies some blood some crip  
This is life stop watchin' that "Boyz N The Hood" shit  
You see this red rag hangin' out of my jeans?  
I went to twenty funerals by the age of nineteen  
Then I went to college basketball was my dream  
Quit the team 'cause I rather shoot rock wit' the fiends  
Wanted to be Freeway Rick  
He showed me how to turn a stolen 5.0 into a brick  
Bought a Cadillac thought I was rich bangin' DJ Quik  
On Crenshaw got jacked for my shit  
Took a long chronic hit and thought about the time

When I was 12 years old and I emptied my first clip  
Hit my first switch same night f\*\*ked my first bitch  
Thought I was dreamin' 'til I pinched her tits  
She caught a stray bullet ridin' shotgun in my shit  
So I got her name tatted in

(Chorus)

O! English (x4)