

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)