The Game, Truth Rap

Yeah, big spit, it's that Bay Area game, Sean T beats
We feedin the underground with this Yay Area tycoon shit
For my nigga JT Fig', y'all know where it come from
Never forget it, that Bay Area shit mayne
Y'knahmtalkinbout? Yeah!
Game, spit that shit

(The Game)
Hey yo the kid still at it, woke up from that coma
Seen hell came back and here comes my first classic
Still chop it up at the table, still put dope in the bag
and still got dope, under the mattress
It was hustle before rappin, nuttin before that and
12 years old, a lost soul, bumpin "Illmatic"
Gunshots tried and almost took the young kid's live
Can't do it I been through it the young kid survived
Got the ghetto on my shoulder homey, it's gon' be a long ride
Bear with me, I'ma take you there with me
Show you how the sun shine in one rhyme, no more stormy weather
Streets is mine, we gon' live forever
Get it together 'Pac is watchin, Big is listenin
Eazy is talkin to us, Big Pun is witnessin
While they souls still glistenin in ghettos from Compton to Brooklyn
the shells cry, every hood's anthem
Where everybody goes to church and prayers are never answered
And they throwin us curveballs but we Hank Aarons
A picture with no canvas, streets are so skanless
Young'uns jump rope, play ball with fiends and dope handlers
Teenage mothers, deadbeat fathers, no families
Lost and often runaway or live with grandparents
Life stories with no authors, see it through, {?} Robinson's cubicles
When time life is so beautiful
Walk with me we can make it if we try, lost soldiers sometimes
We gotta die but it's okay to cry
Mothers strugglin tryin to survive, reach out grab my hand
I got'cha, won't let you go for nuttin, I promise
Praises due to Elijah Muhammad, peace be unto Farad Muhammad
Words of Minister Farrakhan
Been true, be loyal, know your roots, water your soil
Stop fightin amongst ourself from birth we royal
Who's king we fightin over a crown, while lifeguards
watch the hopes and dreams of kids and young teens drown
More infants bein born with AIDS, more parents mournin graves
The plot thickens, somebody show us the way
Tears crackin the pavement, streets breakin up
The thrill is gone and it's a long walk home
So we might as well start runnin, if it's there gotta take it
'Member Jada said "We Gon' Make It"
And it shouldn't take 9/11 to bring our minds together
Shit rough we'll grind together
Light a candle we can shine forever or I can pass
So I won't miss Aaliyah's concert in heaven
Live life while we listen to my old heads
So I glow like the memory of Lisa 'Left Eye' Lopez
Through a six-seven Brougham, ride with me through the hood mayne
Where street lights flicker and Chuck Taylors hang
And nobody know they neighbor's name 'less they sell weed or cocaine
A lot of black clouds on a block but no rain
And Game got a lot to say, so they wanna take me down
in my own front yard like Marvin Gaye
Can't do it by myself, people need help
Keep on tryin to live healthy 'til the end of my days
And when I die won't lead my daughter astray, lookin from heaven
Watch my people drive my coffin through the Compton parade

(Verse Two)
I'm in the city where it's strange where killers follow direction
And trail witness protection to get a shot at they brain
Where the babies carry semis and swallow pills for power
Count paper for polly'n, penny-pinch for hours
Take sacks from cowards when the streets is watchin
Tuck guns in trunks cause real G's is boxin
Ain't no other options if you stand on your own two
And if you came to battle you can stand in the phone booth
Cause we don't wear capes in this part of the land
Cause every youngster from my block has been a part of the plan
I've been trainin since eighty-seven and famous since eighty-nine
Teaching came from the Nation, my spirit is from divine
When I, pass the word through these raps on beats
It's fo'sho' that the Lord gon' make the whole track speak
To the streets, when I pass these beats
It's fo'sho' that the Lord gon' make the whole track speak
To the streets, y'knahmtalkinbout people?
Make the track speak, "Truth Rap," get it right
"Truth Rap" mayne, for the people, get it right, "Truth Rap"