

# 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 Arons  
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"