

# Kanye West & The Game, Eazy

(He was once a thug from around the way)  
My life was never— (Eazy)  
My life was never— (Eazy)

Started in my Cutlass clutchin' heat like it's an open oven  
Puffin' chronic, Puff and Biggie out the window, speaker subbin'  
Runnin' to the crips, it ain't no discussion  
Bullet wounds drenched in Hennessey and tea spoons of Robitussin  
Head up faze, got a few concussion, yeah  
Compton's amazed, Dr. Dre percussion  
God, please grant my nigga eternal life, we need the beats  
Aftermath where you fall asleep, you do not eat  
And my belly is full, gorilla ridin' the bull  
Banana clips in the pool, swan dive in Clase Azul  
The opps, I'm on they ass  
Grandmama whoopins in school  
This Wilmington and Brazil where niggas die in they jewels  
Too many Problems, too many YGs  
So many ties to dollar signs, easy to end up on E  
I got shot up like Columbine, the crips descended on me  
Sign my name on the dotted line, that was Venice on beats  
This is the way

(He was once a thug from around the way)  
My life was never— (Eazy)  
My life was never— (Eazy)

There it is, there it was  
Don't interrupt just because it's no love  
Shoulder shrug (Shrug)

How I ain't bring nothin' to the table, when I'm the table?  
I'ma turn up the music, wake up the neighbors  
I'ma get that "Thug life" tatted 'cross the navel  
This is how I am in real life, not just on cable  
"Mr. Narcissist," tell me 'bout my arrogance  
No more counselin', I don't negotiate with therapists  
God Ye, wanna let God in?  
But tonight, I guess I'll let my pride win  
Cousin Dre sent me scriptures, helped me see life better  
Nigga, we havin' the best divorce ever  
If we go to court, we'll go to court together  
Matter of fact, pick up your sis', we'll go to Kourt's together  
I watched four kids for like five hours today  
I wear these Yeezy boots everywhere, even in the shower today  
I got love for the nannies, but real family is better  
The cameras watch the kids, y'all stop takin' the credit  
Noncustodial dad, I bought the house next door  
What you think the point of really bein' rich for?  
When you give 'em everything they only want more  
Boujee and unruly, y'all need to do some chores  
Rich ass kids, this ain't yo mama's house  
Climb on your brother's shoulders, get that top ramen out  
God saved me from that crash  
Just so I can beat Pete Davidson's ass (Who?)  
And my new bitch bad, I know Illuminati mad  
This that New-minati bitch  
This that two Bugatti rich  
This that "God did this"  
Only God did this

There it is, there it was  
Don't interrupt, just because  
Ain't no love, shoulder shrug

Won't He do it? Yes He does  
Won't He do it? Yes He does  
Won't He do it?

My life was never— (Eazy)  
This next one gon' be— (Eazy)

(He was once a thug from around the way)  
(He was once a thug from around the way, easy)  
(He was—he was)  
(He was—he was)  
(He was once a—once a—)  
(Thug from a—thug from a—from around the way)