

# The Game, Compton 2 Fillmore

(Chorus: The Game + JT)

Compton to Fillmore here we go again  
In the Bay, our chains hang, L.A. they can't bang  
Compton to Fillmore here we go again  
In L.A. they havin problems, the Bay we pop collars  
Compton to Fillmore here we go again  
In the Bay we pop hollows, L.A. they pop hollows  
Compton to Fillmore here we go again  
In the Bay we pop bottles, L.A. they pop bottles

(JT the Bigga Figga)

They can't cop what the bricks'll cost  
But we stay in the lane to maintain in the 6 to floss  
Leather gloves with the tips to toss  
But the money was made from conversation had to clip the boss  
Smash down at the V.I.P.  
Street smarts is crucial for young niggaz in the CX-3  
Drop Jag with the price to pay  
Cause the bags was heavy my chain swangin like a ice capade  
Got the feds lookin twice this way  
Cause we shuffle the P's in different places that the {?} name  
Compton to Fillmoe man the game is real  
When you turn 15 get your stainless steel  
Whole squad been trained to kill, we official  
And switch to get rich now we after the meals  
Hard times got cakes for 3  
When it's havin a bundle we break bread for the safe and flee nigga

(Chorus)

(The Game)

I got guns, guns, guns, guns  
Guns all over the club  
We in V.I.P. strapped, security know that  
25 deep, guns up under the throwback  
That new R. Kelly shit sound like Bobby Womack  
Black Wall Street in HURR, nigga where the hoes at  
We got sour diesel, three cases of Hypnotiq  
And more guns than the Nickerson Projects  
Niggaz don't want beef with me  
Cause they know they gotta pay for talkin shit but the sheets is free  
And ain't nuttin to shoot the club up  
You don't want drama in this motherf\*\*ker throw them dubs up  
Jacob got the wrists on chill  
And N.W.A. chain glow like the memory of Ill Will  
Relax your mind and let your drawers feel free  
You're now rollin to the sound of the Game and JT

(Chorus)

(JT the Bigga Figga)

But you can't come with the rest of her friends  
Cause you know I'm a boss and won't play cause she short on my ends  
Make rounds from the back of the Benz  
With the {?} that kid with frog eyes with the corners to bend  
The things we go through I'm beatin ya brains  
Got some homies next do' and I picked up the Game  
While they knockin on the do' I get deep in ya dame  
Gotta charge you a G just for speakin my name

(The Game)

I'm not eatin your chocha or payin for the coach ma  
I'm a pimp like 50, the nigga to leave you broke ma  
6 in the mornin, you stretchin on the sofa

Singin "Ain't No Nigga" like Foxy Brown and Hova  
I f\*\*k 'em dogstyle with Billys and Novas  
With or without chaffeurs, I make 'em f\*\*k the both of us  
You know what it is, the gangster's back  
And I keep my banger at where my chain hang at  
I'm ghetto

(Chorus) - 2X