

The Game, Duck Down

fresh out the drop
chuck taylors hit the street cracking the ground
there he go with the crack and the pound
i'm right here, aint no backing me down
hands on the hot hood, Compton sheriffs patting me down
they want to know about the tatoos, if i know 50?
and why them guns blow like Lina Richie?
if my 9' get itchy, somebody gotta pass away
like that bitch nigga that killed Jam Masta J
you don't like it, you can come get my ass today
I'll be waiting with a vest, ski-mask and 'K
niggas left me for dead back in the day
I found out it was a hard knock life without asking Jay
it's a hard knock life, then you pass away
Rest In Peace to Morseburg, pull out a glass of 'ze
this for all my niggas in Compton killing
gimmie 5 years nigga, im bringing Compton millions.

(chorus)

when I come from murderville
where them gangsters and hustlers live
little kids out on the block
hollow points and harlem rocks
dont seem like its gonna change
look in my eyes, you can feel my pain
its a war out on them blocks
duck down when you hear them shots...

back in the building, back to the war
by that Jackie Robinson mural
I use to sell crack by that wall
hopping fences, with the crack in my draws
I got bitches that'll hit the penitentiary
stuff the crack in their walls, pause.
take off the jewels and bandanas
let me holla at my nigga Jim Jones and Santana
thanks for representing
but when the techs is spitting
one shot, spin around the block
I think we left a witness.
I'm from the coast where props are never given
fuck rap, I'll start making wooden boxes for a living
nigga, they call me sergeant slaughter
cause the sergeants on him, S. Carter, Von-Dutches and a quart of water
I know jesus, but he don't walk across no water
I call him "hey-suse" he get that chalk across the border
off that Grey Goose, I put that chalk around your daughter
but I got patience, and I'm just what the doctor ordered.

(chorus)

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