

The Game, Im Looking

(The Game)

I'm from Compton where them guns bust, watch Poppa George pop
Cats tellin jokes at them car games
Seen big face hundreds, handle the rock like Nate Archibald
What? This nigga only sixteen
And I wanted to be, just like him, middle school fightin
Any nigga with a chip on his shoulder, whattup nigga?
You want beef with me? Now I let the heat speak for me
No more talkin, just outline chalkin
Nigga Witta Attitude from birth, "100 Miles and Running"
Gunnin bustin shots like f**k the cops
Notorious for burnin blocks, weavin in and out of traffic and chop
Game the young Robin Hood of the block
Steal from the rich, give to the poor, coward niggaz rock
Second comin of this black Alfred Hitchcock
Kick in the door, wavin the four-four
Ten shots to your spleen, let them violins sing

(Chorus: Blue Chip + (The Game))

Yo, I'm just a ghetto nigga stuck in this game, young'uns runnin with 'caine
Rain hits so we floodin the game
When you come to Compton respect the grounds, leave you shook man
(And I look good, from Compton to Brooklyn)
Hey yo I don't give a f**k who you are, f**k ya ice
F**k the block that you claim, f**k your Bentley Azure
(Dead presidents is all I represent)
('Til y'all met me y'all niggaz ain't met gangsta yet)

(The Game)

Fast cars, money and muscle, the hustle I was brought up in the 80's
Gangbangin, dope traffic, shit get crazy
From where niggaz grow up hard like dicks raised
Them hustlin guns like Knicks players, we got mouths to feed
'Til they put flowers on me, moms kiss my cold cheek

In that pine box, I'm buyin rocks, eyein cops
F**k a cell block, the young kid makin it happen
Who you think got them fiends runnin back like Bo Jackson?
I'm a gangsta, what else could I say?
I'm ahead of myself like it's Y4K
2Pac, Scarface, N.W.A.
Taught me how to dodge them bullets, keep my wig in play
Keep fo' snug in the waist or pay a thousand to have 'em
Niggaz in the street move faster than, Michael Jackson's album
But the shit don't really matter to me, we get better G
Bet the four slow 'em down like PCP

(Chorus)

(The Game)

Real gangsters never talk shit, handle they business
F**k the dry snitchin and bitchin, niggaz die when them bullets fly
Who f**kin with him, ha? Not a nigga alive
End up dead in that 5
He got no sympathy for them dead guys, friend or foe
Watch that chest cave in, what that vest savin?
Make it sloppy for the autopsy, leave my enemies in a frenzy
On the frontlines holdin a 9
Everyday a new chapter, my own niggaz plottin on me
Tryin to hit me but they won't get me, feel the semi first
F**kin with my dough, is the worst way to go
Y'all know, niggaz cry when them bullets burn slow dummy
In and out of spots watchin my money

If one dollar come up missin bodies start to come up missin
No one too heavy for the Expedition, piss on your corpse
Watch your soul shiver, throw him in the river, bitch nigga

(Chorus)