

The Game, The City (feat. Kendrick Lamar)

Leave the angels in the city
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Tell them muthaf_ckas I'm forever paid
California king wrestle gators in the Everglades
Drive up out that muthaf_ckin swamp in the Escalade
So before you put that Red rag in your pocket I wanna see your f_ckin resume
Started off on Ground Zero, then I start to levitate
Rip rappers a new asshole: I never hesitate
Dre Beats on, smoking that chronic just to meditate
I'ma give em hurricanes until another Levee break
You niggas is featherweight, I'm Aftermath's heavyweight
Now Dre's weapon of mass destruction is 'bout to detonate
When a nigga wack found me, shit, I was selling weight
Now a nigga's selling millions, now it's time to celebrate
Performing in front of millions, nigga every race
64 in the '64, now watch the Chevy scrape
4th album, no 5 mics? Then let 'em hate
But I'm not stopping 'til I'm the f_cking king in every state

[Kendrick Lamar]

Recognize my life, ridicule my fight
Give me fuel for the fire burning when I yearn these lights
In the midst of the hieroglyphs my fingertips start to write
Get familiar with Cartwright
Cause I wrote that shot, I'm a raging bull when the needle drops
For the record, I'mmm wreck it, even if my record don't pop
I'mma tie your knot on a Downtown building, let it tow behind me
Tell 'em they can find me in the dark with the ghetto children look at my heart
Nigga f_ck your feelings, this is me

I'm sick of muthaf_ckers talking about 'The West died?
Can't you hear my heart beating?
That's the motherf_ckin West side, you test me, you test God
I'm his son, insane songs, you come at me
Then I can split you with this Tommy gun
You won't have no time to run
I'm from the Compton slums and that's how the West ride
I'm from the city where 2 of the best died
Rest in peace to both of 'em, spit like I'm the ghost of 'em
Damn, I said I spit like I'm the ghost of 'em
Name your top 10, I'm harder than the most of 'em
Matter of fact, shorten your list nigga, top 5
Game, Biggie, Hov, prolly Pac, Nas, no particular order
Bet a mil that I slaughter, serve niggas, give a f_ck what you ordered
How dare you niggas pop fly
When I'm the nigga sold 5 mil out the gate and numbers do not lie

I gave you the Documentary, shit was a classic
Gave you Doctor's Advocate, you ripped it out the package
Came with LAX, since critics said it was average
I was stressed the f_ck out, torn between Aftermath and
Geffen, Interscope, now I got you in the scope
Spill the red ink on the paper, it's like my pen is broke
And this is what you all been waiting for
I'm the lost angel knocking on Satan's door
What the f_ck y'all take me for? I love you cause you hate me more
I'm Kobe on the Lakers floor, except I give you 84
Shake you like Haiti's floor, walk up on you
Like 'what's going on baby boy?? Shots in that Mercedes door
Either I'm crazy, or the black Slim Shady, or
Could that be the reason that Baby said he would pay me more
But I still owe Jimmy one more album
The best the West has ever seen, no disrespect to Calvin

[Kendrick Lamar]

Kendrick, And I wear pendant on my shoulder, soldier
Like a lieutenant, and the coupe tinted got pulled over
Johnny always lock a nigga down
Knowing damn well we don't wanna see the box like Manny Pacquiao
Little nigga Mayweather size, ride like Pac in his prime
Thug life is now on radar
Til the federal come through and raid ours
Reminiscing when the LA Raiders
Was in my home, snapback fitted on my uncle's dome
And I don't condone dickriding
I'm addicted to Westsiding
Living in a city where the skinny niggas die
And the semi bullets fly, but it turn me to a lion
Trying, and I mean that shit
Game came through, put the city on his back
I was in the city with a nigga, had seen that shit
Compton!, a nigga gotta scream that shit
Never went commercial, Never T.V. screened that shit
Can't block or screen that shit, now everybody sing that shit

Red, is a very emotionally intense colour.

It enhances Human metabolism, increases respiration rate and raises blood pressure.

It has a very high visibility, it is why stop signs, stop lights and fire equipments are usually painted red.

It also represents one third of California's gang population.

Needless to say, please dress accordingly while visiting the Los Angeles area.

Also, tuck your jewellery, and keep your hands inside your vehicle.

Thank You! Enjoy it!