

Cmx**"Church for Thugs"**Visit "[Church for Thugs](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, Fort Knox, Aftermath, Compton to Jersey
What y'all fools know about perculatin on lo-los?
Mics and six-fo's nigga
Ha ha, no more hand claps, please nigga
Here we go - Just Blaze!

[The Game]

To all my niggaz on the porch gettin they hair braided
Cornrowed by a L.A. bitch
And I can't forget, my niggaz ridin the train, Yankee
fitted
Snub nose under that Pele shit
I love New York, but gangbangin that's L.A. shit
And I'm proud of it, spit it through the wire so the crowd
love it
Haters you know who you are, you can turn it down,
fuck it *{*volume fades*}*
*{*volume rises*}* I can shoot a video to it and spend
half the budget
I'm gangster, let the 40 cal blow in public
More hatred inside my soul than 'Pac had for Delores
Tucker
Every time one of my niggaz get shot, the more I suffer
Cause we trapped inside a world where you forced to
die for your colors
I seen it all through the Range tints
Got niggaz doin life in the state pen, so I dread like
Jamaicans
If I die for one of my statements
Then break up the streets of Compton, spread my
blood in the pavement

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

(1) Believe me / Niggaz keep sayin they gon' heat me
up
Talkin that shit like they gon' lay me down
(1) But (2) And / when I come through strapped to see
what's up
Niggaz really don't want no parts of me pal

[The Game]

Who I gotta talk to, who I gotta write
Get my Reebok deal done or I'm stayin in Air Nikes,
aight?
I handle bars, you ain't gotta ride a bike
to beat Game in his skills, here go some trainin wheels
Let's roll, through the City of God, where niggaz
trained to kill
We'll chop you up a hundred times worse than the
Haitians will
F'real, nah f'real I eat a track homey
Dre we too close, ain't no turnin back homey
Deal with it, I'ma be here for ten years
Spittin like the ghost of Eric Wright and Big here
Let me paint this picture while you sit here
Thinkin in the back of your mind, this is the shit, yeah
I spit for niggaz doin 25 on they fifth year
Ready to throw a nigga off the fifth tier
Them white boys in the Abercrombie & Fitch gear
And every nigga who ever helped me to get here

[Chorus]

[The Game]

It go one brick, two brick, the boy movin weight
Now three bricks, four bricks, I'm drivin upstate
Five bricks, six bricks, the nigga got cake
Not rap money, but money been wrapped since eighty-
eight
Look at the world we live in, niggaz steady hate
'til the Heckler and Koch, leave 'em chopped up like
Freddie's face
Niggaz catchin feelings cause I'm about millions
And out of all the newcomers out, my flow the illest
You a close second nigga, banana to a gorilla
Put us in the same cage, and I'ma have to peel him
The best of both worlds, rappin and drug dealin
Run and tell Lateef I came to burn down the village
The head honcho, starin out the third story window
of my Beverly Hills condo
Two long-ass Heats, I call 'em Shaq and Alonzo
You niggaz want me out of L.A., geah I know

[Chorus]

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