

## Game "All I Know"

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[Hook â€” Luu Breeze]

All I know is this pain in this life  
And this struggle it troubles me so  
All I know is that I'm stuck on this road  
Of success so I got to get mine  
All I know is this pain in this life  
And this struggle it troubles me so  
All I know All I know

[Verse 1]

Red phantom, they say I look like Josh Smith from  
Atlanta  
I do, hachoo, excuse you, that nigga look like me  
He from the G.A., and I'm M easy, that's Game  
I don't do what you niggas do, that's lame  
I Soo Woo with my crew from the from the Burque  
I Soo Woo with my crew, from under Young Wayne  
A walkin' motherfuckin' flame  
Livin' up to my brothers name  
Rockin' that red shit, wasn't fuckin' with them other  
gangs  
Most other gang's, they wasn't fuckin' with me  
Ain't your average motherfucker, I'm a motherfuckin' G  
I got some shit on my chest that I want to get off  
I got some shit for that vest that will knock that bullshit  
off  
Money like Madoff, Kill em like Adolf, Roy Halladay  
I'll let a fuckin' K off, and I don't take a fucking day  
offâ€¦!

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Cincinnati C hat, Boston B hat, them is me hats to  
Philadelphia P hats  
Believe that; bring it to the hood so you can see that  
Dumb ass niggas like game, Where the keys at?  
Automatic start, nigga where the trees at?  
Red boned bitch like Alisha, where the keys at?  
Freeze that, like a fucking picture  
If you ain't a blood I ain't fucking with ya na im just  
fucking with ya

Stay on my hood shit, hop in the bucket with ya  
Throw the ski masks on and get to straight fucking with  
ya  
Ain't that some shit, that bastards sick  
You wana know how I'm livin' nigga ask your bitch  
Told you precisely how the Aston sit, and she a nasty  
bitch  
I came in her mouth ask her lips, you know why?  
Coz I had to go past them lips, Trick  
You probably paid for those ass and tits forâ€¦!

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Fuck with the blood clock, smile for my mug shot  
Can't go out like em but I love Big, I love Pac  
Love Fab, love kis that's where the love stops  
Coz I sleep with the enemy and I hug blocks  
Birthed me in the drug spot, nigga with a attitude  
Searching me and it's  
Fuck cops, nigga pay your gratitude  
Before you say I'm acting Ruth  
Understand I'm tryna feed my people  
Hati just like Compton the way I'm packing food  
But I will act a fool, put cheese on your head  
Motherfucker I will Green Bay Packer you  
Have a whole football team of niggas after you  
Like the punt return, when will you fucking learn  
Now take your ass back to school  
Wait till 3-o'clock click clack at you  
And fuck with your conscience like back packers do  
And I ain't Talib, Black Thought or Mos Def  
But I've seen the most deaths  
And nigga I'm just telling you

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