

Game "Blood Of Christ"

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[Intro]

We gonna let this motherfucker breathe for a minute
It's still aftermath, it's still aftermath
Now when I said we gonna let this motherfucker
breathe
I meant this motherfucking beat is dead
Were gonna preform CPR to bring that motherfucker
back to life
Now let that motherfucker breathe

[Hook]

Compton's my city, that motherfucker ain't never pretty
Gave Pac life then motherfuckers that killed Biggie
Then motherfuckers that killed Biggie
Then motherfuckers that killed Biggie

[Verse 1]

Notoriouses, bring that Benz in
I'm about a dollar, nigga fuck 50 Cent
I heard Tony Yayo can't pay the rent
I heard Lloyd Banks can't pay the rent
I beat the G-Unit out of 40 Glocc
Sue me for forty grand, that same forty will get you
shot
IPhone in my hand doing the forty whop
That nigga looked up and thought he saw 40 Pacs
Looking out of my window I see forty cops
Trying to serve me that subpoena, I'm on this Xbox
2 Chainz voice, smoking that Wiz Khalifa
Pass to Waka Flocka, let me spit this ether
Yeah let me spit this ether
Yeah yeah yeah, 'til it blow the speaker
From eating Reese's Pieces to pulling guns out
For that Little Caesar's Pizza
All the way to jacking niggas for their Jesus pieces
I'm God to you bitch ass niggas put that on Matthew,
Paul and Peter

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Fuck with me, fuck with me

Fuck with me, nigga you stuck with me
Forever and ever and ever
Shyne Po ain't rich, Shyne po'
All the way in Belize with Kendrick's dick in his throat
Good kid, mad city, mad kid, bad city
Nothing from Compton could ever be trash
You hear that nigga voice sound like a dick in his ass
He reminiscing, a Compton nigga's bitch in prison
Used to be Christian, now that nigga Jew
Can't step foot in America so what he gon' do
P.Diddy's stuntman, Jackie Chan your ass through
Hood pass revoked, get your fucking brains blew
Blood on that yarmulke, now you really Piru
Soon as they killed Biggie that man became you
But you couldn't become him cause you were shooting
at the roof

[Hook]

[Outro]

I always wondered why Puff wasn't in that truck
I said I always wondered why Puff wasn't in that truck
Let that bitch breathe, let that bitch breathe
This my motherfucking city
Five motherfucking albums
The Documentary, classic
Doctor's Advocate, classic
Everything between that shit and Jesus Piece?
Classic
Them maâ€™™ fuckinâ€™™ grams?
Past it

Chop it up, rock it up
Do whatever the fuck you gotta do to get your
motherfuckinâ€™™ paper
Shot out to my nigga Dr. Dre
He ainâ€™™ t never gotta put out Detox
Long as he got me and Kendrick, nigga
And them motherfuckinâ€™™ Dre Beats you got on your
motherfuckinâ€™™ head
That nigga made a billion dollars off of
motherfuckinâ€™™ headphones
Mad kid, bad city!

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