

Game

"Cough Up A Lung"

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Yo, I'm in New York on the block, I know you see it's
snowing
Jesus piece got a Jesus piece, both of them shit's
glowing
Stussy jacket hoodie on, fucking wind blowing
G-star, Jordan 3's, fly like Bowen
And now that I got everybody's fucking attention
Let's address this bitch ass nigga going at Kendrick
Say the album is trash, nigga you full of gas
Poke holes in you, let you fill up a New York cab
Nigga in believes, cause he all in to his feelings
Cause he did 10 years for shooting at the ceiling
Diddy gave you a mill, lil nigga shoulda chill
Cute curly sideburns, talking 'bout he's real
Check my resume, any nigga that want it I bury them
But fuck this nigga he can't get in to America
I'm 'bout to hit Brooklyn, fuck this bitch Erykah
Bust a nut, call a cab and cut
After I tear it up, and we just met today
Gave her the pole, the day after electionday
Bitch was on Section 8, tryna get a Section 8
Already came, it's a wrap like electric tape
And Hurricane said he got this bitch, light out
She fell a sleep then her girl got piped out
And these the type hoes NBA niggas wife out
And these my side bitches nigga what's your life
'bout?
Mine's about guns in the stash, the chrys piped out
That's a 300c and chrys iced out
3 kids, all 3 closets niked out
And I'm bipolar, see 40 Glocc, lights out!
Word on the streets, bitch nigga suing me
Sending cops to my door, nigga how you a G?
I ain't beefing with the pigs, this you and me
And I spit the same 16 on your eulogy

Cough up a lung where I'm from, Compton son, ain't
nothing nice!
Cough up a lung where I'm from, Compton son, ain't
nothing nice!

