

Game

"Duck Down"

Visit "[Duck Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

fresh out the drop

chuck taylors hit the street cracking the ground

there he go with the crack and the pound

im right here, aint no backing me down

hands on the hot hood, compton sheriffs patting me
down

they want to know about the tatoo tear, if i know 50?

and why them guns blow like Lina Richie?

if my 9' get itchy, somebody gotta pass away

like that bitch nigga that killed Jam Masta J

you dont like it, you can come get my ass today

ill be waiting with a vest, ski-mask and 'K

niggas left me for dead back in the day

i found out it was a hard knock life without asking Jay

its a hard knock life then you pass away

Rest In Peace to Morseburg, pull out a glass of 'ze

this for all my niggas in compton killing

gimmie 5 years nigga, im bringing compton millions.

(chorus)

when i come from murderville

where them gangsters and hutlers live

little kids out on the block
hollow points and harlem rocks
dont seem like its gonna change
look in my eyes, you can feel my pain
its a war out on them blocks
duck down when you hear them shots...
back in the building, back to the war
by that Jackie Robinson mural
i use to sell crack by that wall
hopping fences, with the crack in my draws
i got bitches that'll hit the penitentiary
stuff the crack in there walls, pause.
take off the jewels and bandanas
let me holla at my nigga jim jones and santana
thanks for representing
but when the text is spitting
one shot, spin around the block
i think we left a witness.
im from the coast where props are never given
fuck rap, i start making wooden boxes for a living
nigga, they call me sergeant slaughter
cause the sergeants on him, S. Carter, Von-Dutches
and a quart of water
i know jesus, but he dont walk across no water
i call him "hey-suse" he get that chalk across the
border
off that grey goose, i put that chalk around your

daughter

but i got patients, and im just what the doctor ordered.

(chorus)

when i come from murderville

where them gangsters and hutlers live

little kids out on the block

hollow points and harlem rocks

dont seem like its gonna change

look in my eyes, you can feel my pain

its a war out on them blocks

duck down when you hear them shots...

Visit [Game](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.