

Game "For My Gangstaz"

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Livin' in Compton, California CA
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Charlie O, drop that hot shit

Motherfucker it's the game, mister tint the windows
wit'cha brain
Since a young'n up and comin', all I did was cop 'caine
They try and change the game, nigga I still cop 'caine
I ain't moved out the hood, still stay where the cops
came

Bitches tryin' to throw salt in my name
Barbers tryin' to part my game, niggaz, tryin' to chalk
my frame
But I walk on a thin line without scuffin' my Chucks
Bad Boy and I fuck with Puff, so bring the guns if you
want, nigga
I'm real good with the glock and 50 G's say, you leave
in a box

When I fuck, Lil' Kim guess, I'm feelin' like 'Pac
Niggaz wanna wrestle the game, guess, they feel like
The Rock
It doesn't matter, 745 up and down your block
Hop out with a Nextel, niggaz feel like they shot
It's different in my hood, only time we take shots
Is when the Dodgers did good, my niggaz live on the
block

This is for the gangster in me
This is for the gangster in you
All my gangsters pour the brew
This is for the gangster in me
This is for the gangster in you
All my gangsters red and blue

I'm worldwide with this gangsta lean, my life's no
dream
I got a crew in Jamaica, Queens
Lake Charles up to New Orleans in D.C. I sip
My thugs get crunk off Lil' Flip
State to state many shows I rip, I'm the boss of the Bay

Like Clint Eastwood, make my day

Fine bitches look like Lisa Raye, plot on gettin' paid
In the end, all they get is played, maybe a nut, no Ice
Capade

Real dudes is shiesty, I only give jewels to wifey
And I don't give a fuck if you really don't like me

It's in my blood to thug, get ill and hyphy
One of the best I might be, it really don't matter
When I bust, sucker MC's scatter, gettin' out of my way
I bust bad bitches night and day, I make classics like
Dr. Dre
Closed casket from rhymes, I say

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Gon' move in on your rock, say fuck the crisis
And ride with the West we got lower coat prices
You know me the king of L.A., New York
Drivin' through Brooklyn in a fo', same color as water
You want X? I can cover the order

Ninety four been hustlin' now watch the shit elevate like
Vince Carter
Not the rap martyr or the second rap Carter
Compton's own, I'm home, not the best I just rap harder
Heir to the throne, nobody rep Compton like me
Street spinnin' like waves on that Continental T
My grand moms woulda been proud of me

Look at your grandson now, 'til my demis, Black Mafia
ties
So it's hard to let the larcent die, my
[incomprehensible] treys
A killer changin' the game like them Marcy guys
And I been compared to Shyne like Shyne was
compared to Biggie
I'm from Compton, he from New York City, come on,
really?

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