

Game

"Freedom"

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Holdin' my daughter in the booth
Her mamma out there somewhere in that Bentley tryin'
to find a roof
Poof, I wave my wand and here comes Kendrick
Niggas say the west ain't winnin', I'm just tryin' to find
the proof
Speakin' of Proof, I'm 'bout to roll one with Snoop
Blow the smoke out to your memory
and toast to Eminem
Cause he, gave me the shit that I needed on
Documentary
Keep it real with myself, I got murdered like John
Kennedy
But that was cool cause I was just there for the energy
Watchin' Bizarre pop pills
while 2Pac in my hennessy
First time in Detroit, had to rock the Grant Hills
Cause I threw up my dukes when California was at a
stand still
But hope ain't lost cause Dr. Dre the man still
Had faith in me, knew I had heat like an anvil
Ran through entire crews, put their remains in a landfill
And I ain't lost the hunger, I'm eatin' out the can still
Yeah, wherever Hov and Nas at in the world right now
I know they listenin' like
This young nigga be killin' this shit
Hip-hop is life's ciroc I'm 'bout to drop a pill in this shit
Let's go, esco bars nigga, like Nas nigga
The flow is Rakim with the Birdman cars nigga
Hold on I gotta take Birdman's call nigga
Stunna, whattup blood?
"Whattup blood? What's poppin' my nigga?
Look, I know this the last one after this it's straight Cash
Money, my nigga
So, it's YMCMB, wild life my nigga, let's get it poppin'"
Rich game
? one hunnid
Suwoo
New coupe, remove roof
I'm from where niggas'll do your bitch and bitch
niggas'll do you

Inevitably we take celebrity bitches and run a chu-chu
We puttin' on magnums, taggin' that wagon, some of
these birds kookoo
And murder is what I do to
These Just Blazes, Kanyes, shit on Swizz, I handle my
biz
The whole world know what I do to Dre's shit
Niggas know I'm classic, I ain't even gotta say shit
Frank Ocean more of a man than you niggas, get up off
that gay shit
Fuck copyin' styles, niggas be tracin'
Whether it's me, the movie, or Jadakiss, niggas just
can't fuck with Jayceon
So let's go
Laa, da da da dup da ah
Thought you love me before
Every hood needs an anthem
Laa, da da da dup da ah
Winning comes with a price
No matter how hard you try
Can't buy freedom
We're far from being free
Yea we're far from being free
We're far from free
Wanna welcome everybody to Jesus Piece
After my album fades, my competition will lyrically be
deceased
Niggas saying I'm underrated
Like a younger Jay with heat, but not the ones the
Thunder play with
So Los Angeles King is sort of an understatement
Let me find a gun up here, [when?] I leave you niggas
under pavement
Tell 'em they rent's due, pay up or get cement shoes
All this dope be around, you act like I ain't lean on that
fence too
But now you up here and bitches and cars is what I'm
into
You wanna send me to God
I wear 45 in that French shoe
I fuck with Wale, Ross, and my nigga French too
And me and Face just slashed the last beat up like a
ginsu
My album like a 'Rari, a lot of dope features
Glad you bought it, now sit back and just blow reefer
I know the concept behind it is gon' reach ya
Now turn this mufucka up and blow speakers
Ladies and gentleman
I would like to introduce to you
An incredible gentleman
He goes by the name Elijah Blake

Let's go
And last but definitely not least
I wanna send a special shout out, to my nigga James
Harden
Another Los Angeles nigga carrying rockets
Ballin' on you bitches
[Skit: Kevin Hart]
You done rocked with my nigga Game,
First of all Game, shouts out to you
You put your foot in this album's ass
Here's the thing man,
This is your public service announcement for free
This is from me, to you, and everybody who listens to
this album
At the end of the day, man, you can't be judged
If you a man to God, then be a man to God
If you a nigga from the streets, god damnit, be a nigga
from the fucking streets
At the end of the day, you are who you are
God made you for a reason, man
Now I'm not saying go kill nobody,
I ain't saying go smack ya lady in the face
What I'm saying is, be who you think you are, man
Don't mix that shit up
At the end of the day, look
Do I want to be perfect? NO
Does God know I'm not perfect?
...Well that's a fucking question mark, cause here's the
thing man
Cuz I'm praying at the wrong times of the day,
That's weird, and I'll talk to you about that later
But man bottom line what I'm saying is this dude
Be you do you, can't nobody judge you but you
And at the end of the day if you doing hat you
supposed to,
You got one life! Live it!
With that being said,

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