

Game "Grave Yard"

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[Verse 1 - Game]

Welcome to the graveyard

Where everybody like to pray: Allahu Akbar

You scared to say "God?" They call me Game because
I play hard

So get your helmets and your face guards

I spit holy water, lets have a Face Off: Nicholas Cage

They say the boy is off the chain like two Pits in a cage

Your girl say my flow the bomb like I swallow grenades

Respect the rules up in this shit so you gotta get paid

Or you gotta get spayed like Windex with them twin

Techs

I'll Raid on top of insects. Niggas die fuckin they family

Oh, where I'm from they call that "incest"

Open the Bible, good book serves its purpose for shook
crooks

Heavenly Father, I think we in Heaven, be a good look

Sing the hook:

[Hook]

In this heartless world that I live in

I have learned that I can't depend on love

It hasn't made me a Saint

So I'mma take it all with me to the graveyard

[Verse 2 - Game]

The cemetery ain't as new as the saint it look

They bury ministers there right next to straight crooks

And Nas told niggas they was shooting and they'd look

Niggas rhyme about banging, getting whooped on

Facebook

Now put that on your wall, I put that on the wall

I shot-call and brawl quicker than Jon Wall

I'm killing these niggas, bought everything last year

And wasn't feeling these niggas. I mean I was numb
last year

Wasn't feeling you niggas. Came back

To sell a few more mil on you niggas

Toast! I'm in the Phantom, nah nigga I ain't scared of
no ghost

Cause all the dead rapper's albums are selling the
most

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Game]

Some say the 3rd verse puts niggas in a hearse
Since I was born Jay, guess I'm the Gift & The Curse
Lot of Bloods out here, but nigga I did it first
Still blood out here that's why I'm up in the church
Still repenting for my sins, but not all the way
Cause I just rode up in the Benz and handed homie the
K
What he gon do with it? Probably run up on your crew
with it
That's what I call rap beef, luckily I'm through with it
Now I just lean back, '72 with it
Sell it to a nigga down South, he act a fool with it
Back to them haters and the stool-pigeons
You're too busy tryna judge us stars, but how are you
living?

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