

Game "House Of Pain"

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Dodge this

Catch me if you can, I'm in 'em old school Barkley's
Back to the fence, puffin' on that Bob Marley
Flow like oregano, nigga, you already know
My competition's stiffer than Ronald Regan, let it go

Befo' you be a motherfuckin' vegetable
You scrap niggas too animated like The Incredibles
Let this beef go around like the twenty six's
It's young Game of flame, welcome to the House of
Pain

Nigga, what about The Game?
Keep on playin', boy, I'll hop out this fuckin' Range
Look I ain't even ask for his fuckin' chain
But he took it off like Vanessa Del Rio

Now I'm on my way to Rio
After I see my PO, she cool, she a Leo
She ain't trippin' off the weed smoke
So I'ma blow it like the Patriots
And throw my dub up, 'coz Dr Dre made me rich

Where you from? California
What city? Compton
What you drive? Impala
What you smokin' on? Chronic

What you drinkin' on? Patron
What you sittin' on? The throne
Relax, make yourself at home

Welcome to Compton
Welcome to Compton
Welcome to Compton
Welcome to Compton

I wrote the block off, I talk that shit
Size twelve Bo Jacksons 'cause I walk that shit
There on Compton Blvd, that's where I walk my pits
Biggie and 2Pac and they bark like this

As I spark my splif
I see the coroner puttin' chalk around the snitch
We be shootin' like free throws, flyin' them desert
eagles
Sell dope to the Po' while we eat chili Fritos

From a gang banger to a CEO
Everything I do is big like the nigga Caesar Leo
Won't stop till I'm dead, ain't gotta watch for the Feds
They ain't watchin' me, so here's a dome shot to the
head

As I take a patron shot to the head
And reminisce about the shit the DOC said
Get money, get cars, get mine, get yours
And keep your head up, like the Lambo doors

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Guess, it's time to break the number nine Jordan's in
Make a nigga mad when they been tryin' to floor the
Benz
I'm doin' one sixty in the fast lane
Scott Storch in his Bugatti couldn't pass Game

I got it, made like my last name
I'm gone just like my Aftermath chain
Don't make me take you back to ninety six
Leanin' on that Datsun on the corner eatin' catfish

The Game, da, da, da Game spit, that shit
I'm controversial like the Afro pic with the black fist
Just ask the rapper that had to catch my last diss
I'm reckless and I ain't never crash whips

My pops wasn't around, so this bastard
Bleed California from the cradle to the casket
And I won't stop ridin' for my coast

Niggas keep talkin' 'bout my bread, we gonna make
toast

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