

Game "I'm Looking"

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I'm from Compton where them guns bust, watch Poppa
George pop
Cats tellin' jokes at them car games seen big face
hundreds
Handle the rock like Nate Archibald, what? This nigga
only sixteen
And I wanted to be, just like him middle school fightin'

Any nigga with a chip on his shoulder, whattup nigga?
You want beef with me? Now I let the heat speak for me
No more talkin', just outline chalkin'
Nigga witta attitude from birth, 100 Miles and Running

Gunnin' bustin' shots like fuck the cops
Notorious for burnin' blocks, weavin' in and out of
traffic and chop
Game the young Robin Hood of the block
Steal from the rich, give to the poor, coward niggaz
rock

Second comin' of this black Alfred Hitchcock
Kick in the door wavin' the four-four
Ten shots to your spleen
Let them violins sing

Yo, I'm just a ghetto nigga stuck in this game
Young'uns runnin' with 'caine
Rain hits so we floodin' the game
When you come to Compton respect the grounds, leave
you shook man
(And I look good, from Compton to Brooklyn)

Hey yo I don't give a fuck who you are, fuck ya ice
Fuck the block that you claim, fuck your Bentley Azure
(Dead presidents is all I represent)
('Til y'all met me y'all niggaz ain't met gangsta yet)

Fast cars, money and muscle, the hustle I was brought
up in the 80's
Gangbangin', dope traffic, shit get crazy
From where niggaz grow up hard like dicks raised
Them hustlin' guns like nicks players, we got mouths to

feed

'Til they put flowers on me, moms kiss my cold cheek
In that pine box, I'm buyin' rocks, eyein' cops
Fuck a cell block, the young kid makin' it happen
Who you think got them fiends runnin' back like Bo
Jackson?

I'm a gangsta, what else could I say?
I'm ahead of myself like it's Y4K
2Pac, Scarface, N.W.A.
Taught me how to dodge them bullets, keep my wig in
play

Keep fo' snug in the waist or pay a thousand to have
'em
Niggaz in the street move faster than, Michael
Jackson's album
But the shit don't really matter to me, we get better G
Bet the four slow 'em down like PCP

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Real gangsters never talk shit, handle they business
Fuck the dry snitchin' and bitchin', niggaz die when
them bullets fly
Who fuckin' with him, ha? Not a nigga alive
End up dead in that 5

He got no sympathy for them dead guys, friend or foe
Watch that chest cave in, what that vest savin'?
Make it sloppy for the autopsy, leave my enemies in a
frenzy
On the front lines holdin' a 9

Everyday a new chapter, my own niggaz plottin' on me
Tryin' to hit me but they won't get me
Feel the semi first fuckin' with my dough, is the worst
way to go
Y'all know, niggaz cry when them bullets burn slow
dummy

In and out of spots watchin' my money
If one dollar come up missin' bodies start to come up
missin'
No one too heavy for the expedition, piss on your
corpse
Watch your soul shiver, throw him in the river, bitch
nigga

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