

Game "Invisible Felon"

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[Verse 1]

Nigga i lock the whole block up

See the block what

You can't stop us or drop us

Long nose, slugin the drop what

We real niggas

Compton blood runnaz and gunnaz

The red raiders been on hiatus

Made it back for the summer

Fuck rap, it aint about that

Hip hop is dead

You whack rappers broke one in the head

NaS said it he aint regret it

I talk to him

Any nigga disagree

Run up on the passenger side

And put a spark to him

Phony ass rap niggas

Swear they gon clap some

Talkin out the side of they mouth

With no dare frontin

Long as i'm alive, this shit don't stop

We know who killed BIG and Pac

He gon' drop

[Talking]

You niggas think you scare me?

Nigga you don't scare me B

I'm from Compton mothafucka

Real life, real gangs, real shootouts mothafucka I took
them shots

I see you standin there

So what bitch? Move!

[Verse 2]

I'm the west Don

The next one to kick his fuckin feet up

Puffin on chiefa

Niggas give me the chills

I pick the heat up

Im scared of who, you? Fuck no

I let the shit blow

Circle the block, before I duck off

I stay blunted, stay around pussy

Stay liquored up wit the finest bitches

You niggas trickin

I'm wit the barks like Milwaukee

I shoot em dead

Left hand like Michael Red

Recycle the flow, come back

I'm dead prez

Too political

Guerilla on mass beats

Leave your careerer in critical condition

Destroy niggas, my mission is to disposition

All you faggots

I ain't beefin with one nigga

Theres room for all you niggas in this casket

Get in

[Talking]

All homo ass niggas, B

Niggas straight fuckin homos nigga

When you see me in the streets nigga

You dont say shit

Niggas dont be doin shit

Whole bunch of niggas man

Loud noise makers, fuck yall

[Verse 3]

I stand ova niggas wit a gun

Let it hum

Your crew run, run, run, your crew run, run

I stand ova niggas wit a gun

Let it hum

Your crew run, run, run, your crew run, run

I fuck ova niggas

Only give props
To them olda niggas
Snoop, Cube, Rakim, KRS
The coldest niggas
Can't forget nasty Nas
and that Hova nigga
Disrespect from ? yet it still how olda niggas
Pay homage, spray llamas
Drive Bentleys, roll through any hood
You don't believe me
Then ride wit me
Pray on the soul
On any nigga that collide wit me
He bust first, I shot back
The moral is you die wit me
[Talking]
See nigga I don't really give a fuck
About all this G-unit talk and all these punk ass records
nigga
First of all you don't sell records nigga
Second of all nigga you ain't as handsome as me
Third of all you ain't fuckin as many bitches as I'm
fuckin
Fourth of all you ain't got enough OG mothafuckin
homies backin you nigga
Fifth of all, fuck you

