

# Game "Ricky"

Visit "[Ricky](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: Boyz in the Hood]

"Shit! Rick!

C'mon man! "

"Ricky! "

"Help me! Help me! Somebody, help me! "

"Ricky, Ricky! "

"Ricky! "

[Verse 1:]

Blood of a slave, heart of a giant

Had to leave Aftermath, Dre said I was too defiant

That was five years ago, look how fast it go

Destroyin' Interscope, shot myself like Plaxico

But fuck that, blaze one, where the matches yo?

Hit the freeway and see how fast the Aston go

Roll the window down, clip off the ashes so

You can see all my diamonds and how much cash I  
blow

How many bitches I fuck, how many cars I drive

How many goons I got, count 'em and they all outside

Niggas try to shut me up like Malcom

But standin' in the window caine smoking was the  
outcome

Sometimes I get a little stressed and pop a Valium

Hit Hollywood late night and knock down a stallion

So niggas think twice about my medallion or

You'll hear Cuba Gooding yelling "Ricky! "

My nostalgia is one hundred percent Compton and zero  
percent snitch

Park a Bentley and the Phantom on blocks while I use  
the bitch

Made the Cincinnati fitted more famous than Griffey  
did

And just to think, several years ago they tried to split  
his wig

Two to the chest, struck his heart, one hit his rib

Then I blacked out, like a movie, all I could hear...

[Verse 2:]

Feelin' all fucked up, woke up to a doctor

All I could think about, was that the cops took my weed

and my choppers  
They want me to sing, like Sinatra, I told the detective  
Get this clear like Belvedere vodka  
Them five shots created a monster  
Hell's Kitchen comin' straight out of Compton  
I seen Boyz in the Hood, Morris Chestnut was a actor  
2Pac was the real life "Ricky! "  
Then they shot down the nigga that shot him, I swear to  
God  
If I'm lying then Compton is New York and I'm Rakim  
I'm from where niggas get murdered over stock rims  
And punched in the jaw just for a cocked brim  
Nobody mama let the cops in, we ain't got no options  
Wanted to be a boxer, but I was boxed in  
Then my grandmother house went up for auction  
And that's what tipped [?], I'm goin' back to buy the  
block then  
Too many niggas locked in, dig up Cochran and  
defend all my niggas  
With they faith under stockings, rather face God then  
25 with no options  
If Compton ain't the murder capital, we in the top ten  
Drive by with our face painted, like a clown  
With a tre-pound, forty shells bouncin' off the ground  
This how my living room sound, when my brother got  
shot down...

[Sample from Boyz in the Hood: Crying

Visit [Game](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.