

## Game

# "The Streetz Of Compton"

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**(feat. JT)**

*[JT]*

G-Man Stan, yeah mayne

I see you done put together one of them tracks mayne

Let me get on down here to the C-P-T

Better known as Compton mayne

Get my young homey The Game, y'knahmean?

Young nigga up outta Compton mayne, y'knahmsayin?

This 2002, we gon' see what it do mayne

Y'knahmean? Yarra

*[The Game]*

Now everybody wanna know the truth about a nigga  
named Game

I come from the hub and every ghetto ain't the same

A lot of people already know exactly where it's at

Cause it's the home of the jackers and the crack

(Compton!) Yeah that's the name of my hometown

I'm goin down, in the town, where my name is all  
around

A nigga just be hatin and shit, that's a pity

But I ain't doin nuttin but claimin my city

*[Chorus: JT]*

Where they actin a fool, and they carry the tool

Them sick dudes in the streets of Compton

Where I found The Game, he was stackin his change

to maintain in the streets of Compton

Took a trip to the Sco, got low for the dough

In Fillmoe from the streets of Compton

Now we stackin the bread, never run from the feds

They shed treads in the streets of Compton

*[The Game]*

See my lyrics are double or nothin provin to suckers I  
can throw 'em

Pass the natural 10 to 4 and six-eight before I go

Not really into freestylin, or tryin to promote violence

But they gotta know about the five-five-fo', so

That's how I'm livin, I do as I please B

A young gangsta put in work on these Cali streets

And everybody know, that you gotta be stompin  
If you're born and raised in Compton

*[Chorus]*

*[The Game]*

Nowww Compton is a place, where all my niggaz chill  
dog  
'til I found out, the streets get real dog  
'Bout a year ago, somebody musta wanted me to die  
Cause they kicked in the door, and gave the young kid  
five  
They musta thought that I was gon' play the bitch role  
Cause I lived through fo' five six holes  
But I ain't goin out like no faggot-ass clown  
They found, they couldn't keep a gangsta nigga down  
So here's the burner in your face motherfucker silly  
sucker  
ass clucker now you're duckin cause you can't stop a  
Y.G.  
Gangsta, cause I'm true to my game  
You're lame, and thangs ain't gon' never be the same  
Cause a nigga like the Game is takin over  
I really don't think I should have to explain  
Oh yeah I'm a dog but my name ain't Rover  
And I'm the kinda nigga that's feelin no pain  
Sometimes I have to wear a bulletproof vest  
Because I got the C-P-T style written across my chest  
A gangsta motherfucker never ceasin to impress  
My name is young Game so you can fuck, the rest  
I'm comin like this and I'm comin directly  
Cause niggaz gettin all stirred up, I'm doin damage  
quite effectively  
Rhymin is a battlezone and niggaz can't win  
Cause I'm a gangsta from the C-O-M-P-T-O-N

*[Chorus]*

*[JT and Game ad lib shoutouts]*

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