

## The Game "Can't Figure It Out"

Visit "[Can't Figure It Out](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Cant Figure It Out - The Game ft. Black Wall Street

Lord forgive me for killin outta control  
Got the spirit of big will pourin outta my soul  
Gangbangin or put a tag on your toes  
If you down for a drive by nigga we gotta role  
I know they hate me 'cause im out chasin dough  
But I'd rather be doin that  
Then dying behind these hoes  
Tell hunned I need sumtin to hold  
Bust a couple of shots in memory of my nigga foe  
You at home nigga  
I swear to god ima empty out this chrome shit and  
never left you alone I  
Solemnly swear even though you in heaven with mars  
berg there's still apart of you here and I  
Solemnly swear my nigga was the best at cookin yay  
Since we was yay high  
Im in love with that life  
Don't hate me 'cause that bastard that I am  
Is just the thug in me rite

[Chorus]

Lord I can't figure it out  
Why you took my nigga from me  
We out here huggin the block  
All night tryna get this money  
I just can't figure it out  
Why you took my nigga from me  
We out here huggin the block  
All night tryna get this money

You already know who it is  
And how I play the game  
Wat you think im suppose to change  
'cause I fuk wit game  
Im addicted to these streets  
And this beat is automatic  
Don't speak if you don't wats static(?)  
Say we hit you nigga  
Gotta team of young niggas  
That come and get you nigga

Grippin 2 2 3's until they flip you nigga  
21 gunshots and new real thugs n killas  
Hey you know I clear the block for my nigga my nigga  
But ima make it happen for ya  
By any means neccessary  
Clear of galride til we berry(???) yea  
Rest in peace bim day(?)  
I serve the whole world to bring ya back  
U know what were my love is at  
Young playa real homie  
You got to feel homie  
And rite now my nigga to hot to chill homie  
You know that deal homie  
Jus keepin it real homie  
And ima ride 44  
Until a nigga kill homie

[Chorus]

Lord I can't figure it out  
Why you took my nigga from me  
We out here huggin the block  
All night tryna get this money  
I just can't figure it out  
Why you took my nigga from me  
We out here huggin the block  
All night tryna get this money

As hard as it is for me  
Homie I got to spit my hearts hurtin  
Sumbody help me  
My niggas not here no more  
Billboard real ass nigga the worlds gonna miss you  
nigga  
You supposed to be here rite now  
Holdin a movie down  
But now I gotta mourn you now  
Thug, im really not stable  
Last we was watchin cable  
And I feel bout talkin bout rippin piece up(???)  
Wen you left I felt wierd as fuk  
Next mornin my nigga game look sick as fuk  
I new rite there  
Then he said foe is dead  
Why you couldnt take me insteadd  
Damn

[Chorus]

Lord I can't figure it out  
Why you took my nigga from me

