

The Game

"Grave Yard"

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Welcome to the graveyard
Where everybody like to
Pray: allahu akbar
You scared to say "god? "
They call me game
Because I play hard
So get your helmets and
Your face guards
I spit holy water, let's have
A face off: nicholas cage
They say the boy is off the
Chain like two pits in a
Cage
Your girl say my flow the
Bomb like I swallow
Grenades
Respect the rules up in this
Shit so you gotta get paid
Or you gotta get spayed
Like windex with them
Twin techs
I'll raid on top of insects.
Niggas die fuckin they
Family
Oh, where I'm from they
Call that "incest"
Open the bible, good book
Serves it's purpose for
Shook crooks
Heavenly father, I think we
In heaven, be a good look
Sing the hook:

In this heartless world that
I live in
I have learned that I can't
Depend on love
It hasn't made me a saint
So I'm a take it all with
Me to the graveyard

The cemetery ain't as new
As the saint it look
They bury ministers there
Right next to straight
Crooks
And nas told niggas they
Was shooting and they'd
Look
Niggas rhyme about
Banging, getting whooped
On facebook
Now put that on your wall,
I put that on the wall
I shot-call and brawl
Quicker than jon wall
I'm killing these niggas,
Bought everything last
Year
And wasn't feeling these
Niggas. I mean I was numb
Last year
Wasn't feeling you niggas.
Came back
To sell a few more mil on
You niggas
Toast! I'm in the phantom,
Nah nigga I ain't scared of
No ghost
Cause all the dead rapper's
Albums are selling the
Most

Some say the 3rd verse
Puts niggas in a hearse
Since I was born jay, guess
I'm the gift & the curse
Lot of bloods out here, but
Nigga I did it first
Still blood out here that's
Why I'm up in the church
Still repenting for my sins,
But not all the way
Cause I just rode up in the
Benz and handed homie
The k
What he gon do with it?
Probably run up on your
Crew with it
That's what I call rap beef,
Luckily I'm through with it
Now I just lean back, '72

With it
Sell it to a nigga down
South, he act a fool with it
Back to them haters and
The stool-pigeons
You're too busy tryna
Judge us stars, but how
Are you living?

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