

## The Game

### "L.A. Times"

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[Verse 1]

When Them Niggas Start Shooting thats When the  
Shots  
Get the Pourin, you Only Got one Shot To Hit The Floor  
And  
Just Take This One Shot as a Warning  
Cause Tomorrow Could Be A Wake Like Good Morning  
Back on the block like I never left, it's Friday  
Hi Ms. Parker, I've been cooking, I'm a forever chef  
And The Recipe IS Legendary  
I Put Niggas Careers to End Early Like February  
Then I come back Marchin  
Hit you with april Showers, them Shots  
Kill Niggas Like abortion  
Cause No Body Care About The Nigga That Ain't There  
Then Miss You until They Kiss You and You Going in The  
Ground  
with maggots eating your tissue  
Similar to the way the Shit Do  
These are los Angeles Times Niggas Get Your Issue

[Chorus]

Sweet things You Do?  
And set My heart Of Love  
Now I Want You To Know  
And remind Me,yeah yeah Oh Ohh  
Of L.A Time

[Verse 2]

Fuck Yall,  
Poll up on Em 20 Inch wherever's and Get My Block  
Get To Watching cause Avery time I Hit My Block  
They Think I'm Flossing  
Careven makes My Block Look Like a auction  
cause My Block Is My Blocks misfortune  
5 huned On The Skills You Gone Waited  
It ain't Hard Enough Throw On Stove  
And Soutee it  
Mixed in, Started Up, break It Down, rock It Up  
Looked This Shit  
It's Architecture How I Chop It Up

Alot Of Fiends on my block but it's not enough  
Champagne pourin when criiss style Bottles bust  
For a millionaires and billionaires money to the sell in  
here  
patron got you gone trough pull in the air  
I been trough a lot of shit when I'm still here  
Even fuck magic Jonson bitch and I'm still here  
Shit I'm legend no Will here  
But if you kill my dog I put You in the wheel chair

[Chorus]

See Me What You Do?  
And set My heart Of Love  
Now I Want You To Know  
And remind Me,yeah yeah Oh Ohh  
Of L.A Time  
Such Your Haters  
Always Hatin On  
You Gone Hatin On me  
You know Them Haters  
Always Hatin  
Why You Hatin? On Me

[Verse 3]

Niggas know I sell my rocks every morning  
7 o'clock me and my rocks was out the door and  
Growin up in my projects was a project  
But me and my project bitch got them pass flip  
No patience so I had to ride sick  
ride dirty on the T.I Tip  
Three wheel motion always make the ride Tip  
It's all eyes on me and my bitch  
Even L.A cops was on my shit  
Thank god that my rocks was on my bitch  
Now it's time to flip the page on you niggas  
I blue up like a grenade on you niggas  
I went got paid on you niggas  
I'm Bollin MJ on you niggas  
I'm a star drop a shit every day on you niggas  
Front page on you niggas

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