

The Game

"On Bail"

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Yeah, help for the helpless
Big money, big cars, big weed
Y'all know what time it is
But you better stack that money for bail

I'm on bail, got that weight for sale
Strawberries and blueberries all on a *** tail
I'm on bail, bet not 'nare *** tell
Bet not 'nare *** tell, yeah

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I'm on a two million dollar bail
Caught with the products that them young *** sell
I'm fresh outta cells, twelve hours later
My client's le hit my pager
The situation gettin' thick, dat *** Daz is major

I live the life of a gangster, I rob gangsters
Ten years up on the table, I deny that flavor
See a fighter to the fullest, if I lose, I catch a bullet
Can't tell a *** nuttin' when he starvin' and losin'

Now I'm back up on the street, completely, correctly
You disrespect me, it's the same that's it's gon' be
Automatics get tragic when you let *** have it
Then I'm caught back up like before, I gotta stack my
cabbage

Monday mornin', 8:30, right back in court
Couple of homeboys, my momma give me full support
Raised up filthy but the Lord be with me
Like a Heaven, it's the verdict and the jury, 'Not guilty'

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They used to have me on that paperwork
'Cause I used make my paper work, lifestyle covered
with dirt
See I was first on my block with 40 caliber glock
Similarities to my uncut, they ready to rock

'Cause everybody wanna ball, nobody wanna get
caught
Only the pros and the cons get to stack these knots
Motherf*** want that Benz with the millions by the
karats
When they pacin' all day, they start talkin' like a parrot

Information, they sharin', so be cautious where you
walk
Never pillow talk behind closed doors in the dark
It might creep back and bite you, indict you, convict you
To a five by nine for a very long time

*** droppin' dimes, *** is droppin' whole hundreds
So the hood's gettin' skinny and the one-times love it
If I don't go get it, then the next *** will
So I kill at will with my gauge in them killin' fields

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Tell my momma to put the house up, wait, the house
cost too much
Tell her to get a hundred grand out the Porsche truck
It's just like a house 'cause I take a bath in it
Get *** in it and I gotta stash in it

*** hash in it, blueberry chocolate tah
*** chronic make me see ***, like 2Pac alive
Bandanna knotted in the front like 2Pac alive
Walkin' out the courthouse, spittin' on the camera guy

I bang 'Thug Life' but this ain't Death Row
This some gangster *** for my *** down on death row
Exhibit A, watch how I let the tec go
And Exhibit B, burn the rubber on the West coast

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Y'all know y'all miss that

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