

The Game

"Promised Land"

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Yeah, I wanna go to the Promised Land (Game speaks)

Verse 1:

I was, born in the scumble, struggled from day one,
(?) vision, blinded by the life of the sun,
No navigation, no sense of direction, darker
complexion mad it hard to live, damn, how you fought
with your kids?
Stranded on the highway of life, left us out to die, left
us out to dry, shhh I'm still hearin' my mother's cries
nigga,
No father figures, they called them niggas, through the
years, I went to war with niggas,
From what I saw in the pictures, now your son is bigger,
13 look just like you, mom's said I would grow up and
be just like you, for what you did to my sister she
dislike you, 16 he lovin' gray, look at me just like you,
Gunnin' for riches, runnin' jumpin' project fences,
Street corners to Arizona, how I earned my bitches, and
I'm far from finished, came into my coffin diminished,
why pray for the afterlife when mine's just beginnin'?

Chorus

Verse 2:

Only slept by a mother, no brothers, only sisters by this
one, everytime I kissed one, I missed one, let me
explain,
8 years before The Game, everything came with pain,
watched the fate of my family slain, we'd never see
good times again,
Cursed with pain by a nigga with no shame,
My father, had the same name as his father, my
grandfather wouldn't believe, he crawled up our family
tree, I could see him rolling over in his coffin, I'm left
with often thoughts of how could you molest your
daughter?, they say that's 10 times worse than
manslaughter, man you oughtta,
Be dead in the grave, but it wasn't my call, so instead
you sat in the cage,
High-powered, 250 pound, 6'5" coward, woulda been,
dead in an hour, heard you was scared to take a

shower, scared of the yard, your end is near, you shoulda been scared of God, motherfucker...

Chorus

Verse 3: (Now my niggas listen)

Uh, I stay a step ahead of the rest of y'all, why I gotta keep a vest for y'all? though I made it dawg, I still stress for y'all,

Funny how my folks get rap money, stretch so far, pray to God my niggas see through all the checks in the card,

I'm trying to invest in (?), give me a couple of years dawg, I'll turn your tears, stress and your scars, into long cheers and green grass in the yard,

I'm tryin' to watch my kids, wrestlin' yours, not have to get 'em ready for school and have to strap a vest on, I know sometimes it get hard, keep ya head up mami reach for the stars, having a child is like a blessing from God, you just got to work hard, can't let your youngest starve, strip in that bar, I feel your pain this shit is rippin' my heart,

But then when do we start, listen to the voice in the back of my mind, I can't reach all of my women so I pack it in rhymes, I know what you feeling, I'm wiping your tears ma, make it happy in time, from now I take your tears striked soft and imagine it mine, uh

Chorus to fade

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