

The Game

"R.I.P. Story"

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[Chorus:]

I gotta sing you rap niggas a song before I put you to bed

So close your eyes just one last time as I put you sleep

Nigga rest in peace, you don't want no beef,

Don't make me pull the piece on em, throw up the peace on you

Rest in peace, you don't want no beef,

Don't make me pull the piece on em, throw up the peace on you

As I hit corners in that Lamborghini swervin'

Them doors fly up, look like I'm riding in a bird

So sick, put the 22's a inch from the curb.

Watch the niggas fade away like the smoke from the herb.

So I hop out, in my true religion denim,

Cause guns my true religion,

And my Desert Eagle's in 'em.

Then I pull out;

Like I should have did when I was twelve, she had a miscarriage anyway,

Oh well, back to my story.

I start shootin' up the block

They shootin' up block, "Oh shit! It's the cops!"

No is not, (woohooohoo)

It's just the ambulance, put another clip in and let the hammer dance.

[Chorus]

I swear to God, these niggas runnin' so fuckin' fast that,

One nigga tripped so I shot him in the ass.

"Why you make me do that?"

I'm usually a cool cat, like Kool Herc, Kool G, or any other cool nigga that rap.

But I ain't come to talk, I came for revenge; to avenge the death for my hip-hop friends.

I know, I know you never meant to get 'em killed, never meant to drive the car,

They never handed you the steel
Apologize now. I know when you see him you will,
But I got one question:
"Nigga how does it feel that they're going now, and
you're going now?"
Put it to his dome, (BLAAAOW!) He is going home now,
bye.

[Chorus]

My Air Force Ones are comfortable, but they not built to
last
Especially when you chasin' motherfuckers up and
down the ave.
Niggas hit a couple fences, ran through some
backyards,
And I am not Reggie Bush, I'm heading back to my car.
As I walked around the corner, I was like,
"Damn! Los Angeles PD's behind my Lam - Bo."
Runnin' my plates, before I can hit the gate,
I can hear the cops yelling out, "Wait!"
So I turn around, approach my shit,
He said: "Aren't you the guy that used to sing with 50
Cent?"
"Why, yes I am."
That was my reply,
"My daughter loves your songs, good day."
"Good bye!"

[Chorus]

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