

The Game

"See No Evil"

Visit "[See No Evil](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Game]

I don't read the XXL

Told em 45 the church, think I'm destined for hell

Oh well

Blood tears off the face of my Jesus Piece

It's bloodshed, feel the cracks of my city streets

I'm from the crack of them city streets

Used to sell crack in them city streets

Born in blood nigga

In a coma five days, life of a thug nigga

Momma ain't show, grandma almost plugged the
nigga

Used to pull the gun out, just because of cuz niggas

Five shots to the head cause I'm a blood nigga

Nothin brewing but soo(woing) where the fuck I'm
from

You lucky if you make it out of Compton ask Andre
Young

Smell the scent of dead bodies ridin down green leaf

No peace so don't get caught up with no piece

Fuck fat burger we cooking that real beef

Momma's mourning they son I'm talking real grief

Real funerals and lost juveninals

Trying to be generals be missing your dinner now (huh)

Say it's a blessing when you die in ya sleep

Cause the coroner don't need no sheets (capeesh)

I'm sayin...

Stop playing, wrap him up in what he lay in

Fold a nigga arms, now a caskets what he lay in

Compton streets raised me

Can't tell my grandma nothing bout her baby, you crazy

[Hook: Tank]

Cause you see no evil

?

You want to see tomorrow

You promise not to tell

Say we on our way now
I'mma see you again
And when they ask you questions
You just answer
What happened to them?
What happened to them?

[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]

I live this life at a pace that anyone can go
Know your place and dedicate your role, to the faith
that you'll die alone
Trace your steps when I do step in a fire of broken
bones
And I require my hearts desire and when I reap what I
sew

I bought my momma a Benz
My boobie a jag
A cut for my dogs with a roof full of glass

But still I be feeling like none of my light never casts
Out of that black cloud that's been watered down ever
since my first chopper blast
But fuck that
I'm not worried, even when discouraged
Skirt off makin' them hurt I should have hurt them in a
hurry
Dirt off all under my fingers?
Shirt off when precersure, resitation came early
I need you to keep queit as mouse
Which is ironic cause rats is what I'm talking about
I'm hearin the sonices of gun fire
The whispers, the silent cries even though I know it's an
eye for an eye

[Hook: Tank]

[Verse 3: Game]

You wanna go to Compton nigga? I'll take you there

Visit [The Game](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.