

The Game

"Walk Wit Me"

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The Game;

Hey yo the kid still at it, woke up from that coma
Seen hell came back and here comes my first classic
Still chop it up at the table, still put dope in the bag
and still got dope, under the mattress
It was hustle before rappin, nuttin before that and
12 years old, a lost soul, bumpin "Illmatic"
Gunshots tried and almost took the young kid's live
Can't do it I been through it the young kid survived
Got the ghetto on my shoulder homey, it's gon' be a
long ride
Bear with me, I'ma take you there with me
Show you how the sun shine in one rhyme, no more
stormy weather
Streets is mine, we gon' live forever
Get it together 'Pac is watchin, Big is listenin
Eazy is talkin to us, Big Pun is witnessin
While they souls still glistenin in ghettos from Compton
to Brooklyn
the shells cry, every hood's anthem
Where everybody goes to church and prayers are
never answered
And they throwin us curveballs but we Hank Aarons
A picture with no canvas, streets are so skanless
Young'uns jump rope, play ball with fiends and dope
handlers
Teenage mothers, deadbeat fathers, no families
Lost and often runaway or live with grandparents
Life stories with no authors, see it through, {?}
Robinson's cubicles
When time life is so beautiful
Walk with me we can make it if we try, lost soldiers
sometimes
We gotta die but it's okay to cry
Mothers strugglin tryin to survive, reach out grab my
hand
I got'cha, won't let you go for nuttin, I promise
Praises due to Elijah Muhammad, peace be unto Farad
Muhammad
Words of Minister Farrakhan
Been true, be loyal, know your roots, water your soil

Stop fightin amongst ourself from birth we royal
Who's king we fightin over a crown, while lifeguards
watch the hopes and dreams of kids and young teens
drown
More infants bein born with AIDS, more parents
mournin graves
The plot thickens, somebody show us the way
Tears crackin the pavement, streets breakin up
The thrill is gone and it's a long walk home
So we might as well start runnin, if it's there gotta take
it
'Member Jada said "We Gon' Make It"
And it shouldn't take 9/11 to bring our minds together
Shit rough we'll grind together
Light a candle we can shine forever or I can pass
So I won't miss Aaliyah's concert in heaven
Live life while we listen to my old heads
So I glow like the memory of Lisa 'Left Eye' Lopez
Through a six-seven Brougham, ride with me through
the hood mayne
Where street lights flicker and Chuck Taylors hang
And nobody know they neighbor's name 'less they sell
weed or cocaine
A lot of black clouds on a block but no rain
And Game got a lot to say, so they wanna take me
down
in my own front yard like Marvin Gaye
Can't do it by myself, people need help
Keep on tryin to live healthy 'til the end of my days
And when I die won't lead my daughter astray, lookin
from heaven
Watch my people drive my coffin through the Compton
parade

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