

## Sam Cooke

### "Grave Yard"

Visit "[Grave Yard](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse 1 - Game]Welcome to the graveyard  
Where everybody like to pray: Allahu Akbar  
You scared to say "God?" They call me Game because  
I play hard  
So get your helmets and your face guards  
I spit holy water, lets have a Face Off: Nicholas Cage  
They say the boy is off the chain like two Pits in a cage  
Your girl say my flow the bomb like I swallow grenades  
Respect the rules up in this shit so you gotta get paid  
Or you gotta get spayed like Windex with them twin  
Techs  
I'll Raid on top of insects. Niggas die fuckin they family  
Oh, where I'm from they call that "incest"  
Open the Bible, good book serves its purpose for shook  
crooks  
Heavenly Father, I think we in Heaven, be a good look  
Sing the hook:  
[Hook]In this heartless world that I live in  
I have learned that I can't depend on love  
It hasn't made me a Saint  
So I'mma take it all with me to the graveyard  
[Verse 2 - Game]The cemetery ain't as new as the saint  
it look  
They bury ministers there right next to straight crooks  
  
And Nas told niggas they was shooting and they'd look  
Niggas rhyme about banging, getting whooped on  
Facebook  
Now put that on your wall, I put that on the wall  
I shot-call and brawl quicker than Jon Wall  
I'm killing these niggas, bought everything last year  
And wasn't feeling these niggas. I mean I was numb  
last year  
Wasn't feeling you niggas. Came back  
To sell a few more mil on you niggas  
Toast! I'm in the Phantom, nah nigga I ain't scared of  
no ghost  
Cause all the dead rapper's albums are selling the  
most  
[Hook][Verse 3 - Game]Some say the 3rd verse puts  
niggas in a hearse

Since I was born Jay, guess I'm the Gift & The Curse  
Lot of Bloods out here, but nigga I did it first  
Still blood out here that's why I'm up in the church  
Still repenting for my sins, but not all the way  
Cause I just rode up in the Benz and handed homie the  
K  
What he gon do with it? Probably run up on your crew  
with it  
That's what I call rap beef, luckily I'm through with it  
Now I just lean back, '72 with it  
Sell it to a nigga down South, he act a fool with it  
Back to them haters and the stool-pigeons  
You're too busy tryna judge us stars, but how are you  
living?

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.