

Game, The

"3 Killas"

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Killas on the rise
Come through scremin' homicide
When we ride
3 Killas on the rise
Come through screamin' homicide
When we ride

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Ha ha, Eastwood nigga check it out

Yo, I caught 'em at the corner liquor store, ran 'em for
his jewels
Told 'em gimme everything you got, hat to the shoes
You done showed me what it is, now show me what it
do
I done jacked a gang of bitch ass niggaz like you

My profile suspect, I'm wanted for murder
Investigated by the feds on no shit I ain't heard of
In '94 they say the wood was involved wit' a carjackin'
That's when my phone started trippin', I'm knowin' my
shits out

Tryin' to tell me how I'm livin' like they B.E.T
Sometimes I feel like it's a camera in my T.V screen
I am the best ever since my moms left, I ain't holdin'
my breath
I'm prosecuted to death, it's Eastwood, I'm as deadly
as turpentine
Spittin' venomous rhymes with more heart than
valentine when we ride

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Life is what you make it
Sometimes I see blatant visions of Satan
I been smokin' hella the marijuana vapors
Wit' dreams of gettin' paper on felonious capers

Rent a car from Avis bangin' the best of Anita Baker
Now is that sacred when niggaz spend money on
Jacobs
And it's that same shit that get blood spilled on the
pavement
I'm patiently waitin' for God to open heaven gates

And I'll take a knife in my heart before I'll murder my
neighbor
And for that I'm hated 'cause most of they rhymin' is
basic
Drop 1 album and left the whole world stuck in
amazement
Started wit' Rakim found him in my moms basement
One demo tape and I'm on Em & Dr. Dre shit

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The hood got me feelin' like my back against the wall
But I been here befo', let me fly or give me death
I'm in here for dough, my pops used to hustle the
corner
In lotto kicks attempted to try 'em on, didn't like that fit

Went after a record deal, shit I got that super size
Niggaz ain't fly then Tec at this shit, I'm a natural nigga
So it's only right we boss up after these figgaz
So classical nigga

I'll document the avenue, study the set back to the
O.G's
Create a new avenue niggaz, so we can ride
Rims spinnin' off the chrome, check the rear view wave
Spinnin' off the dome, honey the west coast is home

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