

Game, The "Compton 2 Filimoe"

Visit "[Compton 2 Filimoe](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus: The Game JT]

Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay, our chains hang, L.A. they can't bang
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In L.A. they havin problems, the Bay we pop collars
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay we pop hollows, L.A. they pop hollows
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay we pop bottles, L.A. they pop bottles

[JT the Bigga Figga]

They can't cop what the bricks'll cost
But we stay in the lane to maintain in the 6 to floss
Leather gloves with the tips to toss
But the money was made from conversation had to clip
the boss
Smash down at the V.I.P.
Street smarts is crucial for young niggaz in the CX-3
Drop Jag with the price to pay
Cause the bags was heavy my chain swangin like a ice
capade
Got the feds lookin twice this way
Cause we shuffle the P's in different places that the {?}
name
Compton to Fillmoe man the game is real
When you turn 15 get your stainless steel
Whole squad been trained to kill, we official
And switch to get rich now we after the meals
Hard times got cakes for 3
When it's havin a bundle we break bread for the safe
and flee nigga

[Chorus]

[The Game]

I got guns, guns, guns, guns
Guns all over the club
We in V.I.P. strapped, security know that
25 deep, guns up under the throwback
That new R. Kelly shit sound like Bobby Womack
Black Wall Street in HURR, nigga where the hoes at

We got sour diesel, three cases of Hypnotiq
And more guns than the Nickerson Projects
Niggaz don't want beef with me
Cause they know they gotta pay for talkin shit but the
sheets is free
And ain't nuttin to shoot the club up
You don't want drama in this motherfucker throw them
dubs up
Jacob got the wrists on chill
And N.W.A. chain glow like the memory of Ill Will
Relax your mind and let your drawers feel free
You're now rollin to the sound of the Game and JT

[Chorus]

[JT the Bigga Figga]
But you can't come with the rest of her friends
Cause you know I'm a boss and won't play cause she
short on my ends
Make rounds from the back of the Benz
With the {?} that kid with frog eyes with the corners to
bend
The things we go through I'm beatin ya brains
Got some homies next do' and I picked up the Game
While they knockin on the do' I get deep in ya dame
Gotta charge you a G just for speakin my name

[The Game]
I'm not eatin your chocha or payin for the coach ma
I'm a pimp like 50, the nigga to leave you broke ma
6 in the mornin, you stretchin on the sofa
Singin "Ain't No Nigga" like Foxy Brown and Hova
I fuck 'em dogstyle with Billys and Novas
With or without chaffeurs, I make 'em fuck the both of
us
You know what it is, the gangster's back
And I keep my banger at where my chain hang at
I'm ghetto

[Chorus] - 2X

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