

## **Game, The "Duck Down"**

Visit "[Duck Down](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

fresh out the drop  
chuck taylor's hit the street cracking the ground  
there he go with the crack and the pound  
im right here, aint no backing me down  
hands on the hot hood, compton sheriffs patting me  
down  
they want to know about the tatoo tear, if i know 50?  
and why them guns blow like Lina Richie?  
if my 9' get itchy, somebody gotta pass away  
like that bitch nigga that killed Jam Masta J  
you dont like it, you can come get my ass today  
ill be waiting with a vest, ski-mask and 'K  
niggas left me for dead back in the day  
i found out it was a hard knock life without asking Jay  
its a hard knock life then you pass away  
Rest In Peace to Morseburg, pull out a glass of 'ze  
this for all my niggas in compton killing  
gimmie 5 years nigga, im bringing compton millions.

(chorus)  
when i come from murderville  
where them gangsters and hutlers live  
little kids out on the block  
hollow points and harlem rocks  
dont seem like its gonna change  
look in my eyes, you can feel my pain  
its a war out on them blocks  
duck down when you hear them shots...

back in the building, back to the war  
by that Jackie Robinson mural  
i use to sell crack by that wall  
hopping fences, with the crack in my draws  
i got bitches that'll hit the penetentary  
stuff the crack in there walls, pause.  
take off the jewels and bandanas  
let me holla at my nigga jim jones and santana  
thanks for representing  
but when the text is spitting  
one shot, spin around the block  
i think we left a witness.

im from the coast where props are never given  
fuck rap, i start making wooden boxes for a living  
nigga, they call me sergeant slaughter  
cause the sergeants on him, S. Carter, Von-Dutches  
and a quart of water  
i know jesus, but he dont walk across no water  
i call him "hey-suse" he get that chalk across the  
border  
off that grey goose, i put that chalk around your  
daughter  
but i got patients, and im just what the doctor ordered.

(chorus)  
when i come from murderville  
where them gangsters and hutlers live  
little kids out on the block  
hollow points and harlem rocks  
dont seem like its gonna change  
look in my eyes, you can feel my pain  
its a war out on them blocks  
duck down when you hear them shots...

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