

## Game, The "For My Gangstaz"

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Livin' in Compton, California CA  
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Charlie O, drop that hot shit

Motherfucker it's the game, mister tint the windows  
wit'cha brain  
Since a young'n up and comin', all I did was cop 'caine  
They try and change the game, nigga I still cop 'caine  
I ain't moved out the hood, still stay where the cops  
came

Bitches tryin' to throw salt in my name  
Barbers tryin' to part my game, niggaz, tryin' to chalk  
my frame  
But I walk on a thin line without scuffin' my Chucks  
Bad Boy and I fuck with Puff, so bring the guns if you  
want, nigga  
I'm real good with the glock and 50 G's say, you leave  
in a box

When I fuck, Lil' Kim guess, I'm feelin' like 'Pac  
Niggaz wanna wrestle the game, guess, they feel like  
The Rock  
It doesn't matter, 745 up and down your block  
Hop out with a Nextel, niggaz feel like they shot  
It's different in my hood, only time we take shots  
Is when the Dodgers did good, my niggaz live on the  
block

This is for the gangster in me  
This is for the gangster in you  
All my gangsters pour the brew  
This is for the gangster in me  
This is for the gangster in you  
All my gangsters red and blue

I'm worldwide with this gangsta lean, my life's no  
dream  
I got a crew in Jamaica, Queens  
Lake Charles up to New Orleans in D.C. I sip  
My thugs get crunk off Lil' Flip

State to state many shows I rip, I'm the boss of the Bay  
Like Clint Eastwood, make my day

Fine bitches look like Lisa Raye, plot on gettin' paid  
In the end, all they get is played, maybe a nut, no Ice  
Capade  
Real dudes is shiesty, I only give jewels to wifey  
And I don't give a fuck if you really don't like me

It's in my blood to thug, get ill and hyphy  
One of the best I might be, it really don't matter  
When I bust, sucker MC's scatter, gettin' out of my way  
I bust bad bitches night and day, I make classics like  
Dr. Dre  
Closed casket from rhymes, I say

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Gon' move in on your rock, say fuck the crisis  
And ride with the West we got lower coat prices  
You know me the king of L.A., New York  
Drivin' through Brooklyn in a fo', same color as water  
You want X? I can cover the order

Ninety four been hustlin' now watch the shit elevate like  
Vince Carter  
Not the rap martyr or the second rap Carter  
Compton's own, I'm home, not the best I just rap harder  
Heir to the throne, nobody rep Compton like me  
Street spinnin' like waves on that Continental T  
My grand moms woulda been proud of me

Look at your grandson now, 'til my demis, Black Mafia  
ties  
So it's hard to let the larcent die, my  
[incomprehensible] treys  
A killer changin' the game like them Marcy guys  
And I been compared to Shyne like Shyne was  
compared to Biggie  
I'm from Compton, he from New York City, come on,  
really?

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