

Game, The "House Of Pain"

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(Dodge this)

[Verse 1]

Catch me if you can I'm in those old school Barkley's
Back to the fence, puffin on that Bob Marley
Flow like oregano, nigga you already know
My competition's stiffer than Ronald Regan, let it go
Befo' you be a motherfuckin vegetable
You scrap niggas too animated like The Incredibles
Let this beef go around like the 26's
It's young Game of flame, welcome to the House of
Pain
Nigga what about The Game?
Keep on playin boy, I'll hop out this fuckin Range
Look I ain't even ask for his fuckin chain
But he took it off like Vanessa-Del-Rio
Now I'm on my way to Rio
After I see my P.O.
She cool, she a Leo
She ain't trippin' off the weed smoke
So I'ma blow it like the Patriots
And throw my dub up, cus Dr. Dre made me rich

[Chorus: The Game]

Where you from? (California)
What city? (Compton)
What you drive? (Impala)
What you smokin' on? (Chronic)
What you drinkin' on? (Patron)
What you sittin' on? (The throne)
Relax, make yourself at home

[Traci Nelson]

Welcome to Compton
Welcome to Compton
Welcome to Compton
Welcome to Compton

[Verse 2]

I wrote the block off, I talk that shit
Size 12 Bo Jacksons cause I walk that shit

There on Compton Blvd that's where I walk my pits
Biggie and 2Pac and they bark like this...
As I spark my splif
I see the coroner puttin' chalk around the snitch
We be shootin like free throws, flying them desert
Eagles
Sell dope to the Po' while we eat chili Fritos
From a gang banger to a CEO
Everything I do is big like the nigga Ceaser-Leo
Won't stop till I'm dead
Ain't gotta watch for the Feds
They ain't watchin me so here's a dome shot to the
head
As I take a Patron shot to the head
And reminisce about the shit the D.O.C. said
"Get money, get cars, get mine, get yours,
And keep your head up, like the Lambo doors"

[Chorus: The Game]
Where you from? (California)
What city? (Compton)
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Relax, make yourself at home

[Traci Nelson]
Welcome to Compton
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[Verse 3]
Guess it's time to break the number 9 Jordan's in
Make a nigga mad when they been trying ta' floor the
Benz
I'm doin 160 in the fast lane
Scott Storch in his Bugatti couldn't pass Game
I got it made like my last name
I'm gone just like my Aftermath Chain
Don't make me take you back to '96
Leanin' on that Datsun on the corner eating catfish
The Game, da-da-da Game spit 'dat shit
I'm controversial like the Afro pic with the black fist
Just ask the rapper that had to catch my last diss
I'm reckless and I ain't never crash whips
My pops wasn't around so this bastard
Bleed California from the cradle to the casket
And I won't stop ridin' for my coast
Niggas keep talkin 'bout my bread, we gonna make

toast

[Chorus: The Game]

Where you from? (California)

What city? (Compton)

What you drive? (Impala)

What you smokin' on? (Chronic)

What you drinkin' on? (Patron)

What you sittin' on? (The throne)

Relax, make yourself at home

[Traci Nelson]

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