

Game, The "Just Beginning"

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Sometimes I wonder
Man, how long is it gon' be for my people to come up
Man, we strugglin', it's hard sometimes
But tomorrow's better than yesterday

I was born in the slums, struggled from day one
Ray Charles vision, blinded by the light from the sun
No navigation, no sense of direction
Darker complexion made it hard to live

Dad, how you fathered your kids?
Stranded on the highway of life
Left us out to die, left us out to dry
Shh, I'm still hearin' my mother's cries, nigga

No father figures make harder niggaz
Through the years, went to war with niggaz
From what I saw in the picture

Now your son is bigger, thirteen, looks just like you
Mom said I would grow up and be just like you
From what you did to my sister, she disliked you
Sixteen, eleventh grade, look at me, just like you

Gunnin' for riches, runnin', hoppin' project fences
Street corners to Arizona, how I earn my digits
And I'm far from finished, gamin' till my coffee
diminish
Why pray for the after life when mines just beginnin',
huh

Only son by our mother, no brothers, only sisters by
this one
Every time I kissed one, I missed one, let me explain
Eight years before The Game, everything came with
pain
Watch the fate of my family slain would never see
good times again

Cursed with pain by a nigga with no shame
My father bear the same name as his father

My grandfather wouldn't believe, he pulled up our
family tree
I can see him rollin' over in his coffin'

I'm left with often thoughts of how could you molest
your daughter
They say that's ten times worse than manslaughter
Man, you oughta be dead in a grave
But it wasn't my call, so instead you sat in a cage

High-powered, two-hundred and fifty pound, six-five
coward
Woulda been dead in an hour
Heard you were scared to take a shower, scared of the
yard
Your end is near, you shoulda been scared of God,
motherfucker

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