

Game, The "Walkin In The Rain"

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The Game:

L.A Dodgers cap, with my middlefinger up, in my
khakis and chucks,
Im walking in the rain
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thomas:

(southside stand up)
yo yo size 12 Converse throught the back door
and a Dodgers hat to me is what the Yankees is to Fat
Joe
Rim low khaki stayed creased up
It has been that way since B.street (what)
Hood niggaz need Ben Wallace to block shots
but young East the beast will make the .45 pop lock
Do the snake on them
I blow out his candles and spill the whole birthday cake
on em
Aint nothing fake homey
this is classical music and I'm the Los Angelas
Beethoven
And the wait is over
M.O.B is gonna bang 'cause Game is the crack
This aint ova

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Technic:

Sitting in a hoving tank
No shoe strings or belt
Hit up The Game
Mayne I need all ya help
nigga I got teh toe jamz
'cause my nigga jt wrote this mayng
Out on bail
Soon as my Chucks hits the pavement
Touch my bucks and leave the whole world in
amazement
Courdroys creazed up
Name on the back left
Throwing up the DC
Since niggaz want act deaf
Banging nothing but the .38 untill he back fresh
Dieing for nothing living for everything
On the blacktef
And its a mess
When the 44 hits ya brains
Send a lil homie get ya chain
M.O.B.
Yeah fuck the clique ya claim
From N.Y.C. to C.P.T.
This L.B.C.

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Eastwood:

Blood in Blood out
Tell the Crips to stay locing
Them niggaz doing time in the pen remain focused
The WestCoast was sleeping

The Game woke him
Its a hard knock live
Yeah Word to Jay Hova
The flow is straight jolla
Fuck your payrolla
This hennesy making it harder to stay sober
When from gray skies to pushing the grey Rover
Hes pushin up flowers at the 38 foldem
Like it or not I might pop back at the cops
as long as i make it home before the album drops
Yeah and its the gunnerman
Its the 500 grand
And I dont want to talk what we did at Summerjam
(damn)

The Game:
Chi town this how we get down.
ATL, MIA
I love New York but i rock my..

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