

Game, The "You Are The Blood"

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You are the blood flowing through my fingers
All through the soil and up in those trees

1-9-7-9 That was the year California would go blind
My Momma had a son, a fully automated Gun
11 pounds seven ounces Compton here we come
My first night in my crib
I heard somebody screaming
A Couple Gunshots,
then some tires screeching
My father reaching, what is he grabbing?
He rolled me over in my crib,
just to get his magnum
Is he a policeman?
That's what I'm thinking. He can't be that
Bcuz he do heroin and he be drinking
Shopping baby powder up on my momma mirror
Mexican chicks in my kitchen cookin
lookin like shakira
I'm in my high chair,
They naked, this is Rated R.
Think I ain't payin attention
cuz u slide me a Gerber jar?
Then my momma walked in with an orange box
I couldn't read what it said cuz she leaned over and
said...

[Chorus:]

You are the Blood flowing through my fingers
And I could feel it in my heart, my mom's said it from
the start
That I would always be the reason blood flowing...
All through the soil and up in those trees

First day of kindergarten shoe strings for a belt
Moms worked the graveyard, too tired,
so I dressed myself
Who Goes to School in a Freddy Krueger Flannel?
Black Chuck Taylors and I never liked sandals
A Lotta birthdays but we ain't never light candles
Gang of Christmas gifts

but I ain't never seen Santa
So I waited up one year
Guess who came through my garage
My Daddy with a Toysaraus Bag
Hit the lights! Aha!
Uh-uh I ain't goin for that
I got presents I can see em!
Cuz they ain't wrapped
From a race track to a Dre track
Don't wear overalls no more
But a nigga stay strapped!
The Rumour round my middle school
was that I can't rack
There wasn't a locker in that motherfucker
I ain't paint black
And now I'm doin doughnuts in this maybach
Reminiscing bout detention, teachers used to say that...

[Chorus:]

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