

# Cellphone

## The Game

I remember days on Crenshaw, take a nigga Beamer  
Hit the hood, take his rims off  
Then hit that block, let him hear that Pac  
That shit don't stop  
Soo woo, new coupe, through the west side  
New Benz, top down, new rims, new bitch throwin' up P's, whoo whoop

Compton niggas ain't never gon' be the same  
It's in my blood, you see my veins  
You see my tats, you feel my pain  
You in my hood? You from a gang  
You got 2 seconds to answer where you from, or you gon' see your brains  
Now that you slumped I see your change

Nigga we got canals, shelves, niggas that tried, niggas that died  
Niggas that fell well, off in their jail cell  
Shit, we got niggas with full clips  
That dip through you set and disappear like "Hell Rell"  
No bail like the peace price  
Get caught up in the middle of the street at the light, you fuckin' bean pie  
Middle of your forehead nigga, that's where your beam lie  
(You be ok) Cause I done seen God

Niggas sellin' crack, Dre sellin' headphones  
2Pac in heaven, bumpin' Biggie "Dead Wrong"  
Cherry red Impala, Bible had I just killed a nigga on my cellphone  
Puff sellin' vodka, weed got my head gone  
G-Man in heaven, name on that headstone  
LJ in prison, and my nigga Legs gone  
I just killed a nigga on my cellphone  
Stop that

Playin' chronic, blazin' chronic with the windows tinted  
Cause those that don't cut the checks, the ones in yo' business  
Rappers sendin' death threats but still ain't sent no killers  
You take a stretch squeeze myself, can't depend on niggas  
Shit on niggas check the urinal and you'll see  
That I be droppin' jewels and you should take 'em like a jewel thief  
Wolves teeth is what I use to eat my fuckin' pray up with  
Used to make the yayo flip now Game told me to lay your hits  
Teamed up, toured the US just to let the name ring  
Goin' home to fuck shit up, I did the King James thing  
Steak and lobster with the gentleman, sit with a gangster posture  
Blowin' all these bands fans, screamin' like it's Frank Sinatra  
Made it out the South Bay village homies hate I prosper  
But I don't owe you niggas shit, I'm supposed to thank my mama  
Only chase for commas, got 'em in now raise the Llama  
Hotter than a blazin' comet, fuckin' south central moth

Niggas sellin' crack, Dre sellin' headphones  
2Pac in heaven, bumpin' Biggie "Dead Wrong"  
Cherry red Impala, Bible had I just killed a nigga on my cellphone  
Puff sellin' vodka, weed got my head gone  
G-Man in heaven, name on that headstone  
LJ in prison, and my nigga Legs gone  
I just killed a nigga on my cellphone  
Stop that

The fuck?  
Oh shit  
What?  
This mother fucker's recording down him sucking a warm dick nigga  
You bullshit  
Nigga bring your mother fuckin phone, I gotta get this shit on the gram nigg  
a, gotta get my followers up,  
I'm gonna blow the internet up with this mother fucker  
That bitch on WorldStar nigga  
Damn  
Push the door open nigga, watch out  
Oh the nigga bustin' on Nasty bitch  
Bitch get the fuck out of my house bitch  
Nasty bitch  
The dead nigga, the mother fucker wolf game head, bitch I dodn't even know W  
olves could cum my nigga  
Lowkey  
Shawty got the best head ever