

All I Know

The Game

All I know is this pain in this life
And this struggle it troubles me so
All I know is that I'm stuck on this road
Of success so I got to get mine
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Red phantom, they say I look like Josh Smith from Atlanta
I do, hachoo, excuse you, that nigga look like me
He from the G.A., and I'm M easy, that's Game
I don't do what you niggas do, that's lame
I Soo Woo with my crew from the from the Burque
I Soo Woo with my crew, from under Young Wayne
A walkin' motherfuckin' flame
Livin' up to my brothers name
Rockin' that red shit, wasn't fuckin' with them other gangs
Most other gang's, they wasn't fuckin' with me
Ain't your average motherfucker, I'm a motherfuckin' G
I got some shit on my chest that I want to get off
I got some shit for that vest that will knock that bullshit off
Money like made off, killing like aid off, royal holiday
Hillel fucking Kay off, and I don't take a fucking day off...

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Cincinnati C hat, Boston B hat, them is me hats to the Philadelphia P hats
Believe that; bring it to the hood so you can see that
Dumb ass niggas like game, Where the keys at?
Automatic start, nigga where the trees at?
Red boned bitch like Alisha, where the keys at?
Freeze that, like a fucking picture
If you ain't a blood I ain't fucking with ya na I'm just fucking with ya
Stay on my hood shit, hop in the bucket with ya
Throw the ski masks on and get to straight fucking with ya
Ain't that some shit, that bustards sick
You wanna know how I'm livin' nigga ask your bitch
Told you precisely how to ask and sit, and she a nasty bitch
I came in her mouth ask her lips, you know why?
Cause I had to go past them lips, Crip
You probably paid for those ass and tits for...

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Fuck with the blood clock, smile for my mug shot

Can't go out like em but I love Big, I love Pac
Love Fab, love kiss that's where the love stops
Cause I sleep with the enemy and I hug blocks
Birthed me in the drug spot, nigga with a attitude
Searching me is fuck cops, nigga pay your gratitude
Before you say I'm acting Ruth
Understand I'm tryna feed my people
Haiti just like Compton the way I'm packing food
But I will act a fool, put cheese on your head
Motherfucker I will green bay packer you
Have a whole football team of niggas after you
Like the punt turn, when will you fucking learn
Now take your ass back to school
Wait till 3-o'clock click clack at you
And fuck with your conscience like back packers do
And I ain't Talib, Black Though or Mos Def
But I've seen the most deaths
And nigga I'm just telling you