

# 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