

# Dollar and a Dream

## The Game

They say it started in the East where the apple was  
But out West we be throwing them apples up  
They say them Fruit Town niggas gon' ride tonight  
They say them Tree Top niggas gon' ride tonight  
They say them Grape Street niggas gon' ride tonight  
They say them Bounty Hunter niggas gon' ride tonight  
They say them 6-0 niggas gon' ride tonight  
They say them Cedar Block niggas gon' ride tonight  
Them 1-9-0 niggas gon' ride tonight  
They say them Timberland niggas gon' ride tonight  
They say them Campanella niggas gon' ride tonight  
Who gon' ride tonight, who gon' die tonight  
Started with a dollar and a dream  
Started with a dollar and a dream

We did it for the West, motherfucker, like Kanye  
Niggas get stretched out on ..  
Got three thousand stacks, I ain't talking 'bout Andre  
I put it on your head, I ain't talking no toupee  
See I stayed the same, ain't go weird like Lupe  
Squeeze on his trigger like ain't no more toothpaste  
(You ain't gon' do shit) Bitch, of course I is  
You want this money, you gon' have to drive the course I did  
I got that weight foundry, talking 'bout the Porsche out here  
You in the nosebleeds, come down to where the cross-eyed is  
How a nigga with a rojo rag end up in Soho  
Bag, any bitch walking with a solo swag  
You think you ballin' in that four do' Jag? Nah  
In Tom Fords with a MK bag? nah  
Give you a bird's eye view of the streets  
Nigga, welcome to Compton, take you in Carson next week  
Ab-Soul!

Started with a dollar and a dream and a pistol  
On the corner rag hangin', slangin' crystal  
I said you gangbangin' let me see credentials  
And when I pull this gun out you know how this go  
Started with a dollar and a dream!  
(Look at me now, look at me now)  
Started with a dollar and a dream!

I was fathered by the bastards  
Pardon my mannerisms  
The Curtiss magnet that managed without the metal with him  
How the hell I did it? I let God ad lib it  
I put that on Leetwood, I ain't lying one sentence  
Bitch, I started with a dollar and a dream  
We went from helping old ladies with their groceries at Alpha Beta  
For a couple quarters to a baby hustling something major  
We had to grow up sooner or later, but  
I'm so Del Amo, my mama still stay off Anna Lee  
Carson across my belly, I prove you lost already  
Rocsett my big brother, Bishop let the door crack  
Game took me on my first tour, now look where we at  
In the studio getting paid to reflect on that  
Documenting true facts  
Not to mention this the Documentary 2 too

You do the addition in ballerina shoes  
Enough with the clever raps, it's more important than that  
I put my city on the map, nigga  
Yeah, I really put my city on the map  
I mean, when the last time you heard Carson on the track, nigga?  
Let alone when they calling out stomping grounds on the West  
I'll wait  
Yeah, that's what I thought, I'm the best, nigga  
This the new West, nigga, respect that  
It's Top Dawg, all I'm missing is the red hat  
But don't question what pocket I had left, my handkerchief  
I'm guilty by affiliation, in many ways gangsta  
But let me explain something, a paradox if you may  
I threw all my fresh Supreme Chuck Taylors today  
And then I got a call from Chuck Taylor, I'm saying  
The game ain't changed, we still changing the game  
Soul!

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My first album was a set up  
I was the little nigga Pac was talking to  
When he said "keep your head up"  
Cause he knew what I would be facing after his demise  
Jayceon had to pitch them pies, better life than flipping fries  
I'm the one the Crips despise  
Move the Yay or kiss the sky, for having dreams that 50 died  
Eulogy by Mary Blige  
Hopped up in that enterprise, had to stop a genocide  
Went from underdog to watching Top Dawg and Kendrick rise  
Now tell me can I testify, pull over trying to rest for 5  
On a block, no tint on the Wraith left these kids mesmerized  
They ask me how I did it, how I got it  
Say I'm king you looking brolic  
I put them weights down start practicing lyrical exercise  
Tell me who the next to die, probably who the next in line  
They got me babbling ghost cause I'm the illest one alive  
That's word to Pac, Pun, Biggie, why I stand as my city  
It's wise to run a train, you couldn't fuck with me  
Ever since I saved my coast, it's been born again  
If I ain't shit then who the king of California then?  
Who could out-rap me?  
Now think about if the same nigga you bout to say can run up and out-  
strap me, yeah  
Out-trap me, yeah, out-gat me  
I mean think about it, exactly  
Speaking matter-of-factly I'm down playing that actually  
Call me Game I ain't one still I get paid like an athlete  
Do the math after the math, Doc two in the bag  
Lived up to expectations, Dre took me first in the draft  
Now who the fuck want what  
Nobody survives so look alive when them Impalas in the cut

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