

# For My Gangstaz

## The Game

"Livin in Compton, California C-A"  
Charlie O, drop that hot shit

Motherfucker it's the Game, mister tint the windows wit'cha brain  
Since a young'n up and comin, all I did was cop 'caine  
They try and change the Game, nigga I still cop 'caine  
I ain't moved out the hood, still stay where the cops came  
Bitches tryin to throw salt in my name, barbers tryin to part my game  
Niggaz tryin to chalk my frame  
But I walk on a thin line without scuffin my Chucks  
Bad Boyyyyyy, and I fuck with Puff  
So bring the guns if you want nigga; I'm real good with the glock  
And 50 G's say you leave in a box  
When I fuck Lil' Kim guess I'm feelin like 'Pac  
Niggaz wanna wrestle The Game, guess they feel like The Rock  
"It doesn't matter," 745 up and down your block  
Hop out with a Nextel, niggaz feel like they shot  
It's different in my hood, only time we take shots  
is when the Dodgers did good, my niggaz live on the block

This is for the gangster, in me  
This is for the gangster, in you - all my gangsters pour the brew  
This is for the gangster, in me  
This is for the gangster, in you - all my gangsters red and blue

I'm worldwide with this gangsta lean, my life's no dream  
I got a crew in Jamaica, Queens  
Lake Charles up to New Orleans in D.C. I sip  
My thugs get crunk off Lil' Flip  
State to state many shows I rip, I'm the boss of the Bay  
Like Clint Eastwood, make my day  
Fine bitches look like Lisa Raye, plot on gettin paid  
In the end, all they get is played  
Maybe a nut, no Ice Capade  
Real dudes is shiesty, I only give jewels to wifey  
And I don't give a fuck if you really don't like me  
It's in my blood to thug, get ill and hyphy  
One of the best I might be, it really don't matter  
When I bust, sucker MC's scatter, gettin out of my way  
I bust bad bitches night and day  
I make classics like Dr. Dre, closed casket from rhymes I say

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... Gon' move in on your rock, say fuck the crisis  
And ride with the West we got lower coat prices  
You know me the king of L.A., New York  
Drivin through Brooklyn in a fo', same color as water  
You want X? I can cover the order  
Ninety-fo' been hustlin now watch the shit elevate like Vince Carter  
Not the rap martyr, or the second rap Carter  
Compton's own, I'm home, not the best I just rap harder  
Heir to the throne, nobody rep Compton like me  
Street spinnin like waves on that Continental T

My grandmoms woulda been proud of me, look at your grandson now  
'Til my demis, Black Mafia ties  
So it's hard to let the larcent die, my treys  
A killer changin the game like them Marcy guys  
And I been compared to Shyne like Shyne was compared to Biggie  
I'm from Compton, he from New York City, c'mon really?

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