

# House of Pain

## The Game

Catch me if you can I'm in those old school Barkley's  
Back to the fence, puffin on that Bob Marley  
Flow like oregano, nigga you already know  
My competition's stiffer than Ronald Reagan, let it go  
Befo' you be a motherfuckin vegetable  
You scrap niggas too animated like The Incredibles  
Let this beef go around like the 26's  
It's young Game of flame, welcome to the House of Pain  
Nigga what about The Game?  
Keep on playin boy, I'll hop out this fuckin Range  
Look I ain't even ask for his fuckin chain  
But he took it off like Vanessa-Del-Rio  
Now I'm on my way to Rio  
After I see my P.O.  
She cool, she a Leo  
She ain't trippin' off the weed smoke  
So I'ma blow it like the Patriots  
And throw my dub up, cus Dr. Dre made me rich

Where you from? (California)  
What city? (Compton)  
What you drive? (Impala)  
What you smokin' on? (Chronic)  
What you drinkin' on? (Patron)  
What you sittin' on? (The throne)  
Relax, make yourself at home

Welcome to Compton  
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I wrote the block off, I talk that shit  
Size 12 Bo Jacksons cause I walk that shit  
There on Compton Blvd that's where I walk my pits  
Biggie and 2Pac and they bark like this...  
As I spark my splif  
I see the coroner puttin' chalk around the snitch  
We be shootin like free throws, flying them desert Eagles  
Sell dope to the Po' while we eat chili Fritos  
From a gang banger to a CEO  
Everything I do is big like the nigga Ceaser-Leo  
Won't stop till I'm dead  
Ain't gotta watch for the Feds  
They ain't watchin me so here's a dome shot to the head  
As I take a Patron shot to the head  
And reminisce about the shit the D.O.C. said  
"Get money, get cars, get mine, get yours,  
And keep your head up, like the Lambo doors"

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Guess it's time to break the number 9 Jordan's in  
Make a nigga mad when they been trying ta' floor the Benz  
I'm doin 160 in the fast lane  
Scott Storch in his Bugatti couldn't pass Game  
I got it made like my last name  
I'm gone just like my Aftermath Chain  
Don't make me take you back to '96  
Leanin' on that Datsun on the corner eating catfish  
The Game, da-da-da Game spit 'dat shit  
I'm controversial like the Afro pic with the black fist  
Just ask the rapper that had to catch my last diss  
I'm reckless and I ain't never crash whips  
My pops wasn't around so this bastard  
Bleed California from the cradle to the casket  
And I won't stop ridin' for my coast  
Niggas keep talkin 'bout my bread, we gonna make toast

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