

The City

The Game

"Leave the angels in the city"

Tell them muthafuckas I'm forever paid
California king, wrestle gators in the Everglades
Drive up out that muthafuckin swamp in the Escalade
So before you put that Red rag in your pocket
I wanna see your fuckin resume
Started off on Ground Zero, then I start to levitate
Rip rappers a new asshole: I never hesitate
Dre beats on, smoking that chronic just to meditate
I'm a give em hurricanes until another Levee break
You niggas is featherweights, I'm Aftermath's heavyweight
Now Dre's weapon of mass destruction is 'bout to detonate
When a nigga whack, found me shit, I was selling weight
Now a nigga's selling millions, now it's time to celebrate
Performing in front of millions, nigga, every race
6-4 in the '64, now watch the Chevy scrape
4th album, no 5 mics? Then let em hate
But I'm not stopping til I'm the king in every state

Recognize my life, ridicule my fight
Give me fuel for the fire burning when I yearn these lights
In the midst of the hieroglyphs my fingertips start to write
Familiar with cartwright, cause I wrote that shot, I'm a raging bull
When the needle drops. For the record, I'm a wreck it, even if my record don
't pop
I'm a tie a knot on a Downtown building
Let it toll behind me tell em they can find me
In the dark with the ghetto children
Look at my heart, nigga fuck your feelings
This is me!

I'm sick of motherfuckers talking about "the West died"
Can't you hear my heart beating?
That's the motherfuckin West side, you test me, you test God
I'm his son, it says in Psalms, you come at me
Then I can split you with this Tommy gun
You won't have time to run, I'm from the Compton slums
And that's how the West ride
I'm from the city where 2 of the best died
Rest in peace to both of em, spit like I'm the ghost of em
Damn, I said I spit like I'm the ghost of em
Name your top 10, I'm harder than the most of em
Matter of fact, shorten your list nigga, top 5
Game, Biggie, Hov, prolly Pac, Nas
No particular order, bet a mil that I slaughter
Serve niggas, give a fuck what you ordered
How dare you niggas pop fly when I'm the nigga
Sold 5 mil out the gate and numbers do not lie

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I gave you the Documentary, shit was a classic
Gave you Doctor's Advocate, you ripped it out the package
Came with LAX, since critics said it was average
I was stressed the fuck out, torn between Aftermath and
Geffen, Interscope, now I got you in the scope
Spill the red ink on the paper, it's like my pen is broke
And this is what you all been waiting for
I'm the lost angel knocking on Satan's door
What the fuck y'all take me for?
I love you cause you hate me more
I'm Kobe on the Lakers floor, except I give you 84
Shake you like Haiti's floor
Walk up on you like "what's going on baby boy? "
Shots in that Mercedes door
Either I'm crazy, or the black Slim Shady, or
That be the reason that Baby said he would pay me more
But I still owe Jimmy one more album
The best the West has ever seen - no disrespect to Calvin

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And I wear a pendant on my shoulder
Soldier, like a lieutenant, and the coupe tinted
Got pulled over, Johnny always lock a nigga down
Knowing damn well we don't wanna see the box like Manny Pacquiao
Little nigga Mayweather size, ride like Pac in his prime
Thug life is now on radar
Til the federal come through and raid ours
Reminiscing on the LA Raiders
Was in my home, snapback fitted on my uncle's dome
And I don't condone dickriding, I'm addicted to
Westsiding, living in a city where the skinny niggas die
And the semi bullets fly, but it turn me to a lion
Trying, and I mean that shit
Game came through, put the city on his back
I was in the city, where a nigga had seen that shit
"Compton! ", a nigga gotta scream that shit
Never went commercial, Never T.V. screened that shit
Can't block or screen that shit, now everybody seen that shit