

# The Purge

## The Game

We are dying, we are dying  
Are we gonna die? Are we gonna die?  
We are dying

Light a blunt, throw on Nas, collect my thoughts  
Blow the candles out as I contemplate in the dark  
Dumpin' ashes on the fuckin' Time magazine  
Tryna burn a hole between Israel and Palestine  
All this world news, all these dead bodies  
All these kids dying, the talk of illuminati  
As I'm murderin' ink, I get a call from Irv Gotti  
Say "Keep spittin' cause when you do it's like a 12-gauge shotty  
Got machetes and them cannons loaded up  
Got them Xany's and that lean in my cup  
These politician's can come up missin', I'm on a mission  
You hear them gun shots, now mother fuckers listenin'  
Feel that you can take their life cause they ain't got a pot to piss in  
Raise the Christian, kill you for these kids as victims  
Fuck the system  
You give a kid 30 cent and think you sponsor somethin'?  
I feed a village by myself nigga Compton comin'  
Purge

We are dying, we are dying  
(Sometimes I wanna purge)  
We are dying  
(Sometimes I wanna purge)  
We are dying, some times I gotta purge  
(Sometimes I wanna)  
We're living on a purge  
(Sometimes I wanna)

What if we ran through Beverley Hills, got 70 kills  
Ridin' down Rodeo in the Chevy with pills  
And pop one, load 12 slugs in the eagle  
And shot one, Donald Sterling hopped in his Benz  
I got one, beam on the back of his dome  
Palm sweaty on the back of the chrome  
That's my adrenaline  
So we purge Sandusky, purge Zimmerman  
Purge every mother fucker rapin' women in  
Purge niggas killin' kids, back to back in two vans  
Me and my mercenaries, middle of South Sudan  
Carryin' babies bodies, long as I got two hands  
Long as I got two feet, millions and my crew deep  
We purge for the families, they deaths ain't in vein now  
Crash my ass, niggas know who shot that plane down  
298 innocent lives severed  
Flyin' on Aaliyah's wings all the way to heaven  
And so we Purge

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Imagine going to the stores without cops harrasing  
Imagine Mike Brown walkin', them same cops just passed 'em  
I'm smokin' hash, and let me ash it before I talk in past tense  
I hope his mama tears is like acid to your fuckin badges  
2 shots in his brain, 4 in his fashion  
Thinkin' 'bout his casket in this Phantom, swear I almost crashed it  
That's why I'm headed to Ferguson with this German luger  
Cause I'm probably more like Nelson Mandela than Martin Luther  
More like Ice T than Ice Cube, I'm a cop killer  
Murder all the cops, then the cops will probably stop killin'  
On my knees prayin', wish my nigga Pac was livin'  
But he fell victim to the Rampart Division, purge  
Cops killed Biggie, cops beat up Rodney King  
We tore up the city nigga, purge  
Or just stand there like J. Cole and shoot at cops in the same spot till the  
case closed, purge

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This song is dedicated, to my engineer Jus' wife, Carey Jean who passed away  
June 28th at 1.45 pm to stomach cancer, 2 days before his son Harlem's 11th  
birthday. Crazy how he mournin' his wife's death and I'm celebrating my son  
's life. I'll never understand death, shit. Sometimes it's a struggle to und  
erstand life, shit crazy. I'll never understand. Can't stop fightin' to surv  
ive though, but what we fightin' for when we eventually all die though, purg  
e. Eventually we all victims of the purge. Us killers, what's keepin' us ali  
ve. It's a question nobody got the answer to. So PURGE!