

Alameda

The Game

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Nigga pause when you see us
Fat red laces in them Grant Hill Filas
Young misfits, born underachievers
Mama couldn't feed us, white sheets when you leave us
We be fucking with hood rats, gang bang divas
One braiding hair, one lacing my Adidas
Looking at them train tracks, niggas scared to cross 'em
Them same fucking train tracks run all the way to Slauson
Running from the T-Flats, tryna keep 'em off us
Look over my shoulder, pray to God that I lost 'em
Bust ninas and toss 'em, screaming out what what
Westside Compton, nigga we don't give a fuck fuck
Nigga preach, dead in the coffin
Let the preacher praise, paramedics bring us off
Nigga rest in peace, blowing reefer

Cedar Block Bompton Piru, that's on my see through
YG blowing speakers, riding down
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