

Around The Way

The Game

I had a fucked up childhood
7 years old
my pops raped my sister
she was 11 years old
Till this day
I can't understand
how a nigga can stick his dick in his daughter
and still feel like he a fucking man
ma how you stay with this nigga
knowing, he a child molester
leave us with this nigga
we at home everyday, you fighting with this nigga
we in court you holding hands, fighting with this nigga
telling the jury he was coked up, heroin in his system
and I spent everyday, from there on, in the system
in a group home, with mexicans and whiteboys
to much anger inside, never played and I ain't like toys
so I was treated different by my foster parents
and every kid in elementary thought I lost my parents
cuz me and my foster brothers ain't look shit a like
Calvo was mexican and Nathan was white

There was once a thug from around the way
There was once a thug from around the way

I was in a boys home, stressed man
I was in some nikes and guess pants,
the brown pentyloafers and dress pants
fucked up ain't it, I was robbin kids
I used to wish I had a family like the kosby's did
told my friends in school my moms had money like ophra winfrey
she left to find a new job and she was coming back to get me
that was 5 years ago, now I'm 12 years old
my moms left my dad
the judge said, I can come back home
I grew up in this crip neighborhood, called "Santana"
they ain't like my brothers cuz of the bulls jerseys and red bandanas
one day after school, they jumped me for my chain and stabbed me twice in the arm
thats when I started banging
in the hood, hanging like
red laces in my high tops
tryna be like my brothers
my moms kicked me out the house cuz she needed a break
her and my little sister moved upstate

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Before Jimmy Iovine, The Killers in IV
These bitch niggas try to take my life for 5 G's
I was in the projects, 2 Oclock in the morning,
Playing Madden
Niggas kicked in the door and started blasting
I seen the light so I no Jesus Christ
Cuz I took one in the heart
and I ain't lose my life

Came home and studied the chronic
Inside out
Ate Doggystyle for breakfast
and lunch was "Reasonable Doubt"
I started writing my lyrics on napkins
Listening to nas, I wrote my first 16, to Illmatic
Waited 9 months then shit got Gangsta
I signed to aftermath
the same time
they dropped Wanksta
He asked to 50, he gon sell
Will he do a Mill plus
or will he end up in Jail
Get real close to the speakers
I got a story to tell
He went from the Front porch
to the cover of Double XL

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