

Black On Black

The Game

'Sup, nigga, huh?
You know what this shit is?
Stay down and come up (Damn right)
Street niggas is street niggas alike
It ain't even one way, nigga (Two niggas most)
Stay down and see you come up, nigga, uh
Four songs, nigga (Blood Money, let's go)

Everythin' wrong, this can't be right
Man, it's so much, this can't be life (Yeah)
Shit get real, man, you can't hold back
(Stay on back, nigga, you gotta do what you gotta do)
If he came back in that black on black
I still do it for them niggas with them bricks on bricks
I still do it for them niggas with them nicks on nicks
Let me tell you how them real nigga supposed to bounce back
See I never came back in that black on black

Nigga come through for a nine and a half
I'm a tell him ain't nothin' left
Nigga need an eight, tell him everythin' straight
All they gotta do it wait, tell a nigga I'm a chef
How you think a nigga went and got that race?
Could of went to jail but I bought that case
Lawyer came through, told him it's about time
Jim Carrey to the Rollie, I just switch that switch
Put ten karats on my daughter ear, fuck it
She deserved every rock I done sold out in public
Do anythin' for my Destiny's Child
She a Beyoncé, never be LeToya Luckett
Black on black, checkerboard Louis luggage
On a PJ feelin' like Warren Buffett
With the Minnesota Twins, ain't no Kirby Puckett
Let the shade fear clouds, tell Aaliyah that I love her
Back and forth in a Lear
My grandmother say I never see her
She want me come home on Thanksgivin'
Put on some black on black like here
Black on black to my dear
Black on black in my ear
Black Maserati that I gave to my mama
Right hand to the father, she can't even find the gears

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Hold up, hold up, hold up
Shit get real, we don't fold up
This is what I told myself in my grandma's kitchen
At the table, nigga, choppin' my blow up

Said she want to sell more like my father
Same time, had me for a couple dollars
Yeah, I'm 'bout to pull an all nighter
And now I'm 'bout to kill these niggas
So you might not see me 'til tomorrow'
Yeah, like that, then my palms start itchin'
Suede hit the block, then my bong gone missin'
See, I'm 'bout to take me a trip to the other side of town
And I'm goin' there to buy me a chicken
Yeah, I got a nigga in the spot with a nine right now
So, I'm goin' there to sell him a pigeon
My pastor told me that the money is the root of all evil
I said if it is, then I lose my religion

If I had to be precise, tell you two things about life
Niggas win everyday, niggas fail every night
I say, "Now, Oprah got a billion dollars
And you know what near her"
Type of shit I tell myself while starin' in the mirror

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Mayonnaise jaw, straight drop, no whippin'
Electric's off, everything's spoilin' in the fridge
I ain't bathed in a week, house smellin' like pickles
Street showin' no business, still gettin' to the business
Safety pin the zip, break it down, sell nickels
Had to ball him out of jail, blew the money on the bail
Went flat, bounced back from a 30-cent flipper
I don't even know a nigga livin' how I'm livin'
I don't even know how many times I've been to prison
Shit get gangsta, we call Hot Beezle
Bought two things at the third, I wanna appease you
Two-fifty-two on the scale, that's a nina
Eighteen zaps, five hundred-four grams
Add an extra gram when you weigh it with the bag
Real trap talk, keep it real, don't believe you
When you get out of line, swear to God, I'm a leave you
Dicks cut the water 'fore they kick a nigga door
Tried to flush it down the toilet but the dope just float
Tear gas from the cannon
Everybody scramblin', but I ain't never panic
Double homicide, broad day, that's my jacket
Tried to bird feed, cut throat on my jacket
And I take change, I'm a serve when they askin'
Come from out of town, I'm a taste, no relaxin'

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It's okay, Daddy, I'm not scared

I know, baby, the rest of the world is

You ready to go home?

Yes, Daddy

Let's go

Okay