

Cellphone

The Game

I remember days on Crenshaw, take a nigga Beamer
Hit the hood, take his rims off
Then hit that block, let him hear that Pac
That shit don't stop
Soo woo, new coupe, through the west side
New Benz, top down, new rims, new bitch throwin' up P's, whoo whoop

Compton niggas ain't never gon' be the same
It's in my blood, you see my veins
You see my tats, you feel my pain
You in my hood? You from a gang
You got 2 seconds to answer where you from, or you gon' see your brains
Now that you slumped I see your change

Nigga we got canals, shelves, niggas that tried, niggas that died
Niggas that fell well, off in their jail cell
Shit, we got niggas with full clips
That dip through you set and disappear like "Hell Rell"
No bail like the peace price
Get caught up in the middle of the street at the light, you fuckin' bean pie
Middle of your forehead nigga, that's where your beam lie
(You be ok) Cause I done seen God

Niggas sellin' crack, Dre sellin' headphones
2Pac in heaven, bumpin' Biggie "Dead Wrong"
Cherry red Impala, Bible had I just killed a nigga on my cellphone
Puff sellin' vodka, weed got my head gone
G-Man in heaven, name on that headstone
LJ in prison, and my nigga Legs gone
I just killed a nigga on my cellphone
Stop that

Playin' chronic, blazin' chronic with the windows tinted
Cause those that don't cut the checks, the ones in yo' business
Rappers sendin' death threats but still ain't sent no killers
You take a stretch squeeze myself, can't depend on niggas
Shit on niggas check the urinal and you'll see
That I be droppin' jewels and you should take 'em like a jewel thief
Wolves teeth is what I use to eat my fuckin' pray up with
Used to make the yayo flip now Game told me to lay your hits
Teamed up, toured the US just to let the name ring
Goin' home to fuck shit up, I did the King James thing
Steak and lobster with the gentleman, sit with a gangster posture
Blowin' all these bands fans, screamin' like it's Frank Sinatra
Made it out the South Bay village homies hate I prosper
But I don't owe you niggas shit, I'm supposed to thank my mama
Only chase for commas, got 'em in now raise the Llama
Hotter than a blazin' comet, fuckin' south central moth

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The fuck?
Oh shit
What?
This mother fucker's recording down him sucking a warm dick nigga
You bullshit
Nigga bring your mother fuckin phone, I gotta get this shit on the gram nigg
a, gotta get my followers up,
I'm gonna blow the internet up with this mother fucker
That bitch on WorldStar nigga
Damn
Push the door open nigga, watch out
Oh the nigga bustin' on Nasty bitch
Bitch get the fuck out of my house bitch
Nasty bitch
The dead nigga, the mother fucker wolf game head, bitch I dodn't even know W
olves could cum my nigga
Lowkey
Shawty got the best head ever