

Compton 2 Fillmoe

The Game

Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay, our chains hang, L.A. they can't bang
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In L.A. they're having problems, the Bay we pop collars
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay we pop hollows, L.A. they pop hollows
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay we pop bottles, L.A. they pop bottles

They can't cop what the bricks'll cost
But we stay in the lane to maintain in the 6 to floss
Leather gloves with the tips to toss
But the money was made from conversation had to clip the boss
Smash down at the V.I.P.
Street smarts is crucial for young niggas in the CX-3
Drop Jag with the price to pay
'Cause the bags was heavy my chain swinging like a ice capade
Got the feds looking twice this way
'Cause we shuffle the P's in different places that the [?] name
Compton to Fillmoe man the game is real
When you turn 15 get your stainless steel
Whole squad been trained to kill, we official
And switch to get rich now we after the meals
Hard times got cakes for 3
When it's having a bundle we break bread for the safe and flee nigga

Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay, our chains hang, L.A. they can't bang
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In L.A. they're having problems, the Bay we pop collars
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay we pop hollows, L.A. they pop hollows
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay we pop bottles, L.A. they pop bottles

I got guns, guns, guns, guns
Guns all over the club
We're in V.I.P. strapped. Security know that
25 deep, guns up under the throwback
That new R. Kelly shit sound like Bobby Womack
Black Wall Street in HURR, nigga where the hoes at
We got sour diesel, three cases of Hypnotiq
And more guns than the Nickerson Projects
niggas don't want beef with me
'Cause they know they gotta pay for talking shit but the sheets is free
And ain't nuttin to shoot the club up
You don't want drama in this motherfucker throw them dubs up
Jacob got the wrists on chill
And N.W.A. chain glow like the memory of Ill Will
Relax your mind and let your drawers feel free
You're now rolling to the sound of the Game and JT

Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay, our chains hang, L.A. they can't bang
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In L.A. they're having problems, the Bay we pop collars
Compton to Fillmore here we go again

In the Bay we pop hollows, L.A. they pop hollows
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay we pop bottles, L.A. they pop bottles

But you can't come with the rest of her friends
'Cause you know I'm a boss and won't play 'cause she short on my ends
Make rounds from the back of the Benz
With the [?] that kid with frog eyes with the corners to bend
The things we go through I'm beating ya brains
Got some homies next door and I picked up the Game
While they knocking on the door I get deep in ya dame
Gotta charge you a G just for speaking my name

I'm not eating your chocha or paying for the coach ma
I'm a pimp like 50, the nigga to leave you broke ma
6 in the morning. You're stretching on the sofa
Singing "Ain't No Nigga" like Foxy Brown and Hova
I fuck 'em dog style with Billys and Novas
With or without chauffeurs, I make 'em fuck the both of us
You know what it is, the gangster's back
And I keep my banger at where my chain hang at
I'm ghetto

Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay, our chains hang, L.A. they can't bang
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In L.A. they're having problems, the Bay we pop collars
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay we pop hollows, L.A. they pop hollows
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay we pop bottles, L.A. they pop bottles

Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay, our chains hang, L.A. they can't bang
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In L.A. they're having problems, the Bay we pop collars
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay we pop hollows, L.A. they pop hollows
Compton to Fillmore here we go again
In the Bay we pop bottles, L.A. they pop bottles