

## Control

## The Game

I don't care too much about no shit I can't control  
I don't care too much about no jewelry and no clothes  
I don't care too much about no cars or these hoes  
I'm runnin' out of time, shit, my mama gettin' old  
I don't care too much about no paper, my shit long  
Money grow on trees, man, them trees gettin' blown  
So I don't care too much about what other niggas own  
I done lost so many friends, feel like I'm out here on my own

Wake up in the mornin', take a shit and grab my pistol  
Kiss that motherfucker on the lips like I miss you  
Hate fallin' asleep 'cause usually that's when niggas get you  
Think I work for NASA, I'm surrounded by these missiles  
I ain't been to Compton 'bout a week, I'm feelin' homesick  
But Compton almost killed me, so I'm out in Calabasas 'til the casket  
Mama proud her only son done got his own shit  
Any nigga violate the crib gon' get his dome split  
My kids sleep well knowin' their daddy gon' die for 'em  
We ain't got it and they want it, shit, I'm gon' try for 'em  
Pissed their mama off, she call me, I'm gon' lie for 'em  
No, we ain't together, but that condo in the sky for 'em  
Fucked up the family unit, chasin' after hoes  
I ain't really got no type, just come in here with pretty toes  
Think I stopped by Roscoe's and get a number four  
Sit where PnB Rock died, nigga God bless your soul

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Cheatin' on my bitch and I can't lie, I feel like shit  
'Cause I'd rather die than see her ride another dick  
Twenty missed calls, I gotta go, let's make it quick  
Told her I was in the studio with God's son and Hit  
Pussy was so fire, shit, I almost let it slip  
Wishin' I just came through the door, got some head and dipped  
Lot of shit be on my conscience like Jermaine Cole  
I feel like him and Kendrick Duckworth got the same soul, same goals  
Wish my life was more like them niggas, relaxed and cool  
And they're still with the women that they dated back in school  
I can't be tied down, so I smash and move  
But every good pussy comes with a bag of shoes  
One day I'm gon' settle down and just pick the one  
But today, I fled the scene of a hit-and-run  
I could blame my daddy for my player way  
But he dead, so it's this until I fade away

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