

Dollar and a Dream

The Game

They say it started in the East where the apple was
But out West we be throwing them apples up
They say them Fruit Town niggas gon' ride tonight
They say them Tree Top niggas gon' ride tonight
They say them Grape Street niggas gon' ride tonight
They say them Bounty Hunter niggas gon' ride tonight
They say them 6-0 niggas gon' ride tonight
They say them Cedar Block niggas gon' ride tonight
Them 1-9-0 niggas gon' ride tonight
They say them Timberland niggas gon' ride tonight
They say them Campanella niggas gon' ride tonight
Who gon' ride tonight, who gon' die tonight
Started with a dollar and a dream
Started with a dollar and a dream

We did it for the West, motherfucker, like Kanye
Niggas get stretched out on ..
Got three thousand stacks, I ain't talking 'bout Andre
I put it on your head, I ain't talking no toupee
See I stayed the same, ain't go weird like Lupe
Squeeze on his trigger like ain't no more toothpaste
(You ain't gon' do shit) Bitch, of course I is
You want this money, you gon' have to drive the course I did
I got that weight foundry, talking 'bout the Porsche out here
You in the nosebleeds, come down to where the cross-eyed is
How a nigga with a rojo rag end up in Soho
Bag, any bitch walking with a solo swag
You think you ballin' in that four do' Jag? Nah
In Tom Fords with a MK bag? nah
Give you a bird's eye view of the streets
Nigga, welcome to Compton, take you in Carson next week
Ab-Soul!

Started with a dollar and a dream and a pistol
On the corner rag hangin', slangin' crystal
I said you gangbangin' let me see credentials
And when I pull this gun out you know how this go
Started with a dollar and a dream!
(Look at me now, look at me now)
Started with a dollar and a dream!

I was fathered by the bastards
Pardon my mannerisms
The Curtiss magnet that managed without the metal with him
How the hell I did it? I let God ad lib it
I put that on Leetwood, I ain't lying one sentence
Bitch, I started with a dollar and a dream
We went from helping old ladies with their groceries at Alpha Beta
For a couple quarters to a baby hustling something major
We had to grow up sooner or later, but
I'm so Del Amo, my mama still stay off Anna Lee
Carson across my belly, I prove you lost already
Rocsett my big brother, Bishop let the door crack
Game took me on my first tour, now look where we at
In the studio getting paid to reflect on that
Documenting true facts
Not to mention this the Documentary 2 too

You do the addition in ballerina shoes
Enough with the clever raps, it's more important than that
I put my city on the map, nigga
Yeah, I really put my city on the map
I mean, when the last time you heard Carson on the track, nigga?
Let alone when they calling out stomping grounds on the West
I'll wait
Yeah, that's what I thought, I'm the best, nigga
This the new West, nigga, respect that
It's Top Dawg, all I'm missing is the red hat
But don't question what pocket I had left, my handkerchief
I'm guilty by affiliation, in many ways gangsta
But let me explain something, a paradox if you may
I threw all my fresh Supreme Chuck Taylors today
And then I got a call from Chuck Taylor, I'm saying
The game ain't changed, we still changing the game
Soul!

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My first album was a set up
I was the little nigga Pac was talking to
When he said "keep your head up"
Cause he knew what I would be facing after his demise
Jayceon had to pitch them pies, better life than flipping fries
I'm the one the Crips despise
Move the Yay or kiss the sky, for having dreams that 50 died
Eulogy by Mary Blige
Hopped up in that enterprise, had to stop a genocide
Went from underdog to watching Top Dawg and Kendrick rise
Now tell me can I testify, pull over trying to rest for 5
On a block, no tint on the Wraith left these kids mesmerized
They ask me how I did it, how I got it
Say I'm king you looking brolic
I put them weights down start practicing lyrical exercise
Tell me who the next to die, probably who the next in line
They got me babbling ghost cause I'm the illest one alive
That's word to Pac, Pun, Biggie, why I stand as my city
It's wise to run a train, you couldn't fuck with me
Ever since I saved my coast, it's been born again
If I ain't shit then who the king of California then?
Who could out-rap me?
Now think about if the same nigga you bout to say can run up and out-
strap me, yeah
Out-trap me, yeah, out-gat me
I mean think about it, exactly
Speaking matter-of-factly I'm down playing that actually
Call me Game I ain't one still I get paid like an athlete
Do the math after the math, Doc two in the bag
Lived up to expectations, Dre took me first in the draft
Now who the fuck want what
Nobody survives so look alive when them Impalas in the cut

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