

## From Adam

## The Game

Here we go again  
Ten years later  
You know what man? Uhm  
(I wanna know)  
Fuck it  
Ayo C  
Give me that Jameson and that pickle juice  
Thank you  
I got some shit on my mind  
(I wanna know)

My little nigga Frog dead, dog  
They shot my little nigga in his head, dog  
You heard what the fuck I just said, dog?  
Walk inside my closet like fuck everything red, dog  
If you seen your best friend stiff, you would cry too  
Sometimes I don't even wanna be a Piru  
Then I think about it like, fuck everything blue  
Who killed my motherfuckin' brother?  
(I wanna know)  
Who killed G man too? The shit I seen men do  
If I told you, I'd have me floating in cement shoes  
See Compton ain't shit really  
And I've been at the bottom of the pits, feel me?  
I done had some real niggas try to kill me  
Fake niggas in my crew  
Crip niggas more loyal than a few of my Piru  
I done been shot, had a surgery or two  
Above the rim like Pac, I'm like birdie at the troops  
I can't lie, every time I see Suge my heart beat  
Cause I don't know if I should dap him or let the hawk speak  
Wilmington and Brazil, nigga them my cross streets  
And who gon' take it from me?

They think they know me  
But they do not know me  
Cause I do not know me  
Who killed my homie?  
I wanna know names  
Click-clack explain  
I can kill you but ain't nothing gon' change  
But I might do it anyway  
You gonna die any way  
I'm gonna die any way  
We can go any day  
It can be any day  
But for you  
Today is the day  
Today is the day

I was playing Madden then I heard a knock  
Everybody know I got shot but this for niggas that forgot  
Sometimes I thank God that I got set up  
When you shot twice in the chest, it's kinda hard to keep your head up  
Suspect one: the homies never came to see me  
Suspect two: Red hid my gun behind the TV  
Suspect three: I was beefing with this Crip in my apartment

Shit started cause we fought and he couldn't see me  
There's usually ten niggas in our dope spot  
Cold ass night, I'm like a janitor at Wing Stop  
I usually play Xbox with the gun cocked  
I'm cool with taking mine, but I took other niggas' gunshots  
Chest wide open, I'm tryna fight, but my lungs not  
Hole in my chest bout the size of a Kumquat  
I know who shot me cause I shot them  
But who set me up? I ain't tripping but...  
(I wanna know)

They think they know me  
But they do not know me  
Cause I do not know me  
Who killed my homie?  
I wanna know names  
Click-clack explain  
I can kill you but ain't nothing gonna change  
But I might do it anyway  
You gonna die any way  
I'm gonna die any way  
We can go any day  
It can be any day  
But for you  
Today is the day  
Today is the day

Let me tell you how I met my nigga Wack  
Shit, he ain't always have a nigga back  
When I met him, he was standing behind Suge  
And everything is all good when you banging for your hood  
Compton  
That nigga Wack got my number and came through  
Now let me tell you the type of shit the Game do  
He walked in the booth where I was spitting  
Gave him ten thousand, couldn't even finish his fuckin' sentence  
I ain't owe him shit, but real recognize real  
Now we like two red-nosed Pits  
Cross him, you gotta cross me  
And don't forget about where my nigga AR be  
He be in the cut, that niggas nuts, don't give a fuck  
Love his nigga Game to death, and he mean it from the guts  
Blood, what's up? Which one of you dumb mothafuckas wanna try us?  
(I wanna know)