

## Grave Yard

## The Game

Welcome to the graveyard  
Where everybody like to  
Pray: allahu akbar  
You scared to say "god? "  
They call me game  
Because I play hard  
So get your helmets and  
Your face guards  
I spit holy water, let's have  
A face off: nicholas cage  
They say the boy is off the  
Chain like two pits in a  
Cage  
Your girl say my flow the  
Bomb like I swallow  
Grenades  
Respect the rules up in this  
Shit so you gotta get paid  
Or you gotta get spayed  
Like windex with them  
Twin techs  
I'll raid on top of insects.  
Niggas die fuckin they  
Family  
Oh, where I'm from they  
Call that "incest"  
Open the bible, good book  
Serves it's purpose for  
Shook crooks  
Heavenly father, I think we  
In heaven, be a good look  
Sing the hook:

In this heartless world that  
I live in  
I have learned that I can't  
Depend on love  
It hasn't made me a saint  
So I'm a take it all with  
Me to the graveyard

The cemetery ain't as new  
As the saint it look  
They bury ministers there  
Right next to straight  
Crooks  
And nas told niggas they  
Was shooting and they'd  
Look  
Niggas rhyme about  
Banging, getting whooped  
On facebook  
Now put that on your wall,  
I put that on the wall  
I shot-call and brawl  
Quicker than jon wall  
I'm killing these niggas,

Bought everything last  
Year  
And wasn't feeling these  
Niggas. I mean I was numb  
Last year  
Wasn't feeling you niggas.  
Came back  
To sell a few more mil on  
You niggas  
Toast! I'm in the phantom,  
Nah nigga I ain't scared of  
No ghost  
Cause all the dead rapper's  
Albums are selling the  
Most

Some say the 3rd verse  
Puts niggas in a hearse  
Since I was born jay, guess  
I'm the gift & the curse  
Lot of bloods out here, but  
Nigga I did it first  
Still blood out here that's  
Why I'm up in the church  
Still repenting for my sins,  
But not all the way  
Cause I just rode up in the  
Benz and handed homie  
The k  
What he gon do with it?  
Probably run up on your  
Crew with it  
That's what I call rap beef,  
Luckily I'm through with it  
Now I just lean back, '72  
With it  
Sell it to a nigga down  
South, he act a fool with it  
Back to them haters and  
The stool-pigeons  
You're too busy tryna  
Judge us stars, but how  
Are you living?