

# Gutter

## The Game

Ayo yo dis be da reason why I do dis shit  
Straight da fuck outta Compton  
Reapin' that muthafuckin' N.W.A  
I got a lot of love fo' Dre  
No Dre beats on da Album  
But it ain't no love loss nigga, that's ma nigga  
We do it fo' da muthafuckin' Westside nigga what

Soon as the breaks hit the snare my Dodger fitted in the air  
I graduated form the school of Hard Knocks like yeah  
So what da fuck you niggas rhymin' about  
If Hip-Hop was a pussy I'll knock the linin' out  
Then I get low like they ride in the South, yea I'm dirty  
I shine without the diamonds in my mouth say  
Cheese, take a picture of the gold Ds  
Then picture me rollin' with the top back on a 6-4 please  
Get the fuck up off my ass  
For I put my foot on the break then slam on the gas  
Burn rubbaer like the Daytona 500  
Where I'm from you get Daytonas for 500  
Get a casket for free  
How the fuck could I stay off MTV News  
When niggas askin' fo' Beef  
Talkin' bout' they gon Kill Game when they say these things  
I wear the .45 in L.A. like I'm A.C. Green

I'm the rawest, most gutter  
In the street with the fiends and the coke cutters  
Disrespect yo' whole click and I don't stutter  
Westside til' I die Compton motherfucka'  
I be the rawest, most gutter  
In the street with the fiends and the coke cutters  
Disrespect yo' whole click and I don't stutter  
Fuck the world Straight Outta Compton motherfucka'

I shine for niggas behind bars, I ain't got that Diddy glow  
Black Rose in the cement, I got that New Jack City flow  
Black Rolls sittin' low 22 dippin' gold bangin' Friend or Foe, feel me  
Yeah, went from a young-and-dumbin' to the second comin'  
Niggas can't see inside the Phantom I call them Stevie Wonder  
It never rained Southern California everyday is summer  
Even when the sky's grey its still hot for the block runners  
Stop frontin', I told niggas the same day Dre signed me  
I would come out and do 2Pac numbers  
I drop classics, what other rapper makin' hits  
I stay hard cause all you niggas hangin' from my dick  
Louie Vuitton bandana on my face  
Jesse James of the Rap game I'm takin Hova's place  
If life was a crap game and I was dealt the Ace  
Never wanted to be King just wanted to meet Dre

I'm the rawest, most gutter  
In the street with the fiends and the coke cutters  
Disrespect yo' whole click and I don't stutter  
Bringin' the crown back to Compton motherfucka', yeah  
I be the rawest, most gutter  
In the street with the fiends and the coke cutters

Disrespect yo' whole click and I don't stutter  
Polishin' the throne in Compton motherfucka, yeah

I can't forget about da Hustlers in the hood  
Same Sean John jeans as yesterday, waitin' for the customers  
Nigga I us to be them, all black B.M  
From the A.M. to the P.M. fiends call me the G.M  
I was the general manager watchin' them baggin' Grammies up  
Like John Legend and Black Eye Peas, black hoodie on  
Black Chuck Taylors, haha, watchin' for the black van  
Some niggas call them Pac-Man, know watch me get Ghost  
In that white on white 550, 55 on the dash  
Gotta' drive slow homie, Kanye in the dash  
Let the sun roof back and the chronic smoke out  
Low Pro Pirellis so the Giovannis poke out  
Gwen Stefani ridin' shotgun yeah I'm high no doubt  
But not too high to Nextel chirp and have them boys roll out  
See I'm that one rapper gun clapper compared to the unstabber  
Lyrically insane motherfucka' and when I'm done, blaow

I'm the rawest, most gutter  
In the street with the fiends and the coke cutters  
Disrespect yo' whole click and I don't stutter  
You wanna war? Meet me in Compton motherfucka, yeah  
I be the rawest, most gutter  
In the street with the fiends and the coke cutters  
Disrespect yo' whole click and I don't stutter  
Fuck you 'cause I'm from Compton motherfucka'

This the reason I do what I do man  
'Cause you niggas can't fuckin' do this shit  
Niggas got the number one fuckin' song on the radio  
Number one on the Billboard charts  
But niggas ain't number one on the streets  
See that's where I come in, the West Coast don  
It don't stop niggas  
Long as Scott Storch on the motherfuckin' beat  
And I put the pen to the pad, I'll tell you what I do  
I put the motherfuckin' pen on the pad  
I let the motherfuckin' pen go and it start writing itself  
That's how motherfuckin' classic my shit be  
Everytime around this motherfucka', the Documentary?!  
Fuck that album nigga, that wasn't shit  
I probably won't even reach my full potential  
'Till the next album, but for now?! This what I got

I'm the rawest, most gutter  
In the street with the fiends and the coke cutters  
Disrespect yo' whole click and I don't stutter  
Westside til' I die Compton motherfucka', break it  
I be the rawest, most gutter  
In the street with the fiends and the coke cutters  
Disrespect yo' whole click and I don't stutter  
Fuck the world Straight Outta Compton motherfucka'