

I Didn't Wanna Write This Song

The Game

Your son wonder when you comin' home
I wonder why you couldn't make it home?
I wonder why they love you when you gone?
I wonder if they know how much they miss you?
Crenshaw, now they yellin', "Crenshaw"
Crenshaw, now they wearin' Crenshaw
I wonder why they love you when you gone?

I wonder if you're there right now {Right now}
(Ayy, Dom)
I wonder
(Ayy, this classic shit, Dom)
I wonder if you're really listenin' to what I feel right now?
(This L.A. shit)
I wonder
I'm hopin' give the peace that'll make 'em really care right now
(Throw them dubs up)
(One time for our nig)
But you're gone and it just isn't fair right now, right now
(We got the world lit)
On God, the work is never done
(We love you, Nip)
How could they die young? Used to be my son
Even when it waivers, the pain I feel is numb
Know that you were loved, yeah
I didn't wanna write this song

Didn't wanna write it, so it's from the heart
Even brought your homie from Leimert park
Smokin' papers on Vernon for the hurt
Reminisce, you in black sand, built it from the dirt
Los Angeles, the gift and a curse
Focused on your neighborhood but you shifted the earth
You had the Staples Center packed like a church
Whole South Central put their hands on your hearse
I wonder if Heaven got a Slauson
You with Biggie and Pac, look at you, big at the bosses
Headed to a marathon, look at your nigga, he flossin'
Your legacy untouchable like Armenian Crosses
On the days that I'm feelin' exhausted, think about uncle Snoop at the funeral talkin'
This type of shit you don't see that often
Stevie Wonder singin', he can't even see your coffin

I wonder if you're free right now, yeah
I wonder if you're happy, are you livin' out your dreams right now?
I hope the angels are givin' you your wings right now
The hardest things that I had to sing right now
Right now, right now
Oh, God
The best was yet to come
How could they die young? Used to be the sun even when it rains, yeah
Pain I feel is numb
You'll always be loved
I didn't wanna write this song

Ayy, shit sound like it look

All the history you made, nigga, I could write a book
You had the Eight Treys walkin' with the 60s
I witnessed it all, you was right there with me
From Eritrea to South Central
From South Central to Brooklyn, look at what you been through
Mind over matter, yeah, it's all mental
But I still don't trust 12 when I see 'em in my rearview
Six years ago, I could of been you
Me and some of my old homies had the same issues
If I come, tell God to let me in
Give 'em the room next to Aaliyah with ESPN
You got years fallin' down the cheeks of Mexicans
You got a number in my phone I can't text again
And if they killed you, they could kill Game
But I don't mind dyin' if it's gon' bring real change

Say hi to the sky, now it's your turn to fly
Still we cry (Still we cry)
I wish I could have protected you there
Just say hi to the sky, now it's your turn to fly
Still we cry, cry, cry
Still we cry, yeah
Cry, cry
I cry
Didn't wanna write this song

Dear Rap game, we can't take no more losses
Thank you God for Nipsey Hussle
King of L.A., Slauson
Clap for 'em
Clap for 'em
Marathon Continues
(I didn't wanna write this song)