Last Supper

The Game

It's sad, it's pitiful this is what it's come to (Word)
You know? (Heh) fuck it (Fuck it)
Real nigga gon' surface (True)
Fuck niggas gon' drown (Word)
Ha-hah!

It's the hunger pains that make niggas hateful
That's why you can't brake bread with the ungrateful (Can't)
If he can't look in your eye then he can't (Face you)
Wait for him to try and he can't (Wait to)
I rather die out here, jail ain't the (Place to)
I had a nine to five (I sold base too)
I beat the shit out of niggas (I beat the case too)
And when I ate, I make sure everybody ate too (We all eatin')
Only God could judge us, all these niggas can do is (Rate you)
They probably (Underestimate you)
But still, fuck how he gon' feel (Fuck, you know the deal)
The last supper is a three course meal (Last Supper)
All I see is Gs (Sitting at the table)
Guns, weed and ki's (Sittin' at the table)
Money from the street (Money from the label)
Ridin' out to Pac (Like the nigga Fatal)
We ridin' out to B.I.G. (Like the nigga Gutta)
You ain't ridin' (Fuck you nigga, I ain't stutter)
He ain't stutter, but the gun'll stutter
(Ratatat tat tat) Motherfucker
Little niggas respect Elvis
Slept with pretty bitches that got down like Griselda (You know!)
Blanco, Lex coupe, stashed in the console
Last supper, I let a hundred bricks on the arm go
What!

Spaghetti dinners and ready niggas, Jesus is able
Look in the manger, nothing but thoroughbreds in my stable
Prophetic conversations, don't let the devil touch ya
Nothing but Gs around the table for the Last Supper
Walkin' on water with baking soda to get my cake up
Breaking bread with forty thieves hoping God save us
Look and all I see is Gs sitting at the table (Double up)
L-L-Look and all I see is Gs sitting at the table

'Kiss, tell Sheek I gotta hustle like Russell
Burners right in your face (Never needed the muscle)
Sixteen in the Glock, extendos for the tussle
Sixteen at the cop, don't let a motherfucker cuff you
L.A., you get shot down (New York, we gon' cut you)
When the last time you've been to church?
Nigga we don't trust you
Like the Bears frontline (Nigga we'll rush you)
Laughing over your body, we the ones you look up to
Father figures (We raise guns) pull all the triggers
(Babysitting them birds) We sonnin' all you niggas
When it's time to ride, we in that Cutlass smothered up
(We real gangsters) VH1 was just a cover up
WorldStar knock-out king (Tell 'em to knuckle up)
We ride for California, nigga so buckle up
We got a team full of killers when we huddle up

Dead bodies everywhere (Coroners bring the shuttle bus)
Niggas gotta fuck with us (If not, we fuck you up)
Bitches can get it too, bus driver with the upper cut
(Kiss barrels) Pucker up (Ain't nobody scorching us)
Drama with the four of us (I'll make you niggas organed up)
Bad boys (Always come through with enough to puff)
Like them '95 rap niggas (Still roll a dutch)
We got grenades in our bags, Glock's Justin Tuck
(That beef automatic start) Gon' press your luck

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