

# Life

# The Game

My daddy ain't going nowhere  
Never

Whether we dribble out this motherfucker  
Wrap rock or riddle out this motherfucker  
We gon' get up out this motherfucker  
Same way that Venus did, Serena did, we them kids  
Whitney was talking 'bout that's how it was  
Before my brother caught them slugs and I watched coroners chalk him out  
That ain't my brother in that box, what niggas talking bout?  
Couldn't Paul Bearer cause I was too weak to walk him out  
And that's real shit, I'm dedicated  
Like Pac was to Jada before Jada met Will Smith  
I'm already turnt up, chronic still burnt up  
Fuck outta here, with all that lean and popping pills shit  
Jump in my Impala get it hopping with a kill switch  
I done been around the world, my life is like a field trip  
I done been to Africa, seen niggas in Attica  
Cops killing our youth, these numbers ain't adding up  
Like that white boy sitting in a prison cell  
Killed 9 people in a church, how he living still?  
I couldn't understand, I spent hours  
With Farrakhan, just begging him to let me be the millionth man  
But some of these niggas just make you wanna kill a man  
And let the .38 spin like a ceiling fan  
Separate your body from soul, soul from Earth  
Roll a blunt with your remains and then ash it in the dirt  
Listen, you ain't a Christian cause you go to church  
Listen, you ain't a gangster cause you got the work  
A real gangster's one who take care of his whole family  
Like me, even though my baby mama can't stand me  
Her name tattooed on my neck, nigga it's branded  
And my fucking kids tighter than Ray J and Brandy  
Yeah, I give it to you so you understand  
Fucking bitches took my family

Bye baby, rock-a-bye baby  
No tears or sobs, baby, been listening to Nas lately  
And I can't lie, baby, been missing them thighs, baby  
But it's more to life than Gucci and Louis Vuitton, baby  
It's more to life than tripping on lies, baby  
Put feelings aside, baby, you Nicki Minaj, baby  
One day we all die, baby  
So I'd rather go hard, keep Cali alive, baby  
Yeah, keep Cali alive, baby  
Double entendre, nigga that's my baby  
And don't nobody father kids like me  
Word to Kevin Hart, take care of they rib like me  
I made fucked up decisions but don't let 'em crucify me  
I'm still the same nigga on my California ID  
Yeah, Compton nigga  
Blame Dre, it's his fault that I'm a monster, nigga  
I was selling crack in west side Bompoton, nigga  
Yeah I can rap, but I ain't ask for no sponsors, nigga  
I was light skin and young Klay Thompson, nigga  
15, had guns like Contra, nigga  
Now they call me bipolar, big contradiction

This The Documentary 2 without Doc's prescription  
Motherfucker