

Magnus Carlsen

The Game

Tie on a bandana, then we lay him out
Fighting over two colours in the crayon box
It's no love
It's no love
40 ounces in my cup, I'm po'd up
We out here killing each other, but so what?
Keep it up and there's gon' be no Crips and no Bloods
Nigga take a look around, the crack game has slowed up
The government versus the people, now tell me
Who rules the world with only one desire?
I don't believe there's anything higher
Rather get it now than to read about the outcome
I'd rather have the crown, than a ribbon or medallion
And oh my days, I guess it's okay
If I lay up in the shade with my rent up in the mattress
But be at the course if I have to use patience
I'm shooting a premature dream in the napkin
Battling the evils in the flesh that I'm wrapped in
Waiting for my eagle, but the seagulls are distracting

What's happening, niggas? Mm
What's happening? Hm
What's happening?
What's happening? Mm
What's happening?
Mm, yeah

What's happening? My nigga just died from Aids
What's happening? ISIS throwing grenades
What's happening? White boys shooting up a church
What's happening? My nigga 2-2 just got some work
What's happening? You can get it if you got it, nigga
But I ain't got it, nigga, I'm just a solid nigga
Who run Compton, fuck bitches and flick Impala switches
Even if I was born blind, you niggas couldn't stop my vision
Right on time with mine thanks to them old Doc prescriptions
West side flourishing again, this what 2Pac envisioned
Obama freeing lifers, that was locked in prison
El Chapo said he ran the world, and they forgot to listen
Not me, nigga, one split second, I say "Fuck rap"
And if I ran into El Chapo, he had work as one his captains
And gave me 100 bricks and said "Migo, get it bracking"
I walk into a Mexican Mafia meeting like

What's happening? Pac's gone, Brenda's still got a baby
What's happening? Lost ones in the land of the crazy
What's happening? You can have a bad bitch in a Mercedes
But that don't make your basic ass Beyonce or Jay-Z
What's happening? Obama 'bout to move out the White House
What's happening? Couple hood niggas 'bout to roll them dice out
What's happening? Is you gon' let me use your EBT card (yeah)
I wonder if I could slide it for commissary, yah

Ain't it a shame?
Another lost one running again
(You know I bust my thang for you)
You do the same old thing that your brothers did before you

Planning your whole life under concrete in the soil
Just a continuation, I wonder where you get your game from
If I know anything it's that my old head taught me all alone
And it's a cold game, better get your coat, get your snow chains, man
It's a chess game full of kings and pawns

Black and white squares, just depends what side you on
(What side is you on?)
I want a red '64 Impala with them things on it

Black out inside an abandoned crack house
Only thing from last night was dead bodies and glass pipes
That was the age 4, and by the age 10
They opened up the caged doors and let the fucking beast out
Fuck my auntie couch, I'm 'bout to take the street route
And get my shit the gangsta way, cause I can't be no Steve Stoute
I'm too Nas for these niggas, I got a surprise for these niggas
Potato cooking on the barrel, I bring the fries to these niggas
Funeral hall, casket fit to the size of you niggas
Chrome 45, no lie, come say goodbye to you niggas
Sway got all the answers, Kanye lied to you niggas
I don't even wanna be in no top 5 with you niggas
I break ties with you niggas, then pay tithes for you niggas
Los Angeles king, I will no fly zone you niggas
Take a caravan and Impalas and drive to you niggas
Close one and aim, Fetty Wap's eye to you niggas

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All I ever wanted was to ride my '64 down 'Shaw
Uh, I'ma spit them verses for my niggas
Dreams coming true, don't it always paint a perfect picture