

On Me

The Game

Back when Dot was hangin' at Top's in the Benzo
Freestylin' to them Chronic instrumentals, no pens and pencils
I was out there Bloodin' like a menstrual
With a Backwood clinched between my dentals, way back when
When we was outside with the indo
Hotboxin' rentals in front of Centennial, remedial thoughts
Never thought that I would amount to shit
Smoke chronic, fuck bitches, ride around bouncin' shit
From Impalas to that Harley truck, to dishraggin' bitches
That was hard to fuck, I came up, it was hardly luck
Just left Compton, and I ain't have to use my AK
What a day, what a day

Back when my drivers license, was baby faced and triflin'
I made my way through crisis, I made my tape
And recorded portraits in front of sirens, I made you hate the vibrant
You can't escape the tyrant, you can't relate where I've been
In '98 my problem, actin' too grown and shit
Cappin' at bitches, yeah my religion through songs and shit
On me, that's on me
Raise up, nigga, you are not the homie
Bitch I'm well-connected from my section down to Long Beach
Fumblin' with Tetris if your block neglectin' your ki
Everyday I wake up with my face up to my father
Makin' sure my heart is pure enough to grow my seed and harvest All my king
stuffin', double up my plantation with dollar
Every dream is such reality, my deja vu done caught up
Bitch I'm brought up with the homies, that's on me
24/7, Kendrick reppin' these cold streets
Know we live by it, die by it, then reincarnate
And if Game told me, "Drive by it," I raise AK
Ain't no shame on it, cry about it, fuck that, I'll play
Like no name on it, blindsided, ain't no one safe
Documentary had identities of where I'm from
Therefore my energy had to make sure the better me won
It ain't no better one, son, it ain't no tellin' me nothin'
Nigga it's Chuck, Doc Dre and K, the legacy's done, BLAOW!

Oh man, you thought these niggas with attitude would show gratitude
Fooled you
From 2015 to infinity it's still bomb weed and Hennessy
I can pimp a butterfly for the energy
Game I need acapella

There I go, give me a minute, nigga
'Bout to hit a home run, K. Dot, grab the pennant, nigga
Pin it on my Pendleton, trap late night, Jay Leno them
Got my mom a tennis bracelet, Wimbledon of Wilmington
Now can I rap for a minute? Black on the track for a minute
Look in my rhyme book, see murder like when I was a fan of No Limit
Ain't no gimmicks 'round here, this Compton, me, Doc and Kendrick
Chronic, good kid, my first year, 3 documentaries
Now I'm blockin' sentries, 16 Impalas
They bounce like they Iguodala
That's on my mama, niggas up and did me a solid
I put that on me, that's on me
You get a bullet fuckin' with the lil' homie

Thinkin' back then like fuck your rules, nigga this is Piru
Slide through with the Erykah Badu
West side Compton, nigga don't mind if I do
From Piru Street to my old street
Nigga this Compton, grew up on a dead end
Got an armful of dead friends
Round here Crips be sweatin' us niggas like a headband
Like what's up cuz
(Yo dawg where you from?)
No time to stop and think
Pull your strap before they do or you get shot before you blink
Straight outta Compton, 3 times I told you
The third time I said it with TDE mothafucka
I'll make you eat every letter
Spoonfeed you niggas like toddlers, from the city of Impalas
When shot callers take their pitbulls and feed them niggas rottweilers
My clip full, I quick pull, no more slangin' 8 balls on the corner
And all them niggas I used to freestyle with, I ate y'all on the corner
Call the coroner, niggas dead out here
Hangin' onto life by a thread out here
Them niggas wearin' all that red out here
P snapbacks on niggas heads out here
So don't you come fuckin' with the little homie
So OG they call me Tony
Montana, no French, my red bandana legit
My uncle told me before he died, "Just keep your hand on the brick"
So I did
Sell every chicken that a nigga had in stock, yes I did
Walked to Compton, hot pocket full of rocks, yes I did
Skipped class, yes I did, whooped nigga ass, yes I did
Fucked a bitch behind the bleachers while on the rag, that's on Bloods
Westside, that's on Bloods, this TEC fly, that's on Bloods
You fuck with Dot, I'll let you choke on your blood
I put that...

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