

Outside

The Game

Okay now why I'm always running from the police when I come outside
When I come outside
I be lowkey I be hoping they won't notice when I come outside
When I come outside
And if you looking for the hoes fuck with me I'ma tell you when they come outside
When they come outside
And all the homies on the block all day so yeah a nigga gotta come outside
Gotta come outside

Heard a gunshot, walked up out
My motherfucking door, what's happening with all this madness?
What niggas got going on to make me jump up off this Madden
In my Gucci flip-flops, tan khakis, niggas sagging
Niggas pulled up on me, matte black G wagon
I'm like shit, the fo' fif's still in the house
And usually niggas shoot from from where you from, come out they mouth
Got a nigga heart beating like a cutlass truck
But my mama raised a G and she don't fuck with punks
Niggas rolled down the window, couldn't tell who it was
Waving off the chronic smoke, is they Blood or Cuz?
Haha, it's my little cousin Jordan and he's solid
We went up last night, nigga said he forgot his wallet
We was bumping E-40 (yeah that Hurricane)
(Went through ten or twelve bottles of that Slurricane)
We had six white bitches and a gang of weed
You know them blonde hair, blue eyes, they aim to please

Okay now why I'm always running from the police when I come outside
When I come outside
I be lowkey I be hoping they won't notice when I come outside
When I come outside
And if you looking for the hoes fuck with me I'ma tell you when they come outside
When they come outside
And all the homies on the block all day so yeah a nigga gotta come outside
Gotta come outside

I was dipping down Greenleaf, swerving and I seen my nigga E
What's cracking cuz? I ain't seen you in a week
Where you going fool? Compton college to pick this bitch up
We both in Impalas, make the motherfucker hiccup
Now bounce, rock, roller skate
Cause we done fucked every bitch in the Golden State
Now tell me, how many bitches wanna fuck this nigga?
Stuff dick in her stomach until that butt get bigger
And we both fuck Kianna, you ain't know that though
She put a hole in the condom, I don't know that hoe
Conversating with my nigga at this long ass light
Made a left at Alameda, Eazy bust that right
I'm gone cuz! Aight, hit a switch and I'm outie
Back to the westside, that's what Dr. Dre found me
Pull up on Cedar, then I put it in park
Now take yo ass in the house before it get too dark

Okay now why I'm always running from the police when I come outside
When I come outside

I be lowkey I be hoping they won't notice when I come outside
When I come outside
And if you looking for the hoes fuck with me I'ma tell you when they come outside
When they come outside
And all the homies on the block all day so yeah a nigga gotta come outside
Gotta come outside

Ooh ooh ooh, nigga hopped out that rag and smelled the oohwee
My little nigga Marcus just pulled up from the I-E
Cup full of Henney, niggas gone off that YG
Told em' take a fade little nigga saying Why Me?
If he jump up I'm with it, anybody can get it
Mayweather with the right, bop-bop, head splitted
Cause nigga I'm from the Murda and I don't even bang
You got your ass knocked out, which one of you niggas is game?
Cause you fuckin' my cousin, she don't like it, I don't either
Take all that bass out your voice, homeboy this is Cedar
My bad Chuck, let a nigga hit the weed
Nah, take this quarter piece and drop it off in the trees
Watch the Fruits though, tell that nigga Soo Woo though
You can take the rag, don't get a scratch on my coupe though
And watch the Palmers they ain't tryin' to hear no truce though
Non-affiliated, still a shooter like Kukoc

Okay now why I'm always running from the police when I come outside
When I come outside
I be lowkey I be hoping they won't notice when I come outside
When I come outside
And if you looking for the hoes fuck with me I'ma tell you when they come outside
When they come outside
And all the homies on the block all day so yeah a nigga gotta come outside
Gotta come outside

Yo this your man, DJ EZ-Dicc, I'm about to be out of here
Up next you got my man Z-
Boy Fro and he's gonna hit ya'll off with this Battlecat joint
Ya'll suck it easy right here on the station that fades em' all
W-Balls
(Static)
Everybody's gotta hear this shit on W-Balls, W-Balls, W-Balls!