

Rollin'

The Game

Will I ever change in this life?
My grandma said I'll never change and she right
Y'all think that L.A. gang banging shit hype?
Well you finna' find out what the game be like
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Red rag on my rearview
No tint in the Porsche, see clear through
God screaming up out them speakers
So loud that a nigga can't hear you
Wake up to a diamond cross, I'm a Christian
Got a nigga feeling like Obama 'nem
Niggas shot out my windows, they jealous and envy
They spit on my 'Rari, they keyed up my Bentley
They went at my top dog like Ab-Soul and Kendrick
I said I'm a killa', goddamnit, I meant it
I said I sold crack, nigga bubbling skilletts
At my grandma's house, I was selling work in it
And god bless her soul, she died
Back out the four, load up the five
Pop up the trunk, load up them pies
Aye 'Ye, ain't this how them niggas do it in the Chi?
Vice Lords, GDs
Crips, Bloods and Impala's on gold Ds
Yesterday a nigga swore he was a man in the hood
Now he begging for his life on both knees
I'm a killer, no co-Ds
Ask 40 Glocc, niggas don't know me
Got a problem, Blood? Then come show me
I'm on Rosecrans in them Kobes
Got diamonds off in my Rollie
Granddaddy stuffed in my stogie
Motherfuck them Axel Foleys
Where I'm from, niggas shooting at the police
Man these fuck niggas got me screwed up
I'm like Papa Smurf in that blue truck
Red hat, red pants
Walking inside Dreams with the kush in my hand - I'm

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Young nigga fifteen, broke, livin' the scene
Sawed-off in my pants, 'bout to go make a lane
Finna' rob me a nigga who's money wasn't the same
Somebody gon' give it to me or get one off in the brain
Mama used to struggle just to feed me scraps
Every Saturday, it was Yo! MTV Raps
Got sick of looking at other niggas that ain't deserve it
So I followed my older brother to beat these traps
I ain't worried about the law, I've seen everything
The hood hot like the Devil had it off in his hands

In the spot, no AC, a couple of fans
Last pack, I flipped that, a couple of vans
If I ain't hustle to eat, I was doing that sippin' Screw
But they wouldn't give it to me, every day I was paying dues
I was a young wild nigga missing a couple screws
In the hood, when I'm scared, only thing I'ma use when I'm

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Mane, hold up (Mane, hold up)
Young and I leans with a cup full of lean
And a .4-0 tucked (.4-0 tucked)
No more sleep, gotta get more bucks
OG rolled up (Four poured up)
Stakes are high
So I pray to God the folks don't roll up (Don't roll up)
Big sister told me I need to grow up
But I need that money, better not crumb me
Pockets fat as my codeine tummy
Tryna get blowed like my nose was runny
I work for mine, you can't take that from me
Wrap it up like a Egyptian mummy
And have it ready when I roll on up
Stacking dough on up from the floor on up
And I'm all through the hood like a ice cream truck
Just rollin'

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Keep kush rolled in that dream I'm holding
In the candy Caddy with the ninety molding
Bought a drop, put it in the shop
But everything I got on that bitch stolen
Had a grill but couldn't afford the wheels
Had paint but it wasn't candy
So kick in doors to try and get that dough
Whole family know so they couldn't stand me
Run and tell your mama, "Come get your son"
Mama like, "Damn, what the hell he done?"
Brother had bricks but didn't give me shit
So when he went to the pen, I ain't send him shit
Mama at work so I ran the house
Ray on lock so now I'm the boss
Turn that face up like the Mary Jane
I was slanging 'caine, got us all kicked out

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From Compton, all the way to Chi-Town
Back on down to Houston, Texas baby
Trae The Truth, Z-Ro, Slim Thugga
Paul Wall, Common, Kanye West, and The Game
Jesus Piece
Either you got one, you want one

Or you bout to rob a nigga for one
So what it's gon' be nigga? Hahahahahah