

Roped Off

The Game

Compton boulevard, Wilmington
Rosecrans, Central
Don't get this motherfucker roped off
Don't get this motherfucker roped off

Compton boulevard, Wilmington
Rosecrans, Central
Y'all gon' get this motherfucker roped off
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Posted on Brazil and Wilmington
Red flag, red khakis, red Pendleton
Cold steel got 'em trembling
Stomp a nigga out (In what?) in my Timberlands
Red dot on your head, nigga
Either you work at 7/11 or you dead, nigga
Your auntie stay around here but you don't
Your cousins might make it out the hood, but nigga you won't
Fresh out the barber shop, RIP to G man
West Side Bampton, my city's been on C-SPAN
My hood's been on CNN, my hood's been on watch
My city's in the middle of Long Beach and Watts
I'm at the Tam's Burgers, eating fries
Now how many niggas done died eating number 5?
Been shot a couple times, but I'm alive
Hub City hustler, I'll show you how to survive, nigga

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Wear Chucks, don't gang bang, I fuck baddies
I'll show you how to stuff 100 P's in turkey baggies
Rubber gloves, dark spray, no khakis
Riding steel, tell Jesus fall flabby
L's come bro I'm relapsing to the old days
In and out of spouses, middle manning the cocaine
Finger on the trigger cause niggas ain't trynna fight
And bitches ain't shit, so niggas ain't trynna wife nothing
Who needs love? Million dollar weed plugs
Heart cold as Sunset, RIP to Key Club
Hoes never ease up, D2B
Nigga thought he was a foolie 'til he seen me!
West Side baby, ain't tripping off nothin'
Going out a winner like Peyton
Still 100, like Daytons, gold or the chrome
Same 'til a nigga gone like Martin and Jerome

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Aye man, just tell God come and lift me
Come and talk to the devil, man this nigga stay busy
Don't ever get it twisted, just cause we don't wear Dickies
You ain't heard of Mausberg, you know you ain't from the city
Man, I was born in this problem
We thought we knew the answer way before we seen options
Do you know the feeling to have niggas out watching
With your kid out shopping, you gon' still yell "Bompton!"?
Man, I done lost hope
Hope you a Thug to the Bone when we Cross Roads
Too many RIP shirts around your turf, wait
We trying to figure why ya'll got mid in the first place
Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, know my niggas on the wait
Wait, wait, wait, know somebody finna pay
Finna hit Stanford, man I just left the A
We don't recognize your car, you ain't coming in the gate
On West Side Bompton

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