

Save The Best For Last

The Game

M-M-Maybach Music

Pray for the days when the failure was a phase
Or hate was the case but they tell you to your face
The top came down so I never hit the brakes
The bitches came out, so we the niggas they would chase
Envy was the norm, we the children in the corn
Black male, pickin' cotton, hustles came in different forms
Started with the pies, real ones lost lives
Such a dirty game, now my hand sanitized
I buckled down in a Porsche
Buttoned up, Tom Ford
Head stay on a swivel, they want your boy in a morgue
But fuck 'em, I want a war
Butt fuckin' 'em, slow, raw
Pertaining only to women, my lady know I'm a lord, Lord
Forgive me for all my wrongs
Killin' niggas for sneakers and shit that's said in a song
Puttin' homies in check instead of puttin' 'em on
I'm always put to the test, real ones finishing strong

Fresh up out the gutter, nigga, yeah
And I can never be them other niggas
I don't come through blood niggas, a semi not on me
Exchange words and shots with like ten of my homies
And no matter what I do, I'm not good enough
Drive-bys, blood splattered on my shoe, I'm not hood enough
But why cry?
I Waka Flocka Flame, hit your block up
Thug life, it's in my veins, go dig Pac up
I'm where Pac was, only difference, got my Glock up
'Cause I been shot up, it's time to balance out my chakras
I'm not the same motherfucker that I used to be
I'm H.E.R., acoustically
You niggas gon' get used to me
I'm tired of niggas usin' me, abusin' me
Usually, I make a call, get the windows knocked out your motherfuckin' eulogy
Imagine niggas shootin' me, yeah, Compton was like a zoo to me
I'm a lion, king of my jungle, that's why it ain't no gettin' through to me
For my first album, early 2000s, I was with the foolery
Outside the L'Ermitage, could've got Fab for all his jewelry
Ain't even really know how to rap yet
I was just a Click Clack vet'
Go find my nigga AR and ask him, if you wanna fact check
Y'all heard it first (Y'all heard it first)
I ain't even told Fab yet
This might affect our friendship, nigga
I ain't even ask yet
I ain't even have half of an Aftermath check
All in Brooklyn with you and Clue on the corner with my rag just
Hangin' in the wind, with the stainless in the Benz
Brainless when it spins, and I aim it for all my friends
That go for Ross too
I brought a gun and some chalk too
For openin' up doors, it cost a Maybach just to walk through
And on my dark days, I walk inside a dark booth

Speak what's on my mind but they ain't ready for the hard truth
You can't call yourself king when I taught you
Brought you a classic for you and all your niggas to spark to
I ought to, nah, fuck it
'Cause even Nikki Giovanni had James Baldwin to talk to
So I get high, then I swan dive in a shark pool
With the same red bandana, "Start From Scratch" part two
Nas got the part, so I went and got the part too
Snoop went and pulled the rag out, shit, I went and bought that car too
That shit was hard too
Run up on it while my son inside it, the .40'll spin your ass around like a
barstool
Let Jesus take the wheel, I step on the gas
I wanted a million like Aaliyah, I wish that she never crashed
And I only made it this far 'cause I always knew the task
Understood my greatness and over stood all the math
I don't need your love or the credit, I always got cash
And even now, my 2020 vision is somewhere in the past
Who the next rapper murdered? Every month, a nigga pass
But me, I'm still alive, I guess they saved the best for last