

Second Chance

The Game

L.A.X niggas... yeahhh...

Y'all know who the fuck I am...

I'm free as a motherfuckin' bird I swear
Disappear in thin air, there go Game, nigga where
Posted on the block in them black Airs
In that all black Phantom, hug the block like a bear
Yeah, that V12 is roarin'
Flyin' through the city with the pedal to the floor then
I put them 26 inches on the curb, tell the hood I'm back
Give me a corner let me serve
Swerve, I'm still dope that's my world
All I did was switch the kitchens
Did some tracks on the birds...
Irv, I Gotti know I'ma murderer
Half these niggas beffin' with me
I never heared of them
If I was the old me I would murda them
Matter fact, if I was the old me - I would Curtis them

You look like you're in another world
But I can read your mind
How can you be so far away
Lying by my side

I never would've dreamed in an a million years I'd see,
So many motherfuckin' people who feel like me, who share the same views
And the same exact beliefs, it's like a fuckin' army, who marchin' in back o
f me
So many lives touch
So much anger aimed, in no particular direction, just sprays and sprays, and
straight
Through your radio waves it plays and plays
Till it stays stuch in your head for days and days
Who would of thought, standing in this mirror bleachin' my hair with some pe
roxide
Reaching for a t-
shirt to wear, that I would carapult to the forefront of rap like this
How could I predict my words would have an impact like this
I must've struck a chord, with somebody up in the office
Cause congress keeps telling me I ain't causin' nothin' but problems
And now they're sayin' I'm in trouble with the government
I'm lovin' it, I shoveled shit all my life, and now I'm dumping it on...

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Cos when the sun comes up from behind the sea
Niggas see my behind the B
ENT. don't stand for entertainment
Stands for zero to sixty, anybody see Game went?
To the hood, parked crooked behind that chained fence
And I'm going down behind my dogs, but I ain't Vick!
Tell me one album I put out that ain't sick?

No I'm not the doctor, but I produce the same shit

Look at these eyes, baby blue, baby just like yourself
If they were brown, Shady loose
Shady sits on the shelf, but Shady's cute, Shady knew, Shady's dimple's would help,
Make ladies swoon baby, ohh baby, look at my sales, let's do the math
If I were black, I wouldn't of sold half
I ain't have to graduate from Lincoln high school to know that,
But I could rap, so fuck school, I'm too cool to go back
Gimme the mic, show me where the fuckin' studio's at

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