

Start from Scratch II

The Game

Yo son, if that nigga Prodigy was standin' in my face right now
He'll say "Yo, dunn, you know I really fuck with you"
That's why a nigga out here in Kingston, smokin' the loud
Playin' nothin' but Mobb Depp on this motherfuckin'
And the first I ever had on The Documentary came from that nigga Havoc
So I gotta thank (You)
Looked out for a nigga, I owe you one

If I could start from scratch, I'd change hella shit
Would've never went to Hot97 with hella clips
Wouldn't have took Yayo spot even though he irrelevant
I could've left them niggas alive, now I'm stuck with they skeletons
I defended Nas, Joe and 'Kiss, like fuck this group shit
Murder was the case, so I was in New York on my Snoop shit
Shouldn't have told this nigga I'm ridin' in his coupe with
Everybody an opp, shoot, I don't care who you hit
Should've married my baby momma
Either one, probably save me from the drama
Made where my kids stay hotter than a sauna
Had me runnin' from my karma, sometimes a nigga gotta (Get away)
Take some time off, clear my head, clear your thoughts
If it weren't them lines crossed
I hop up in a beamer with your girl, you ain't seen her
'Cause we headed to Jamaica on a (Getaway)

If my opps listenin', fuck (You)
Some times a nigga gotta (Get away)
Middle finger in the air, fuck (You)
If I get locked with the Glock
Tell my daughter that her daddy on a (Getaway)

If I can rewind the hands of time
I would've walked in the club and let it blam with Shyne
I would've told BIG about the Rampart
If you ain't from here, don't come here, you feel it in the air
Just (Get away) stay dangerous
And when I got the stainless, I aimed it
Middle finger in the air, fuck (You) and your family, nigga
Picture me sellin' my soul for a GRAMMY, nigga
If I could start it all over, I would've have went there tipsy
And clapped when they gave it to Missy
It ain't no jealousy with (You) like that convo with Jay
Maybe I misunderstood what he was tryna say
I had to (Get away) and head back to LA
Keep it real, I ain't talked to Hov' again to this day
If I wasn't hardheaded, could've been signed to the Roc
But I'm not, blown opportunity, too many shots
I let it (Get away)

If my opps listenin', fuck (You)
Sometimes a nigga gotta (Get away)
Middle finger in the air, fuck (You)
If I get locked with the Glock
Tell my daughter that her daddy on a (Get away)
You ain't been fuckin' with me all this time
Stay there, fuck (You)
This rap shit'll take your life

So sometimes you gotta (Get away)