

The Code

The Game

Live by the code, die by the code, never been a ho
Bury me before I sell my soul
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Bury me before I sell my soul
AK with the stop (Stop), 30 on the Glock (Glock)
Kill all the opps (Opps), ride on the cops (Cops)
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I was young, black, and ashy, '42 khakis
Red rag in my pocket
Throwin' up Blood to any car that ever pass me
Gangbang classy
Gold hand bone, mama said I'm too flashy
Niggas wanna dap me, tell 'em, "Run it," like a track meet
On my DMX shit, tell my enemies to get at me
I'm from Compton where the bitches carry ratchets
And niggas in wheelchairs ain't never heard of Degraasi
Raw hand, I'm gutter, Dre had to Aftermath me
Had a flow when I was a rider, Compton like Tallahassee
First album classic, second album classic
So I skipped the hoodrats and went straight to the Cassies
N.Y.C., top-down, B.I.G. blastin'
Nas said I'd be a legend, nigga, don't gas me
Hot in '97, Funk Flex had to ask me:
"How you make out that beef with Hov?"
Nigga, my passion

I was in New York the first time I heard "Dear Summer" on Hot 97
Top of the W Hotel, 54th & Broadway
Lookin' out my window at Diddy in a Sean John sweatsuit
I felt ambushed by New York niggas
It's still West Side though

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AK with the stop (Stop), 30 on the Glock (Glock)
Kill all the opps (Opps), ride on the cops (Cops, Fuck 12)
AK with the stop (Stop), 30 on the Glock (Glock)
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See the thing I miss about hip hop the most
Was the storytelling
That B.I.G. shit, that Nas shit, that Slick Rick shit
That Tribe Called Quest
You know that, that cruisin' the street in my '64, R.I.P. to Eazy
I ain't got nothin' against new hip hop, I fuck with all you niggas
And remember, nigga, I was young too, let's go

Made it out the hood and some, I'm on my fourth passport
God gave me all this shit, I ain't have to ask for it
Gold things on a '97 Honda Passport
Black ski mask on, runnin' from the task force
Uzi, had the cash for it, and I had the stash for it
Foot on the brake, hit the wipers, open the dashboard
Sold drugs, made straight A's, and I was playin' sports
Youngin' and fresh, six bricks inside of Jansport
Fast forward, countin' this money on Aftermath fort
Bought a new Ferrari, gave my bitch ten stacks
Told her, "Don't come back here," 'til she got a ass for it
Told her, "Run through MAC and then Louis to get a bag for it"
I give you classics when you ask for it
I Vince Carter-ed everything Just Blaze threw off the backboard
Fuck a Grammy, that is not what I come back for
I came for hip-hop, niggas forgot to lock the back door

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Live by the code, die by the code, never been a ho
Bury me before I sell my soul (Soul)
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AK with the stop (Stop), 30 on the Glock (Glock)
Kill all the opps (Opps), ride on the cops (Woo)

Ask around Atlanta, Savage known to let it bang-bang (Bang)
Gang-gang, get a nigga stabbed in the chain gang
Lieutenant like I'm Dan Wayne, bring the major pain-pain
Candle-light, falsified, fish fried, gang gang
All I know is A-B-C-D-E-F-G shit (C)
When I'm with the chopper, watch a nigga get seasick (Sea)
Throwin' up the pyramid, like I'm from Egypt (Gang)
The hunnid round see-through, y'all so see-through (Bop)
I know real Crips and they say they never see you
Just
Just like Clifford, I'm the big red blood, ayy
Glock.45, get a big red slug
You ain't blood, you a bitch, you a big red stud (Oh)
Way before the rap, I trapped it out the coal
I didn't know how the water whip, I straight dropped the dough (Oh)
All these guns in the car, I gotta wear a seatbelt
I ain't got no license, so I gotta wear my seatbelt (Skrtrt)
I do this shit myself, nigga, I don't need no help
Walk up on 'em with that, God help me, he a priest now (Bop)

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Posted on the block, Dusse-Dusse in my sock
Feel like Mozzy, I got one up top (Yeah)
Couple years, real niggas gonna be extinct (Bam)
Bitch, I got a MAC-10 under this mink (Hey)
Pull up, let it blink, nigga, I don't think (Oh)
Your hood Titanic, we gon' make that shit sink (Straight up)

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