

# The Kill

## The Game

I'm going in for the kill  
I'm doing it for a thrill  
Oh I'm hoping you'll understand  
And not let go of my hand  
(2x)

Let me crack this Patron and talk to you for a minute  
Won't you put that blunt down 'fore you put the chronic in it  
Before you do that drive by, listen for a second  
Why you need a 45 when your mind is a weapon  
If you use it like you 'posed to than you could be Malcolm X  
Instead of counting body bags, my nigga should be counting checks  
Don't be a follower nigga, be a leader  
And if that mean's I'll lose you on Twitter than so be it  
Had a daughter yesterday, see my baby momma bleeding  
Remind me of Keyshia getting shot down while she was feeding  
Her baby in the projects, I'm supposed to be proud of Compton  
I'm just glad me, Damare and Brandon made it outta Compton  
I put on for my city like Jeezy say  
Iron out my red rag just for Free Weezy day  
And since they did Oscar grant like Emmett Till  
Crack the Patron seal

I can take you back to '03 when ain't nobody know me  
My game was regional like the Lower Merion, Kobe  
Teach me how to Dougie, come here little man, show me  
Clutching on his momma leg, remind me of the old me  
Ain't trippin' off no old beefs, ain't grinding on my old streets  
I'm in the hills smoking on cigars like an old G  
Cooley high coochie, Levi's no fleece  
Space jam Jordan's killin' 'em without the cold sheets  
Rappers say they trappers and these trappers think they rappers  
Go listen to Blueprint, your all hustling backwards  
Shout out to my reall niggas, Birdman, Styles P  
Kiss my nigga Sigel, know them Philly niggas wild b  
Snoop you insane cuz, Bun you a trill one  
Nas, we forever since you helped me get a deal son  
And my nigga Fab, write his verses like a wheel  
He walked out the booth, it's my turn

If I ain't never told you nothing, I think you might wanna listen  
Leaving Aftermath and G-Unit was never my decision  
But I'm back now, when we recorded Back Down  
Once friends, now foes, both our phones tapped now  
50 was my nigga, but life was funny like that  
Eminem played the bandage and Dre was the ice-pack  
So I unwrapped the guards, but my scars never healed  
Sometimes stars align and some stars never will  
Like Ross and Jeezy both y'all my niggas, y'all should chill  
Instead of beefin', lets remember how baby blue got killed  
How Wolf got shot down, how Meech got locked up  
When niggas start beefin' you should give them some Ciroc Puff  
And pour me a shot, my own brother want me dead  
Worse than that, my nigga Young Buck got raided by the Fed's  
So Timbaland, Cool n Dre Just Blaze and Pharrell

Next track I get nigga...