

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...