

## The Pledge

## The Game

From the top  
Back again motherfuckers  
It's 3 AM in the mornin', like what?  
Niggas can't fuck with me man. West coast don  
You know me. Ha!  
AW shit! You know what I'm 'bout to do this shit  
Body this shit! Yeah, Blackwall Street niggas  
The black Jim Hoffa, that's me  
Check, check, check  
Yo...

Eh yo these rap niggas bore me  
Flow dormant, so corny  
That's why when I drop shit  
They jump on it  
Like dicks they love it  
Homo niggas  
Choke when the game on the line  
Dallas Cowboy Romo niggas  
I got more bitches, more digits  
07 I'm hitting more switches  
Hip-hop broke, I'm gon' fix it  
I been away for a minute  
I was in Europe on tour  
Now I'm back, bonjour  
The flow is so pure  
I was baptized by the Doug E Fresh's  
Lost my way and got reckless  
Too much beefing. Had me screwed up like Texas  
So I had to take 'em back to the '98 Lexus  
Take the grill out for dinner  
Chop the crack for breakfast  
It's a million niggas like me  
Red strings in they Nike's  
Some official, some softer than Scott's tissue  
That's life B  
Deal with it  
Carry the steel with it  
If you hard peel with it  
One dome shot if you real with it  
I'm from Compton son  
Aim at a target and I will hit it  
Cocaine Game  
Put red sauce on ya Bills fitted  
See me in the streets  
I'm probably holdin' some  
Beverly Hills  
Spending money like I'm Oprah's son  
That's why the bitches feel me  
And they baby daddy's wanna kill me  
Run up on the Range  
Fucking with Game  
He gon' bang  
Picture ya bleedin'  
All stretched out  
Barely breathin'  
Huffin' and wheezin'

As the Range Rover tires screechin'  
I've been  
Coached by the OGs  
Chased by the police  
You ain't never seen a nigga  
Hit a fence like me  
Catch me if you can  
Leonardo DiCaprio  
They say I'm not a real blood  
The hood is backin' me though  
Niggas like Deebo, White Boy, Fog and Knot  
Ask Big Dan if young Game  
Jogged the block  
Hog the rock  
Sell it if it's hard or not  
Before they call the cops  
I rip apart the block  
I'm in the bathroom flushing  
Out the window. Hit the back gate  
Tomorrow guess what?  
I'm at the same corner hustling  
I done sold weed, sold X, sold crack  
Never been snitched on  
'Cause I ain't ever ran with no rats  
Never left ma grandma house  
Without loading both straps  
Never fumbled runnin' like Barry Sanders  
Know that  
I vow to hustle 'til there's no more crack  
Indirectly, got a young nigga to fold those packs  
The black Jim Hoffa  
Lemme introduce you to the show stopper  
Mr. Lamborghini driver, low-Pro copper  
He is I and I am he  
We are one like the moon and the sun  
OG  
I been around  
Kid hustling  
With grown men around  
Seen homies get shot  
And watch bodies spin around  
Ain't hardly from Marcy  
But I gotta respect it  
Got niggas there  
Chi town  
And Mo-Town  
I'm well-connected  
Get your body dropped off  
Any town I please  
Let the trap snap on the rat  
You'll die eating cheese  
Get on your knees  
Pray for Harry-O, Kenneth Supreme  
I pledge allegiance to the hustlers  
Keep livin' ya dream  
What?

Ayo Skee man, shit is too easy  
Ya know what I'm saying?  
We put out mixtapes when the fuck we feel like it  
Not when you want it, when the fuck we feel like it  
And I'm the CEO of motherfuckin' Blackwall Street Records, Blackwall Street  
Enterprises, Blackwall Street Porno's, Blackwall Street toilet tissue, Black

wall Street mothafuckin' car detailin', Blackwall Street car wash nigga, Blackwall Street socks, shoes, mothafuckin' ovens, kitchen appliances, I'm Blackwall Street's President, CEO, fuckin'... fuck it!