

The Purge

The Game

We are dying, we are dying
Are we gonna die? Are we gonna die?
We are dying

Light a blunt, throw on Nas, collect my thoughts
Blow the candles out as I contemplate in the dark
Dumpin' ashes on the fuckin' Time magazine
Tryna burn a hole between Israel and Palestine
All this world news, all these dead bodies
All these kids dying, the talk of illuminati
As I'm murderin' ink, I get a call from Irv Gotti
Say "Keep spittin' cause when you do it's like a 12-gauge shotty
Got machetes and them cannons loaded up
Got them Xany's and that lean in my cup
These politician's can come up missin', I'm on a mission
You hear them gun shots, now mother fuckers listenin'
Feel that you can take their life cause they ain't got a pot to piss in
Raise the Christian, kill you for these kids as victims
Fuck the system
You give a kid 30 cent and think you sponsor somethin'?
I feed a village by myself nigga Compton comin'
Purge

We are dying, we are dying
(Sometimes I wanna purge)
We are dying
(Sometimes I wanna purge)
We are dying, some times I gotta purge
(Sometimes I wanna)
We're living on a purge
(Sometimes I wanna)

What if we ran through Beverley Hills, got 70 kills
Ridin' down Rodeo in the Chevy with pills
And pop one, load 12 slugs in the eagle
And shot one, Donald Sterling hopped in his Benz
I got one, beam on the back of his dome
Palm sweaty on the back of the chrome
That's my adrenaline
So we purge Sandusky, purge Zimmerman
Purge every mother fucker rapin' women in
Purge niggas killin' kids, back to back in two vans
Me and my mercenaries, middle of South Sudan
Carryin' babies bodies, long as I got two hands
Long as I got two feet, millions and my crew deep
We purge for the families, they deaths ain't in vein now
Crash my ass, niggas know who shot that plane down
298 innocent lives severed
Flyin' on Aaliyah's wings all the way to heaven
And so we Purge

We are dying, we are dying
(Sometimes I wanna purge)
We are dying
(Sometimes I wanna purge)
We are dying, some times I gotta purge
(Sometimes I wanna)

We're living on a purge
(Sometimes I wanna)

Imagine going to the stores without cops harrasing
Imagine Mike Brown walkin', them same cops just passed 'em
I'm smokin' hash, and let me ash it before I talk in past tense
I hope his mama tears is like acid to your fuckin badges
2 shots in his brain, 4 in his fashion
Thinkin' 'bout his casket in this Phantom, swear I almost crashed it
That's why I'm headed to Ferguson with this German luger
Cause I'm probably more like Nelson Mandela than Martin Luther
More like Ice T than Ice Cube, I'm a cop killer
Murder all the cops, then the cops will probably stop killin'
On my knees prayin', wish my nigga Pac was livin'
But he fell victim to the Rampart Division, purge
Cops killed Biggie, cops beat up Rodney King
We tore up the city nigga, purge
Or just stand there like J. Cole and shoot at cops in the same spot till the
case closed, purge

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(Sometimes I wanna)

This song is dedicated, to my engineer Jus' wife, Carey Jean who passed away
June 28th at 1.45 pm to stomach cancer, 2 days before his son Harlem's 11th
birthday. Crazy how he mournin' his wife's death and I'm celebrating my son
's life. I'll never understand death, shit. Sometimes it's a struggle to und
erstand life, shit crazy. I'll never understand. Can't stop fightin' to surv
ive though, but what we fightin' for when we eventually all die though, purg
e. Eventually we all victims of the purge. Us killers, what's keepin' us ali
ve. It's a question nobody got the answer to. So PURGE!