

The Soundtrack

The Game

Politics as usual, them palm trees is beautiful
Crack rock lingerin', fiends suckin' they cuticles
Wear the wrong colors 'round here, niggas is shootin' you
Niggas workin' out in them pens, stuck in they cubicles
Nigga, you killin' who? Street shit, me and Meek shit
Fuck with him, fuck around and be your funeral
(Have your momma ten and two, with my homies spinnin' through
Drive-by, layin' side by side as they viewin' you
Ha, cause you will ride for your nigga, right?
Now with hearses side by side, with your nigga right
Cause it been plenty nights I barely made it through this life
Niggas want to snatch my soul from me like I'm Jesus Christ)
Compton, California, come and see what my city like
(Babies losin' hope when they see they momma hit the pipe)
Rosecrans, (Berks Street), niggas tryin' to murk me
(God, it hit me first, G)

This right here the soundtrack to a real nigga life
(Comin' from a city where they kill niggas like)
"La-da-da, la-da-da"
The soundtrack to a real nigga life
(Comin' from a city where they kill niggas like)
"La-da-da, la-da-da"

Uh, my dog doin' life
Cause he ain't had no safety like the Rams' secondary
And he come out in 2060, Nevuary, never scared
(Cause I got real niggas everywhere
That'll cut your life short like it's February
Killer Cali, where them burnouts is necessary
'Specially when the feds is tappin' phones like secretaries
Shit real like 2Pac's obituary
Kill him, B.I.G. too, but they memory legendary)
And where I'm from, you get murdered like hereditary
They killed my homie, we came back like it was January
The first nigga aimin' to murk, nigga
Fuck your chain, want your shoes, your jean and your shirt, nigga
Cause it's cold out, fuck your concert cause you sold out
Your dad didn't teach you all that shit you sing that song 'bout
So what you talkin' about?
(Absolutely nothin', they ain't us, Meek, fuck 'em, cause)

From Philly to Compton, nigga
I fell in love with these streets, I lost my niggas too
But I'll be damned I'll let one of you niggas take my life

Meek, tell 'em that I'm back on my grizzly though
Most these rappers' life is like a fuckin' Miguel video
Compton killed eight of my niggas, but that's my city though
Yeah, we movin' birds, but we throw 'em like a Frisbee though
Niggas sellin' flat-screens, sixty-inch VIZIOs
Blow on a stone, smokin' chronic on commodes
Listenin' to Hov like "I got to get my weight up"
The system was made to break us, but they can't take us, no

And I know they hate us though cause we really made it though

Ballin' like we Jordan, niggas shootin', try and fade me though
O.G. Bobby Johnson, .44 with the potato nose
Turn you mashed potato, bro, but it's all gravy though
I done been to church to mosque, it couldn't save me though
Shit, I got to save myself before I try to save a ho
Fuck your role model, it was gold bottles after the gold hollows