

Twisted

The Game

If I love, I love, I love you
If I love, I love, I love, I love you

My little niggas come through drillin' shit
You know how many times I try to talk 'em out of killin' shit?
But they don't listen to me, they listen to NBA YoungBoy
Say they'll never be broke again, and I love 'em, them my young boys
It's Compton, nigga, where everybody got heat
Even Walmart came through and stepped on the Compton swap meet
We lost niggas and we found niggas
We swim through rival neighborhoods until we drown, nigga
And we don't need Joe Biden for crack pipes, we got 'em, nigga
I know glass blowers who braid hair in the bottoms, nigga
I know smokers that still alive after bad drugs
I know some jakes that never made it out that bathtub
I know some niggas masked up, ready to blast snubs
Tryna decide between food and chronic, down to they last dub
Fuck where he from, take off, don't even ask cuz
I used to save niggas, now that call end with smash, blood, I'm twisted

Hardest liquor in my system got me twisted
Ridin' through Inglewood, Backwoods gettin' twisted
'Bout to pull up to the jungles and get twisted
.30 on my lap 'cause you niggas got me twisted
It's still fuck my brother and I just made up with my sister
Nightmares on Elm Street, so I wake up to my pistol
In the backyard with my oldest son
He can't get the silencer on his gun, little nigga, you gotta twist it

We don't leave the house without the hammer on
Fuck it look like sayin' The Game dead on your camera phone
Slow down, you gotta move in slow motion
Like a plane from the ground, I seen all four oceans
I run with felons, the good fellas
Bulletproof umbrellas, nigga, ain't nobody tellin'
And ain't nobody sellin', we don't trust you niggas
Shoot shadows over the roaches, we'll crush you niggas
Step over niggas, like A.I. do
You'll be lookin' up at cornrows like Tyronn Lue
We send bitches to your section just to spy on you
Ring camera on the text, I got my eye on you
We don't switch sets, never have, never will
Certified gangsters, nigga, bandanas is Dipset
Killa Cali, nigga, little Uzis, big sweats
Triads, eses, Bloods and them Crip sets, twisted

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It's still fuck my brother and I just made up with my sister (If I love, I love, I love you)
Nightmares on Elm Street, so I wake up to my pistol
In the backyard with my oldest son (If I love, I love, I love, I love you)
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