

Uzis And Grenades

The Game

Somebody running outside, yelling 18
Somebody running outside, yelling 18
Somebody running outside, yelling 18
Somebody running outside, yelling 18
Somebody running outside, yelling 187, aye where the party at?
When the drug dealers and the fiends outside all day, where the party at?
Uzis and grenades, we flocking handguns
If you want it, you can come and get some
If you got it, you can pay the ransom, where the party at?

In the Bentley truck talking on my Nokia
I be selling out the Nokia
Got twins if you know Tia, then you know Kia
Balling bitches ride Benz's, nigga, no gears
On my way to the lip, bumping on a lid
With a bitch that look like Pia Mia, nigga you should see her
Head like Sia, diamonds in her ear
Sipping brandy, plus the money long like Nia
And I feel like that went over your head
And I don't think you understood what I said
See Brandy was Nia Long's name in Boys In the Hood
Translation: dope boy in the hood
Get the packages out, the fiends is running the Rams is back
The Rams still go, the niggas getting jacked
The cops is circling, niggas is murdering
Dead bodies everywhere, that's just Compton nigga

Somebody running outside, yelling 187, aye, where the party at?
When the drug dealers and the fiends outside all day, where the party at?
Uzis and grenades, we flocking handguns
If you want it, you can come and get some
If you got it, you can pay the ransom, where the party at?

Riding with a G bitch, smoking on a G stick
In a G wagon, I'm always on some G shit
Used to be in G rides, bumping Warren G shit
Used to be in G5s, now I'm in the G6
Used to be in GRs, now I'm with some G-Stars
Couple G's in every pocket, sitting where the G's are
Used to be in UG Village with my G ma
Hand on the Jesus, RIP to my G-Pa
See life is up and down like a seesaw
And everybody working tryna get they RiRi off
You got pregnant teens and absent fathers
Outta town niggas they clapped regardless
It's a trap for the young
If you ever answer wrong when they ask where you from
And niggas gotta watch them colors
They say banging played 'til they get they bodies verified by their mothers

Somebody running outside, yelling 187, aye, where the party at?
When the drug dealers and the fiends outside all day, where the party at?
Uzis and grenades, we flocking handguns
If you want it, you can come and get some
If you got it, you can pay the ransom, where the party at?