

Violence

The Game

You know this album, I'ma say it like this, yo:
I'm tellin' everyone right now, 2022
That Game and Hit gon' be dangerous, mark my word

When they play that new Geezy, all the dope boys go brazy
All the dope boys go brazy
I lace my Converse and I swing my chain
You ain't ready to die 'bout it, jump back in your lane

It's like Hov in this motherfucker
But it's just me and Hit, we brought the stove in this motherfucker
Cook somethin' (Cook somethin')
Whoop you niggas ass like you went inside your mama's purse and took somethin'
We in them twin 'Raris, this gon' be a good summer
I can see the future, let's call him and get a hook or somethin'
Scream from the roof top, "Free Young Thug"
So I can reverse the bar I gave Jigga on One Blood
Still fresh like uh
Coke White Air Forces got me dressed like Young
André, the Doc
Sometimes I pull up on him and the door still locked
I don't knock, but the Hit-Boy beats do
Welcome to the Surf Club and we brought the beach too
Westside connected, Ice Cube, Dub C too
You don't bow down, the MAC-10 will reach you

Violence, all I hear is violence
All I hear is violence
When I walk in the room, niggas get silent
Sirens, all I hear is sirens
All I hear is sirens
So many guns clappin', startin' to sound like violins

When they play that new Geezy, all the dope boys go brazy
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You rap niggas is Kris Kross
I don't respect niggas, only Nas and the big dawg
And this time around my pockets fatter than Rick Ross
She lick around the Glock, 'cause I ain't takin' the blick off
Niggas got me screwed up, but I don't sip sauce
I break down the chronic, then I smoke it like the exhaust
Yeah, broke down The Chronic, and I made me a career
I'm here, ain't nobody sheddin' a tear
John Madden died but The Game still here
Still holdin' the stick
Said John Madden died but The Game right here

And all I hear is violence
All I hear is violence
All I hear is violence
When I walk in the room, niggas is silent
All I hear is sirens
All I hear is sirens

All I hear is sirens
So many guns clappin', startin' to sound like violins

This is not The Infamy, I'm livin' through my infamy
Every gunshot is a bittersweet symphony
That's why Hit-Boy brought in the symphony
I hate when niggas droppin', so no wonder ya'll sent for me
I almost cut my braids last night
But I was engaged, had to go lay on a grenade last night
I was enraged, almost went out in a blaze last night
Wifey got drunk, I had to fuck the maid last night
Guess I was missin' my fade last night
Heart vs. Mind, pluckin' out my grays last night
Middle of June, drivin' backwards in a May' last night
And Mayweather lookin' for 50 like May last fight
Ears ringin' like the Clase top
Rap niggas got me waitin' for a Beyoncé drop
And every fiend get a chain, when I weigh rock
Used to have a line out the door like a Kanye drop

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