

# Walk Wit Me

## The Game

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Hey yo the kid still at it, woke up from that coma  
Seen hell came back and here comes my first classic  
Still chop it up at the table, still put dope in the  
bag

and still got dope, under the mattress  
It was hustle before rappin, nuttin before that and  
12 years old, a lost soul, bumpin "Illmatic"  
Gunshots tried and almost took the young kid's live  
Can't do it I been through it the young kid survived  
Got the ghetto on my shoulder homey, it's gon' be a  
long ride

Bear with me, I'ma take you there with me  
Show you how the sun shine in one rhyme, no more stormy  
weather

Streets is mine, we gon' live forever  
Get it together 'Pac is watchin, Big is listenin  
Eazy is talkin to us, Big Pun is witnessin  
While they souls still glistenin in ghettos from  
Compton to Brooklyn

the shells cry, every hood's anthem  
Where everybody goes to church and prayers are never  
answered

And they throwin us curveballs but we Hank Aarons  
A picture with no canvas, streets are so skanless  
Young'uns jump rope, play ball with fiends and dope  
handlers

Teenage mothers, deadbeat fathers, no families  
Lost and often runaway or live with grandparents  
Life stories with no authors, see it through,  
Robinson's cubicles

When time life is so beautiful  
Walk with me we can make it if we try, lost soldiers  
sometimes

We gotta die but it's okay to cry  
Mothers strugglin tryin to survive, reach out grab my  
hand

I got'cha, won't let you go for nuttin, I promise  
Praises due to Elijah Muhammad, peace be unto Farad  
Muhammad

Words of Minister Farrakhan

Been true, be loyal, know your roots, water your soil  
Stop fightin amongst ourself from birth we royal  
Who's king we fightin over a crown, while lifeguards  
watch the hopes and dreams of kids and young teens  
drown

More infants bein born with AIDS, more parents mournin  
graves

The plot thickens, somebody show us the way  
Tears crackin the pavement, streets breakin up  
The thrill is gone and it's a long walk home  
So we might as well start runnin, if it's there gotta  
take it

'Member Jada said "We Gon' Make It"

And it shouldn't take 9/11 to bring our minds together  
Shit rough we'll grind together

Light a candle we can shine forever or I can pass

So I won't miss Aaliyah's concert in heaven  
Live life while we listen to my old heads  
So I glow like the memory of Lisa 'Left Eye' Lopez  
Through a six-seven Brougham, ride with me through the  
hood mayne  
Where street lights flicker and Chuck Taylors hang  
And nobody know they neighbor's name 'less they sell  
weed or cocaine  
A lot of black clouds on a block but no rain  
And Game got a lot to say, so they wanna take me down  
in my own front yard like Marvin Gaye  
Can't do it by myself, people need help  
Keep on tryin to live healthy 'til the end of my days  
And when I die won't lead my daughter astray, lookin  
from heaven  
Watch my people drive my coffin through the Compton  
parade