

We Stand Alone

The Game

Two blunts, a Rolls Phantom
A bottle of Hennessy and a red bandanna nigga
Roll that shit up!

Casualties of war!
The epic of a general
True story of a life so critical
That we strive for, gauges good strong [?]
Even when you had to stand alone
Stand alone
We stand alone
We stand alone
Casualties of war!

Nickel plated nina, street dreamin'
Fuck Frank Lucas nigga, fuck receipt thinkin'
Gangstas don't snitch, we at the block and pitch
On that wrought iron fence, cops roll up, I ain't seen shit
501 Levis, smellin' like I just cooked a brick of crack
Nigga as a matter of fact I did
So let the feds come
It's gonna be some homicide mixed with a lotta Redrum

Red rags and red beams and Red Karpet
Slum nigga, that hoodstar that feds target
Goon squad, nigga check up on our pedigree
I've been doing this, fuck is y'all tellin' me?
Not a damn thing, generals don't take orders
You niggas snitches, walk around with 'ol tape recorders
I'm on that block, thick, Bentley and that cockpit
Official bloodline, you other niggas counterfeit

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I never front, that's for hoe niggas
Fuck with my trap, BAAT BAAT!
Like Proposition Joe nigga
Omar is dead, put that shit on The Wire
I got a shitload of crack, give a nigga some fire
I got a blunt and a drop top Phantom
And I'm feelin' like a kingpin in my hood
What's good nigga?!

Gunmetal '09, look at the hood and go blind
I stay fuckin' niggas up, I should be on showtime

Call me the Manny Pacquiao
Me king, now bitch BAOW!
Every time I step on the block I count a few thou'
I'm a rebel, push the pedal in the fast lane

Rap shit is secondary nigga, keep on baggin' 'cain
I'm on one, 'bout to shut this muhfucka down
Cincinnati red fitted cap be my new crown
Jerz to Compton, that Black Wall takeover
Private jets all day, man fuck a layover

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Give me the block, I'm gon' grind
Crackheads, the whole nine
When I hop out, niggas lock doors and close blinds
That's prolly why they get no shine
These rap niggas ain't got no balls, I let 'em hold mine
My cojones be together like the Jonas
And I ride with eses like a twelve pack of Coronas nigga
One blood with one slug in the trey eight
Cock it back, put it on my temple with a straight face

Aim and pull the trigger, Game it don't matter nigga
Jewish lawyers eat up the case for the right figure
Who be them block boys? Heavy with them chrome toys
MACs in the Louis stacks, muzzles for the loud noise
I'm a shooting star, realest out thus far
Stay throwing shots back like an alkie at the bar
And for your information, I'm always paper chasin'
Lifestyle of Jerzey Devil, hands down breathtakin'

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