

Welcome Home

The Game

Bongo By The Way

I wake up every mornin' on the same shit
I smoke my wood to the roach, like I ain't rich
Niggas I used to hang with, is still gang, gang with
Lamborghini outside but, nigga, that won't change shit
Same nigga that gave you classic after classic
Could still chop rock and zip it, plastic after plastic
Why you think Dr. Dre don't take me on them yachts with 'em?
Whisperin' to Snoop, "This nigga probably got a Glock with 'em," facts
Smoke comin' out the 'Rari hood
Nigga, I could fuck Nicki if Safaree could
Motivation for all my niggas that's watchin'
All my niggas from Watts and South Central and Compton
I wish you could of been a fly on the wall in my dope spot
Leanin' with it tucked in my drawers and I hope not
'Cause doin' 25 to life is a roadblock
Welcome to my last album, Nip, time to close shop

Twenty million dollars actin' broke, nigga (Broke, nigga)
All you niggas sleep, stay woke, nigga (Work, nigga)
All my niggas came up sellin' dope, nigga (Dope, nigga)
Why the fuck you think they call us dope niggas?
Broken home, broken dreams, no hope, nigga (No hope, nigga)
Why the fuck you think we sellin' dope, niggas? (Dope, niggas)
This for all my dawgs and my locs', nigga (Locs', nigga)
Gotta get our neck up out these ropes, nigga (Ropes, nigga)

Fire to the spoon put you on the moon
Make America Great Again? You a fuckin' coon
And you niggas wonder why I'm unenthused?
'Cause hard bottoms trump runnin' shoes
And the less you know, the longer you live
And the more you know, they tappin' your crib
My niggas that say they got shot and actually did
Who never thought what happened to Pac would happen to B.I.G?
What happened to L, what happened to Proof, and Jam Jay though?
Hip-hop'll lean on you, R.I.P. to Fredo
Young niggas stay woke, old niggas stay woke
It's rainin' hollow tips, I'm drippin' in this Gucci raincoat
Security won't pat me, niggas won't at me
Same nigga that saved the West with a bald head and some khakis
Watchin' Kendrick show while Top Dawg dap me
This my last album, muhfucker, I hope you happy

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This shit's over
Say this your last shit, I don't believe you, Chuck
I remember L.A.X., nigga

Bring that beat back for me though, I gotta say somethin'
Yeah, Chuck, what up?

I was like, 'Fuck rap music', I'm gon' rob me a bank
Starvin' artists ain't my style, that shit'll drive me insane
Gave my mind to these millions and my heart to the game
Probably die up in these streets but I survive through my name
Every nigga 'round me killers and I doubt it'd change
If the police get behind us, we go out with a bang
Early 2000s, Murder Inc. was a shame
We was sayin' bullets got no names
Nigga we was charismatic on these corners like 2Pac on stage
But, fuck a dream if it's not gon' pay
You feel me?
White socks, hat with my Glock on waist
Couldn't tell me I was not O'Shea
Posted at the Quick 'N Split, don't get caught on tape
'Cause they put them cameras up since they shot Quinn Shay
Chuck, I remember your white Range
Slauson Ave., ran up on you, gave you my mixtape
Now

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