

# 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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