

When My Niggas Come Home

The Game

Ain't no other nigga here real as my dude
And used to throw money like this - WHOOOO!
Honey what you lookin at? Ain't no need to guessin
Starin over here you about to be a legend

And when my nigga come home
We gon' party 'til 6 in the morn
I tell you when my nigga come home
We gon' pop champagne 'til it's gone
I tell you when my nigga come home, we gon' celebrate
Have lobster (and) shrimp (and) pasta, steak
When my nigga come home
He can have any damn thing that he want

I got a nigga locked up, for about another month
He did nine years, he'll be home before I finish this blunt
(What else?) I just bought an ounce of skunk
Me and my nigga 'bout to go hard like when LeBron dunk
(Yeah) We (Ridin' High) like Southern niggaz in the dump
And e'rybody and they momma know U.G.K. in the trunk
(What's in the backseat?) North Cakalak' freaks
And the shit that we smokin can melt the Mac on they cheeks
Well we headed to that Magic City, he ain't see no ass and titties
in about a decade, these hoes 'bout to get paid
They took him to the back, I ain't seen his ass in two hours
Two-time felon takin a shower in the motherfuckin strip club

Inhale, inhale
and blow it out, blow it out

When my nigga come home, that's on E'RYTHANG, I got him!!
Know why? Cause we was like that, and we came from the bottom
Know how many pictures I was mad that I took
cause I couldn't throw up the hood, the police had my shook
And all you wanted was Superhead's book
So I sent because I meant it now the clothes is the crooks
And your girl, she fine as a motherfucker
Told you she cheated on you, she was lyin like a motherfucker
When you went in, we was dreamin 'bout that trey
Now it's a four door flyin spur with "Killafornia" plates
'Member when we was in the spot, writin to them Dre beats
Now I'm fuckin with some N*E*R*D*s; Chad and Skateboard P
But remember when we was hard?
Sayin to each other nothin rippin us apart
Now a nigga ballin and you sittin on the yard
But you comin home to that Ferrari in the car
Max that motherfucker!

One thing you can count on when you touch down
You gon' have it all, laid out, everything is paid out
Comin home eventually, you in the penitentiary
The homies like to mention me cause I looks out, essentially
Big BC cuz, J-Dawg and Tray Deee
Young Joda, Scotty Boi and Y.C.
Fame gave me cavi, and cavi became chips

Blue put me on the set; nigga, it's 20 Crip
My cousin Flip been locked up for 25
And Dre-Lo, he's a real 20 Crip for life
Now if I mention yo' name, you know the business cuz
When you get it - you know we livin it up!