

## On Me

## The Game

Back when Dot was hangin' at Top's in the Benzo  
Freestylin' to them Chronic instrumentals, no pens and pencils  
I was out there Bloodin' like a menstrual  
With a Backwood clinched between my dentals, way back when  
When we was outside with the indo  
Hotboxin' rentals in front of Centennial, remedial thoughts  
Never thought that I would amount to shit  
Smoke chronic, fuck bitches, ride around bouncin' shit  
From Impalas to that Harley truck, to dishraggin' bitches  
That was hard to fuck, I came up, it was hardly luck  
Just left Compton, and I ain't have to use my AK  
What a day, what a day

Back when my drivers license, was baby faced and triflin'  
I made my way through crisis, I made my tape  
And recorded portraits in front of sirens, I made you hate the vibrant  
You can't escape the tyrant, you can't relate where I've been  
In '98 my problem, actin' too grown and shit  
Cappin' at bitches, yeah my religion through songs and shit  
On me, that's on me  
Raise up, nigga, you are not the homie  
Bitch I'm well-connected from my section down to Long Beach  
Fumblin' with Tetris if your block neglectin' your ki  
Everyday I wake up with my face up to my father  
Makin' sure my heart is pure enough to grow my seed and harvest All my king  
stuffin', double up my plantation with dollar  
Every dream is such reality, my deja vu done caught up  
Bitch I'm brought up with the homies, that's on me  
24/7, Kendrick reppin' these cold streets  
Know we live by it, die by it, then reincarnate  
And if Game told me, "Drive by it," I raise AK  
Ain't no shame on it, cry about it, fuck that, I'll play  
Like no name on it, blindsided, ain't no one safe  
Documentary had identities of where I'm from  
Therefore my energy had to make sure the better me won  
It ain't no better one, son, it ain't no tellin' me nothin'  
Nigga it's Chuck, Doc Dre and K, the legacy's done, BLAOW!

Oh man, you thought these niggas with attitude would show gratitude  
Fooled you  
From 2015 to infinity it's still bomb weed and Hennessy  
I can pimp a butterfly for the energy  
Game I need acapella

There I go, give me a minute, nigga  
'Bout to hit a home run, K. Dot, grab the pennant, nigga  
Pin it on my Pendleton, trap late night, Jay Leno them  
Got my mom a tennis bracelet, Wimbledon of Wilmington  
Now can I rap for a minute? Black on the track for a minute  
Look in my rhyme book, see murder like when I was a fan of No Limit  
Ain't no gimmicks 'round here, this Compton, me, Doc and Kendrick  
Chronic, good kid, my first year, 3 documentaries  
Now I'm blockin' sentries, 16 Impalas  
They bounce like they Iguodala  
That's on my mama, niggas up and did me a solid  
I put that on me, that's on me  
You get a bullet fuckin' with the lil' homie

Thinkin' back then like fuck your rules, nigga this is Piru  
Slide through with the Erykah Badu  
West side Compton, nigga don't mind if I do  
From Piru Street to my old street  
Nigga this Compton, grew up on a dead end  
Got an armful of dead friends  
Round here Crips be sweatin' us niggas like a headband  
Like what's up cuz  
(Yo dawg where you from?)  
No time to stop and think  
Pull your strap before they do or you get shot before you blink  
Straight outta Compton, 3 times I told you  
The third time I said it with TDE mothafucka  
I'll make you eat every letter  
Spoonfeed you niggas like toddlers, from the city of Impalas  
When shot callers take their pitbulls and feed them niggas rottweilers  
My clip full, I quick pull, no more slangin' 8 balls on the corner  
And all them niggas I used to freestyle with, I ate y'all on the corner  
Call the coroner, niggas dead out here  
Hangin' onto life by a thread out here  
Them niggas wearin' all that red out here  
P snapbacks on niggas heads out here  
So don't you come fuckin' with the little homie  
So OG they call me Tony  
Montana, no French, my red bandana legit  
My uncle told me before he died, "Just keep your hand on the brick"  
So I did  
Sell every chicken that a nigga had in stock, yes I did  
Walked to Compton, hot pocket full of rocks, yes I did  
Skipped class, yes I did, whooped nigga ass, yes I did  
Fucked a bitch behind the bleachers while on the rag, that's on Bloods  
Westside, that's on Bloods, this TEC fly, that's on Bloods  
You fuck with Dot, I'll let you choke on your blood  
I put that...

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