

See No Evil

The Game

I don't read the XXL
Tote a 45 to church, think I'm destined for hell, oh well
Blood tears off the face of my Jesus Piece
It's bloodshed, feel the cracks in my city streets
I'm from the crack of them city streets
Used to sell crack in them city streets, born in Blood nigga
In a coma five days, life of a thug nigga
Momma ain't show, grandma almost pulled the plug nigga
Used to pull the gun out, just because of cause niggas
Five shots to the head cause I'm a Blood nigga
Nuttin' brewing but suwoo'ing where the fuck I'm from
You lucky if you make it out of Compton, ask Andre Young
Smell the scent of dead bodies ridin' down Green Leaf
No peace so don't get caught up with no piece
Fuck Fatburger, we cooking that real beef
Momma's mourning they sons, I'm talking real grief
Real funerals of them lost Juveniles
Trying to be generals, be missing your dinner now, huh
Say it's a blessing when you die in ya sleep
Cause the coroner don't need no sheets, capishe
I'm sayin', stop playing, wrap him up in what he lay in
Fold a nigga arms, now a caskets what he pray in, Compton streets raised me
Can't tell my grandma nothing bout her baby, you crazy

Such you see no evil
She gonna knock it at all
You want to see tomorrow, you promise not to talk
Say we on our way now, I'm a see you again
And when they ask you questions, you just answer
What happened then?
What happened then?

I live this life at a pace that anyone can go
Know your place and dedicate your role, to the faith that you'll die alone
Trace your steps when I do step in a fire of broken bones
And I require my heart's desire and when I reap what I sew
I bought my momma a Benz, my boobie a jag
A cut for my dogs with a roof full of glass
But still I be feeling like none of my light never casts
Out of that black cloud that's been watered down since my first chopper blast
But fuck that, I'm not worried, even when discouraged
Skirt off makin' them hurt off I should have hurt them in a hurry
Dirt off all under my fingers, dirt all of 'em gon is gone
Shirt off when precesure, resuscitation came early
I need you to keep quiet as a mouse
Which is ironic cause rats is what I'm talking about
I'm hearin the sonics of gun fire
The whispers, the silent cries even though I know it's an eye for an eye

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I was born a soldier
Ride or die for mine
Tied two tears and a lawyer
Tried to give me love
Heaven can you hear me? I know that hell can't
So heaven can you hear me?
I'm only just a maaaaan... oooooooooohhh

You want to go to Compton? Nigga I'll take you there
Half City bodies get burnt butt-naked here
Respect the code, a nigga's calling from the pen
Colombian neck-ties on the outside from within
And then, your momma never see you again
Casket to never wake up, plastered in MAC make-up, huh
Niggas can't hear you talking from the sky
And only five year olds see your ghost when you die, no lie
Karma catches up to all you head honchos
2 Dome shots in that head, Griselda Blanco
Shit get real though inside the Foxhills though
Nigga living that fast life and get killed slow
Ask Wack and Draws if a nigga run the streets
My grandmother's prayers saved you niggas, I never wanted peace.
Los Angeles, I'm the motherfucking king here
No first 48 cause motherfuckers don't sing here

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