

## The City

## The Game

"Leave the angels in the city"

Tell them muthafuckas I'm forever paid  
California king, wrestle gators in the Everglades  
Drive up out that muthafuckin swamp in the Escalade  
So before you put that Red rag in your pocket  
I wanna see your fuckin resume  
Started off on Ground Zero, then I start to levitate  
Rip rappers a new asshole: I never hesitate  
Dre beats on, smoking that chronic just to meditate  
I'm a give em hurricanes until another Levee break  
You niggas is featherweights, I'm Aftermath's heavyweight  
Now Dre's weapon of mass destruction is 'bout to detonate  
When a nigga whack, found me shit, I was selling weight  
Now a nigga's selling millions, now it's time to celebrate  
Performing in front of millions, nigga, every race  
6-4 in the '64, now watch the Chevy scrape  
4th album, no 5 mics? Then let em hate  
But I'm not stopping til I'm the king in every state

Recognize my life, ridicule my fight  
Give me fuel for the fire burning when I yearn these lights  
In the midst of the hieroglyphs my fingertips start to write  
Familiar with cartwright, cause I wrote that shot, I'm a raging bull  
When the needle drops. For the record, I'm a wreck it, even if my record don  
't pop  
I'm a tie a knot on a Downtown building  
Let it toll behind me tell em they can find me  
In the dark with the ghetto children  
Look at my heart, nigga fuck your feelings  
This is me!

I'm sick of motherfuckers talking about "the West died"  
Can't you hear my heart beating?  
That's the motherfuckin West side, you test me, you test God  
I'm his son, it says in Psalms, you come at me  
Then I can split you with this Tommy gun  
You won't have time to run, I'm from the Compton slums  
And that's how the West ride  
I'm from the city where 2 of the best died  
Rest in peace to both of em, spit like I'm the ghost of em  
Damn, I said I spit like I'm the ghost of em  
Name your top 10, I'm harder than the most of em  
Matter of fact, shorten your list nigga, top 5  
Game, Biggie, Hov, prolly Pac, Nas  
No particular order, bet a mil that I slaughter  
Serve niggas, give a fuck what you ordered  
How dare you niggas pop fly when I'm the nigga  
Sold 5 mil out the gate and numbers do not lie

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I gave you the Documentary, shit was a classic  
Gave you Doctor's Advocate, you ripped it out the package  
Came with LAX, since critics said it was average  
I was stressed the fuck out, torn between Aftermath and  
Geffen, Interscope, now I got you in the scope  
Spill the red ink on the paper, it's like my pen is broke  
And this is what you all been waiting for  
I'm the lost angel knocking on Satan's door  
What the fuck y'all take me for?  
I love you cause you hate me more  
I'm Kobe on the Lakers floor, except I give you 84  
Shake you like Haiti's floor  
Walk up on you like "what's going on baby boy? "  
Shots in that Mercedes door  
Either I'm crazy, or the black Slim Shady, or  
That be the reason that Baby said he would pay me more  
But I still owe Jimmy one more album  
The best the West has ever seen - no disrespect to Calvin

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And I wear a pendant on my shoulder  
Soldier, like a lieutenant, and the coupe tinted  
Got pulled over, Johnny always lock a nigga down  
Knowing damn well we don't wanna see the box like Manny Pacquiao  
Little nigga Mayweather size, ride like Pac in his prime  
Thug life is now on radar  
Til the federal come through and raid ours  
Reminiscing on the LA Raiders  
Was in my home, snapback fitted on my uncle's dome  
And I don't condone dickriding, I'm addicted to  
Westsiding, living in a city where the skinny niggas die  
And the semi bullets fly, but it turn me to a lion  
Trying, and I mean that shit  
Game came through, put the city on his back  
I was in the city, where a nigga had seen that shit  
"Compton! ", a nigga gotta scream that shit  
Never went commercial, Never T.V. screened that shit  
Can't block or screen that shit, now everybody seen that shit