

The Game, Cocaine

(Verse One)

I'm too gangsta for the streets, watch me when I creep
I put five in ya, jeep - leave a nigga sleep
Now you six feet deep over bullshit
Got a Mac 10 mouth ain't never pull shit
The ghetto dont make G's and mo niggaz
Get down or lay down, like Bennie Mack told niggaz
Or meet the fo fo, nigga - I let the guns blow nigga
I'm a rider - thug live til I die
Black Wall Street behind us - I'm a menace to society
F**k Cane And O dogg, I got the cane and the o's, dawg
I'm gangsta like Hennesy and Alizay, thug passion
Ride or die til they kill me and put me in thugs mansion
Gang bangin, this California life-style got me heated
They want me burried so I don't leave with out the Desert Eagle
Shoot first, ask questions on way to county jail
Kill a nigga over my chain, 'cause I know I'ma make bail
I'm troublesome

(Verse Two)

If I die tonight - bury me a G, amongsts rap legends
'Cause I spit bullets and rhymes, sixteens and nines
I keep a vest and a weapon, my baby momma got me stressin
Prayin on my knees every night, askin God is there a heaven
So here is my confession to my unborn child
If five shots couldn't drop me but I ain't take 'em and smile
I lost a lot of my niggaz to gang bangin and ditches
One finger on the trigger, dawg, I live the life of a sinner
These motherf**kers wanna see me doing life in the pen
I'm a outlaw and the westcoast is ridin again
My competition is none, I'm on the mission with guns
Starring death in the eyes, 20 niggaz deep, when we ride
My enemies is bitches - they plottin on my riches
Can't walk in the street with out paparazzi taking pictures
Label me a made nigga, all the way from Compton to Boston
These niggaz keep talkin, I leave 'em dead in the coffin
I'm troublesome

(Verse Three)

Money over bitches is my motto, in the street I'n known for catchin hollo's
Packing pistols and drinking belvy and Grey Goose out the bottle
No role models, only killas and fiends
Withness my niggaz strapped with gats, and army fatigues
If it's murder, he wrote it, if I'm lying
let the devil excel quoted and know that I'm strictly a rap poet
Babtized in my own tears, chastized by my own peers
I'm a product of my childhood years
My mother told me I'm hopeless, my pops wasn't around
One of the reasons why I'm clutchin a pound
California dreaming, chronic smoke out the beamer
One hand on the nina, scheeming got these hoochie bitches screaming
They know that I'm a celeberty - keep the cop-killers in the clip
And watch my back is what my niggaz keep telling me
Twenty-one years old, no felonies so I ride with the Desert
and pay homage to the hardest rap legends
I'm troublesome