

300 Bars & Runnin'

The Game

My mama took me to Sam Goody's
I wanted to buy a 50 Cent CD
I took that shit home
That shit was wack like a motherfucker
Don't fuck with Game

I like 50 Cent
He reminds me Spongebob
And Tony Yayo is Blues Clues
And Lloyd Banks is Dora the Explorer
They're my friends
Psyche

I went down one of them Bodaga shits right there in Harlem
Got me a bootleg Lloyd Banks and Young Buck CD
Took that shit home, put it in my boom box
Thought I was 'bout to be on some radio Raheim shit
Man that shit sound like some Vanessa Williams '88
I mean Olivia cute but they say that bitch a man
So this Black Wallstreet for life now
GGG-UNOT!

300 Bars and Running
Just loan me your ears for 15 minutes
Walk with me

Here the breakdown, pass the doja, .45 in the holster
Hollow tips'll fold 'em, them niggaz they toy soldiers
Oh, that boy colder than Hova unless he sober
Like I'm the president, but this ain't the takeover
Now, there's the speaker, bring your ears a little closer
Before you call this a diss, and you make Hova pissed
Why would I wanna do that? When I'm just the new cat
That was taught if a nigga take shots to shoot back
Defending his yard, yeah, standing his ground
I'm saying if you gonna retire, then hand me the crown
Nah, let Bleek do it, then throw him a concert in Madison square
Watch everybody sleep through it
We can go bar for bar, I'll let the lines speak to 'em
What they say? Bleek is over let Chris and Neef do it
They say the wrong thing, I'ma smack 'em silly
What you thought? Them was the only niggaz that rapped in Philly?
See them niggaz with the soonies leave you wrapped in Philly
Then dash in groups like Beanie Mac in Philly
Compton camcorder said Curtis Jack in Philly
Make a U-turn, I gotta go back to Philly
I forgot my cheese steak, that's what I told the cops
So they wouldn't get the dogs start searching for the glock
And I can't forget, B.I.G. got murdered by the cops
Even I was Ready To Die, when I heard that he was shot
What's beef? Beef is when I murk you on the spot
Label's signing many things, still searching for they Pac
I put purple on the block
So I don't feel threatened when Ludacris say he coming for the #1 spot
Ask 50, it get lonely on top
You can hate me or love me, but now the cops the only homies he got
When it's beef we eat, we win, but we ain't lonely we pop

You sell records but a GGG-u not!
Acting big on the radio, to me you not
You can ask Mr. CCC who hot
Tony Yayo I bet 10 G's you flop
Run up on that new 300 C you got
Stop hoping I fall, hope the bleeding stop
And I hope you black out before you see the cops
I ain't hot top for colors, I'm from Cedar Block
So I got my hot tops that make your breathing stop
I'm a gangsta slash rapper, check your CD shop
I'm like Elvis in there, they can't believe you dropped
Now I'm moving on up to George and Weezy's spot
I picked up where my homeboy Eazy stopped
I saw the west coast, put the shit on my back
Sprayed Aftermath on it, then loosened the strap
It get hot in here, let Lucifer rap
Bring hell to niggaz when Dre producing a track
Take it to the streets, put the duece duece to your hat
Then call up the pigs, tell them the rooster's back
Call Jadakiss, tell him that duke is back
I'm still by your side, no matter who comes strapped
Fuck Lloyd Banks, it ain't about who can rap
It's about when the Ruger clap, is Rufus back?
I see what you thinking, you want me to die, is that so?
Now you left leaning back, thanks to Fat Joe
We got reservations in heaven, you ready? Let's go!
Drop them off, then the sound like Esko
I'm a say 'he hit me first' if me and Dre talk
All Nas said back was he had a ??
Now that's the eulogy, beef is kinda foolish see
Niggaz running their mouth about what the fuck they gon' do to me
But quit the yapping before I proceed to clapping
And you gon' see the captain with plans of getting me captured
Even behind bars, I'm still gon' shine
I'm 10 years younger than Yayo, I get out, I'm fine
Then I go right back, nigga I pop mines
How you gon' drop Olivia, you only drop dimes
I knew you changed, when you started sleeping in that vest dog
I don't need 50 Cent, my niggaz make collect calls
1-800-split a faggot nigga wig
He got G-Unit wings, throw them off the Queens Bridge
Now your career is over, career is over
We in QB, banging CNN in the rover
T-O-N-Y, that's Capone and NORE
You ain't the talk of New York, your sixteens is boring
Take that shit off nigga, go back to PC
And tell 50 Cent you want a copy of Beef 3
I'm airing their ass out on DVD
You wanna rhyme like Lloyd Banks repeat after me
I'm a G-Unit toy soldier
On Sesame street doing voice overs
Bitch ass nigga need a rhyme dictionary, to rehearse his lines
Sound like Oscar the Grouch, with them nursery rhymes
We was in the studio, when I first got signed
He got stuck, he called 50 tryna borrow some lines
That's the wrong nigga, when you need help with your rhymes
All he gon' tell you is say G-Unit one more time
Got mad 'cause I ain't wanna make your beef mine
You got lucky with Ja, why you ain't go at Shyne?
He freestyled from the pen, that's just the fact
Said he'd put you with your mom, and you ain't fucked with that
Then you lied about your pops, he ain't never bust no cap
Like Father, Like Son, go ask Busta that

I knew from the beginning I couldn't trust those cats
I'd kill 'em all, if I could bring Justo back
The underground is mine, I treat it like home
It's the reason niggaz saying my name like Mike Jones
The underground is mine, I treat it like home
It's the reason niggaz saying my name like Mike Jones
The underground is mine, I treat it like home
It's the reason niggaz saying my name like Mike Jones
I said
The underground is mine, I treat it like home
It's the reason niggaz saying my name like Mike Jones
And I'm far from Houston but you can chop it and screw it
Do whatever to it, but it in the store the shit moving
Gave 'em a hundred bars, they ain't think I could do it
Came with two hundred, nigga this is more than music
Even Dre knew it, that boy hot like summer
Both feet in the dirt, 300 Bars and Running
And I beef with any nigga, say my name muthafuck I'm gunnin'
You can put it on skee if you want it
I'll air you out on Drama King, Mike, or Clue
And watch them shits sell out like a Air Jordon shoe
I told Funk Flex when I catch the nigga Whoo Kid
We gon' see if he know how to DJ with bruised ribs
Don't hit me on the sidekick asking what you did
Get a gun or ask 50's police to use his
'Cause Bloods gonna get ya
Bloods, Bloods gonna get ya for that Shadyville chain
That 380 spill brains, when I pop shots
Outside NY, in front of hip-hop cops
Or broad day in L.A., I'ma tell Em and Dre
This nigga bootlegging my music, ain't nothing for him to say
Took me off my own songs, then put it on his tapes
So I'ma take him out his house, put the beam on his face
Drop him off at Terror Squad, let him scream for the jakes
'Cause when you fucking with Jayceon, you can bleed in the lake
For caking off niggaz on them CD's and tapes
Ask them to scratch a record, you will see he fake
If 50 was Puffy, you'd run and go get him a cheese cake
Take the DJ off your name, Mr. Instant replay
Not the instant replay
I mean the machine that G-Unit use every time 50 on stage singing like
Bitches only for your shit just a lil bit
niggaz only for your shit just a lil bit
On my album 50 helped me just a lil bit
Only on two songs, now back to some killer shit
My clips bananas, I kill a gorilla quick
Beating on your chest, I see to your death, yep
Tell Ecko to make him a suit
Tell Reebok to make him some boots
Get him a head band, to cover the holes in his head
He a dead man for thinking he can walk through muddy waters like Redman
Banks blacked out and let the gun blam without a M-E-T-H-O-D Man
So the lieutenant gotta ask for his strings
Take my advice, never wear air max for the game
Unless you one of the Bloods, or a Latin king
'Cause if your left with the Aryans your ass will sting
And your cell mate is a 25 to lifer
They will stab you in Folsom then fuck you on Rikers
And Life Goes On
Now back to the coward of the hour who lied and said he write my songs
He told Vibe Dre was gonna leave me on the shelf
So he gave me all his hits, you should've kept them for yourself
nigga stop acting tough before I stand over you

Show you how The Documentary live on top of The Massacre
Make a move I'm blasting your ass to the last one
Ten shots from the Mack empty the rest in the passenger
Fase yelling that's enough, let the coroner bag him up
Throw in Makaveli and lift the doors on the Maganum
Gun smoking, Fase think I'm locin' backing up
Reverse the '05 hearse on 41st and traffic, what
Hip-Hop cops on my left, but I pass 'em up
The Dodge got a hemmy in it, Game got a Remy in 'em
In and out of lanes like a New York cab
I miss the Old King, that New York had
Who's this fake nigga, on pictures with the Jake nigga?
Got his crew starving 'cause he ain't the whole cake, nigga
He ain't Nas, ain't B.I.G., ain't Jigga
If he ain't Cube or Pac then who you got?
We getting tired of you talking about who you shot
I'll use another six bars to tell you who you not
You ain't 50 Cent, he went out like a gangsta
You went out with Vivica, three months after wanksta
Get Rich or Die Trying, we thought you was hot
Now the same nigga wanna take us to the Candy Shop
C'mon man, what happened to the thug?
Now you could find in the club, him and Lloyd Banks hugging
nigga got mad when The Game start buzzing
So fuck making friends now I'm into throwing slugs
Olivia talking about we a family, Game had to go
nigga I'll smack that ho like I'm Jackie-O
'Cause I don't wanna be cool, I don't wanna be you
I don't wanna shake hands, or wear your G-Unit shoes
Don't want you on my hooks, don't wanna be in your group
Just wanna sit here and wait
To be gone, so I can head back to the block
Fresh white Nike airs and the matching socks fitted

Pull the brim low, if they don't get it
Bentley Coup on gold daytons, I was the first one with it
Four times platinum, I done been there and did it
Came in the game and shitted, then wiped my ass with it
They say the Lord Givth, if Lord take it away
So I build a house on top of Hip-Hop, I'll wait for the day
niggaz hating on me, they don't want Jayceon to play
And the DA waiting on Jayceon to make a mistake
So they can put me in the SWAT car and lock me away
Give me a odd job in the pen for minimum pay
Let me out so I can drive down criminal way
Pushing the rock, nah this ain't no subliminal Jay
The summer too hot, and I want the winter to stay
'Cause I'm a cold nigga when I put the pen to the page
Similar to them shells going into my gauge
I hand 'em off to Dre, he turned them into grenades
And Just Blaze, 'cause the boy got game
Like I close my eyes, and woke up in a Roc chain
Now back to reality, my gun and my vest
And if diamonds are forever, then I'm Kanye West
Take a look at my chest, a hundred thou wet Jacob
Whole crew got chains, a hundred thou can't break 'em
And the flow is hot like that wit Satan
And the only thing I got spinning is Daytons
The hotter I get the more willing to snake 'em
So soon as the beat drop, watch where I take 'em
Compton Swap meet, to get me some All-Stars
When Game in the house, they they calling all cars
'Cause they heard about what went on in D.C.

Heard about Hot 97, my beef with 50

Now tell me do he got a conscience?

I think not, 'cause if he did I wouldn't be involved in this nonsense

Wouldn't be in Harlem, wouldn't be at this conference

I'd rather be pushing rock, like ??

50 whispered in my ear, like we still bonding

We ain't friends, I'm just acting like Charles Bronson

Middle finger in the air, one hand on my Johnson

Hip-Hop police on me like I'm the convict

What happened to the old school? I thought it was rhyming

Doug E. Fresh and Dana Day on the corner like Common

Now that ain't common, it's more like Top Ramen

The flow is noodles, I throw it up like vomit

And I still shine like diamonds

They kicked me out of G-Unit and I rebounded like Rodman

It's still Aftermath, two feet in the paint, shit

I be mad, I ain't, I'm supposed to stop I can't because

I'm in the hood politican, Impala liftin'

And I keep a black .45 on the side of my prada denim

Chip on my shoulder like I'm fresh outta prison

Dollar vision, blow a hundred thou like my wallet missing

Then re-up like Kim before the d-cup

Continuously getting money with my feet up

Chasing the throne, here my black Air Force

I said fuck Benzino and got the cover of The Source

Feel me? If not then I guess you gotta kill me

But you ain't gon' do that so muthafucka move back

While I do B.I.G. and 'Pac impersonations on two tracks

When I wake the dead, everybody remove hats

We miss ya'll, can I get a hand clap?

Now back to rap, why I gotta stay strapped?

On that murder T-I-P, kill you ASAP

They won't know which hole to patch up, when the 'K' clap

I tried to spare you Young Buck, now it's time for payback

It go, how you from Cashville but you ain't got no cash nigga?

Say my name now that's your fucking ass nigga

Kept your mouth shut and I gave you a pass nigga

Now I gotta lay you down like the last nigga

Buck, buck, buck from my AK-47

This nigga playing with his life, I might have to put him in heaven

Tryna play the game, talking shit up on the stereo

Prepare for burial, it's when I'm reincarnating Harry-O

And you don't want that David 'cause you love your life

Get my Vibe, when it's war he pull out butter knives

Motherfucker I'ma show you who the gangsta

All you do is Murder Inc., now who the wanksta?

When Suge had you, you were stranded on Tha Row

Juve left you for dead and went back to the NO

50 heard you on the tour bus and felt your little flow

Then he made you temporary replacement for Yayo

You a bitch, and that's hard to swallow

And you got robbed for your spinning G-Unit chain in Chicago

I call my nigga Jojo to get it back

He had the shit in his hands, and you ain't had the ten stacks

Picture that, I thought we was G-Unit

Then you ran and told 50 that I did that shit

Ask C-Murder, the boy ain't hard to find

I told Monica when I catch him The Boy is Mine

Take one shot of Brandy and pop

Watch his panties drop, when I run inside the Candy Shop

Fuck you, 50, Banks, Yayo, and the cops

And Olivia, I mean for a man she hot

Now I'm running out of breath, like I just beat boxed
Got 20 bars to go, lay it down like sheet rock
Don't worry about the flow, the boy know he hot
Hurricanes in store November, nigga fuck Reeboks
I'm fly like a Hummingbird on a tree top
The new Hov, the new B.I.G., the new 'Pac, I need three spots
280 in, ain't no getting me back
I'm yelling fuck the world, on my victory lap
Remember first it was Buddens, then it was Bleek
Now it's whoever motherfucker, yeah, who want beef?
Now whenever motherfucker, who wanna see me?
In the coffin, body exhausted, resting in peace
You don't want war nigga, you want peace
So give 'em the peace, capiche (sp?)
Let 'em rest in peace
From west to east the flow is outdatable, irreplaceable
Lyrical homicide, hell is hot, I'm boxing with Satan
And I slipped 'em the ace, you cannot replace 'em
If Eazy ever decide to return, I remain Jayceon
A king in the making, and the throne is for the taking
So I climb the mountain top and put my stake in
Got the weight of the world on my shoulder
Not a nigga nor a hood rat bitch can stop me from taking it over
This is crack music, go get the baking soda
300 Bars and Running, nigga the wait is over
I'm gone gone gone gone gone gone gone gone gone gone