

Bigger Than Me

The Game

These niggas ain't bigger than me
These niggas ain't Nas ain't Jigga to me
These niggas ain't Em, they ain't 50 to me
You ain't Pun, you ain't Pac, you ain't Biggie to me
These niggas ain't Crips, they ain't 60's to me
These niggas ain't Bloods, they ain't dripping with me
Niggas talking that shit, bout the new generation
Man Fuck these niggas, I'll slash your fucking faces

You niggas ain't sold shit, not an album or a rock
Pussy nigga putting rings on my old bitch
Dick down the throat ass niggas
Old ho' ass niggas
Happy cause you went gold ass niggas
These niggas ain't spitting with me
You ain't sicker than me
Fuck out my section you ain't sitting with me
This for very important people
It's clear that we not equal
Clear you niggas faggots, I'm the black Marshall Mathers
Like "ying, ying, ying" on a motherfucker
Who needs Hulk Hogan when you got Sting on this motherfucker?
Less than five albums, Kiss the Ring on this motherfucker
California throne and I'm the King on this motherfucker
I don't wanna hear it
Weak ass lyrics
Crying on the hook, thinking we gon feel it
Old lost ass niggas
Voice crack when you talk ass niggas
Rolling blunts for them boss ass niggas

I came in with Ye', Jeezy and boss ass niggas
Your Freshman cover a whole bunch of soft ass niggas
Tampon lyricists, evacuate the premises
Mute BET Cyphers, cause I don't wanna hear that shit
May you Rest in Piss, you fuck niggas
Aye, Frank Ocean go ahead and fuck these niggas (yeah they fuck niggas)
Ain't no 3 stacks in your class
Take your Top 10 spot and shove it up your ass, bitch boy
Niggas already fucked your bitch, you bitch boy
And every time you kiss your bitch you suck my dick, bitch boy
And when you buy that ho a bag that bitch carry my bricks, bitch boy

I was in the Double-XL
Red Chucks round my neck
I was the G in the Unit
Had Buck in my set, word to the rhymes
Had Bust a bust around my set
Gave Who Kid a Glock in case they bust round my set
I'm from Compton
Where the glocc can't fuck with that tech
That's on bompton
40 Glocc got socked in his neck
This a spawn in the flesh
Fuck all these pussys, give me any name to call out
Left Aftermath, Dre told me

Black Marshall Mathers, time to show 'em what it's all 'bout
"Ying, ying, ying" on a motherfucker

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Eh Frank Ocean go ahead and fuck these fuck niggas
"Ying, ying, ying" on a motherfucker
"Ying, ying, ying" on a motherfucker
Drop your single, I drop dreams on that motherfucker
I should let my daughter scream on this motherfucker
The industry soft, I should let Miguel sing on this motherfucker
Ride out
Blood money, we gon' ride out
Ride out
And don't think I won't send six niggas to your hide out
Rich Gang