

Born 2 Rap

The Game

I remember I was rappin' for a year and half
Couple tears in a glass
Some gunshots then I appeared on the map, bust it
In the studio way in the back with Busta
Next mornin' back to weighin' the crack, fuck it
What if Dre don't make an album out my demo?
At least me, Snoop, and Nate Dogg smoked some Endo
Mailman told me, "Be patient," thanks for the info
Next thing I know, I'm in Hits Factory with Timbo
Came back and threw the Range on Lorenzos
I'm reminiscin', lookin' out this Lamborghini window
My Granny told me I'd be bigger than Nintendo, Game
Let the top down so she could scream her grandson name
We on our way back to the nursin' home listenin' to Just Blaze beats to put
these verses on
My life almost got cut short on the 'Math 'til Jigga told Dre Hate it or Lov
e it was a smash

I sit alone in my room in the zone writin' classics
Who rap better than me?
I sit alone in my room in the zone writin' classics
Who rap better than me?
I sit alone in my room in the zone writin' classics
Who do it better than me?
Who rap better than me?
Who rap better than me?

Should sound like I found the Fountain of Youth
It's like the bald-head Game steppin' back in the booth, true
I'm the only nigga rap like I do, proof
Who survived after 300 Bars, who?
Nobody, I'm still countin' these bodies
Still countin' these millions
Still make everybody quiet when I walk in the lobby of that Interscope build
in'
I still drop one line and have 'em all in they feelings
I know you miss me but I just been in Calabasas
Bought the crib far just to stop from whooppin' nigga's asses
I'm the definition of classic
I'm the feelin' fans used to get when they rip the shit up out the plastic
How many legendary studios got my plaques in it?
New Lambo truck, let's see if I can start from scratch in it
And I started from the bottom of the block
Hate it or live it the underdog still on top, nigga

I sit alone in my room in the zone writin' classics
Who rap better than me?
I sit alone in my room in the zone writin' classics
Who rap better than me?
I sit alone in my room in the zone writin' classics
Who do it better than me?
Who rap better than me?
Who rap better than me?

Game was always open arms
You know what I mean?
And, you know, he was the only one for a while

Yeah

From the-from the generation after the Snoop, Dre, Pac
So Game was-he held the position of-everybody looked to Game
For-for, you know, "Hey, listen to my Tape woo"
I actually met Game in my hood on Crenshaw and Slauson
And I was outside on the block with like twenty of my homies
And, um, I see the Range Rover, I'm like, "That's Game right there"
And we all walked up to his car and I handed my CD, you know?
And on my daughter, he had a Glock on his-on his hip
I mean on his lap
And that's what made me like-I ain't gon' say, "Made me respect Game"
I respect Game off all the things he done
But when we met, you know what I'm sayin'?
It was um, I was in the middle of my hood, you know, with all my homies befo
re rap and Game was drivin' through solo with a-with a Glock in his lap
You know so
No security, just solo?
Nah, nah, only solo (Only solo)