Down

The Game

Oooooh

(The Game)
That's Lloyd Bank's momma singin'
You betta tell your boy to keep his mouth closed
Or he gon' get a black tux
And a free wake
How my bow tie lookin'?
You ready?
Let's go

When I see Lloyd Banks it's goin', (down, down)
If you in the car wit em' you betta get, (down, oooh well)
Automatic rifle
And i'm blastin' on sight so
Ski mask, i'm psycho
My gun got night scope

Two in the leg knocked em, (down, down)
From Thirty feet away he fell, (down, oooh well)
Touch kids like Michael
One roll of the dice, oh!
You wanna gamble wit' your life
Nigga die slow

Now your casket goin', (down, down)
Tony Yayo tried to run
I chased him, (down, oooh well)
Cause' I hate the Jakes
Pat him down take his cake
He wanna be a clown nigga
Might as well paint his face

And that's how I get, (down, down)
Fuck G-Unit nigga i'm not (down, oooh well)
Used to ride wit' em'
Slice up the pie wit' em'
Got kicked out the group
'cause I wasn't gon' die wit' em'

And that's how it went, (down, down)
At Hot 97 we came, (down, oooh well)
Had Thirty niggas wit' me
Niggas that sport the Dickies
Hoppin' out of cabs
We just want to talk to 50

We wanna know what's goin' (down, down)
Security pulled heat it went, (down, oooh well)
Had to shake the block
I ain't tryna' face the cops
Heard a couple shots
Then I seen the shell cases drop

Told P-nut to get, (down, down)
I looked back and saw my nigga goin', (down, oooh well)
I said,"homie we can't leave em'"

What if my nigga dyin'
Soon as we hit Houston then
We heard police sirens

Oh shit!, it's goin', (down, down)
Guns out, they tellin' him to get, (down, oooh well)
He on both knees
Blood squirtin' out his jeans
Catch 22 should I go to jail or flee the scene

Either way it's goin', (down, down)
So I hopped in the truck and went, (down, oooh well)
Broadway in a black suburban
One thing on my mind
Go hard til' them fags get murdered

'cause he tried to get my nigga shot, (down, down)
But he survived and now he goin' (down, oooh well)
To the station
Police at the Double-U waitin'
On me to arrive and now I gotta shake em'

They wanna take a nigga, (down, down)
We on the same elevator goin', (down, oooh well)
Dodger fitted
Got the Hova lean
So they ain't notice me
Now they mad as fuck
And gotta watch my Range Rover leave

Hit the 95 and head, (down, down)
It's to Philly so i can lay it, (down, oooh well)
Catch the first thing smoking back the L-A-X
Kicked up my Air Nikes
Then I slept the whole flight

Had a dream about it goin', (down, down)
Woke up and saw my plane comin', (down, oooh well)
Missed the palm trees
Sunshinin' everyday
New York's my second home
But i'm from in L.A

And i hold shit, (down, down)
The throne was empty so I sat, (down, oooh well)
And just handled my biz
Theres two sides to every westside story
And I just tell it like it is

And that's how it went, (down, down)
On my son that's all that went, (down, oooh well)
So stop tellin' them lies to all them motherfuckin' magazines
And radio stations nigga you know what happened

Me and Lloyd Banks aint, (down, down)
Keep talkin' shit, i'll lay you, (down, oooh well)

You niggas ran out the backdoor nigga
All I wanted to do was holla man
To see what was what

Y'all was too fuckin' scared to come, (down, down)
You've been to Compton, you know how I get, (down, oooh well)

So fuck y'all nigga
And it's like that
For life

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