

Feelin It

The Game

Young Rob what's good my nigga?
Chuck what's up with you
Shit, in here holdin' it down man. When you gonna come see a nigga, put some thin' on my books man
Yeah, I just shopped you something the other day, it should be getting to you. Like the next day or two
Yeah yeah, I'm fuckin' with you nigga. Bitch came to my fuckin' bail, came to my cell nigga said, "I had like 2.2 on my books. What I wanna buy?" Told that bitch give me a motherfuckin' million dollars worth of playboy books
You know I had to keep a nigga' books right?
Yeah yeah, you keep a nigga flooded man just wait 'til I touch down, I'm gonna be on some shit
You been writin' in there?
Little bit, know what I'm sayin' - on the walls and shit
Couple bars here couple bars there, been fightin' and shit
You got something I could listen to real quick?
Shit, g-yeah. Check it

Most of these rap niggas be fakin', I'm talkin' the throne chases
I diss 'em on any basis, throw Patrón shots to my face and
Stay blunted like Jamaicans, the Marley's puffin' the finest cheefa
Fuckin' the finest divas, if I have it I'd like to meet you
Show you how I light the streets up, kill niggas that never speak up
You my fans, sit in the stands and watch me rip these beats up
Like a legend, feel my presence like the dead ones
If I die, my only wish is my face on some Air-1s (Okay, okay, okay)
My soul's curled, my baby mommas they drive 6s
As for my bitches there's other rappers out there that's trickin'
My only mission was to sell a couple records
Buy a Bentley and drive reckless, a big medallion on my necklace
I 'seen Kane and Rakim do it, so much respect here
Hip-Hop is dead because you new niggas don't get the message
I used to call names out, you niggas don't deserve it
So lame out, die from these bullets 'outta Game's mouth (ooh)

Yeah I've been here flexin' my shit nigga I told you
Yeah I see your shit's on fire, nigga I know you got some more shit I can listen to
Shit, hell yeah check it

My flow polished, I studied the legends
Hip-Hop scholar kick knowledge get dollars
You got some work then holler
I'm on the block pitchin', most of us got riches
Not trippin' work hydraulics and fuck the hot bitches
Youngins don't stop wishin', if you got a block then flip it
Just because I'm a blood don't mean my niggas should stop crippin'
We from the ghetto, we came up without a pot to piss in
We gettin' money stayin' blunted 'cause' the clock is tickin'
You got a rock then pitch it, you got a Glock then lift it
Them G-Unot T-shirts make them niggas stop snitchin'
Forever ballin' I'm Jim Jones with rims
On that blue Aston Martin interior like my skin tone
Most of these rappers want me dead, shit I been gone
Too classic, move rapid, my jewels the blackest
The first 8 letters and everything that I stand for
Colder than a New York block, shut the damn door

Changed up your style up this shit, ooh-ee
Had to give the East coast niggas somethin' man
You know I be on my motherfuckin' gangsta shit
Sometimes I just gotta' spaz out
Man, damn I can't wait 'til you're home, boy
You know man, it's like, it's just another year and half
I'll be good man. Need some pussy though, that's the main shit
Pussy and Patrón

Niggas calling me back for an Encore like I'm Eminem
I disappear niggas like spinnin' rims who the fuck wanna war
Meet us at in the corner store, call it the hot spot
Where gang-bangers throw hot rocks the boys coming So what
They pop cops, push them hot drops Hop out with them shirts on
And say we got rocks High-school drop outs
They're there to air the block out, stack paper like the OGs told us
(Ey come on my nigga I gotta go, gotta go)
We only chirp on Nextels don't talk on them Motorolas
Gotta' feel that (I gotta go pick up Brandy man, Chuck)
So kick back and listen to what I'm saying, picture me parleying (Chuck) I'm
flippin' bricks when you eating pussy you chicken shit
I fuck bitches on their time, I 'chall when they dime
Gettin' head under the table everybody stay calm
(Aw fuck this shit)
I'm great