

## Haters

## The Game

These rap niggas hate and they smile in my face  
You rabbit niggas, man. The turtle ain't one to waste  
And, the radio debate what the fuck they going to play  
All the hot shit is my shit; they take what I say  
Play scrabble with my words and put it on the front page  
They go find a picture of 50 and Game  
Say it's East vs. West; New York and L.A  
Since I don't button up, now I'm beefin' with Jay  
Apologize in seconds  
You niggas is reckless, you're not going to pay me to beef  
With a legend  
My pride I'd protect it, the streets I respect it  
I'm not trying to replace Pac so accept  
After 5 million records; the Dr.Dre lectures; and 3 world  
Tours  
West Coast Resurrected  
My form to the group of help was rejected  
I felt abandoned so I threw away my necklace

I can hear niggas talking, whispering in the dark they're  
Like dogs with no bark  
When I pull over and park then guns starts to spark and the  
Bullets find the mark  
Niggas outlined in the chalk and I speak from the heart  
When I say that I kill you, it's simple and plain  
Don't say shit about Dre and don't mention The Game  
This industry is fake and I can't understand how a grown ass  
Man  
Sent a bitch to the pen, how you snitched on stan; he's a  
Bitch like his man  
He'd of did you for a grand. Eminem called him stan  
I'm going to say it again  
If I had one more chance I would've break all of his ribs  
With my bare fuckin' hands  
I'm a gangsta with fire  
You ain't, you a liar  
You ain't got no pride, there's a snitch in the wire  
Your fan base knows that you're gangsta is dying  
I won't stop until that wanksta retires

After 20 magazines and a couple of awards  
I can close the first chapter; put my plaques on the wall  
To the top of the billboard  
Who ever knew that I would sell more than Destiny Child and  
U2?  
Or do a song with Busta, go neck and neck with Usher?  
Went gold in a week, I'm a bad mutherfucka  
This Gangsta Disciple and vice lord shit  
Brown pride, latin king  
This is blood, this is crip  
Hit the Impala Switch  
I keep a clip for any nigga that said I fuck his bitch  
Or changed cause I'm rich, saying Game used to strip  
Niggas weren't saying shit until I came with a hit  
Now you want to see me dead, blood stains in his whip  
Take a father from his son, put my name in cement  
After I'm gone they gonna sample my songs

You can bury my bones but my music lives on