

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