

The Game

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Yo, I'm nothing like, I'm nothing nice
Yo I'm nothing like something nice, fuck a fight
I'm out bucking right, weaving left, moving fast
Duck and dodge under cars so cops don't see my stupid ass
Jibber this, jabber that, I'm clickin' this, clackin' that
Hittin' this, jackin' that, gettin' this, stackin' that
I make movies, killer shit, action packed
Realer shit, gat for gat, thriller shit, Jackson pack
You play if you dare, this 80 gon' flare
Rock and recline you like a Lazy Boy chair
Ligaments damaged and need to get repaired again
Good thing my bullets come with free shipment and handlin'
Money back guaranteed if he don't die at the scene
Hundred cash guaranteed if he don't drop at the scene
I'm natural born, from the gravel up on
I get gate, these stakes keep rattlin' on
I'm a don, plus I know how to calm sluts
A lil cock and a snap on fat from Von Dutch
I'm the cappuccino and I ain't talkin' Starbucks
No hot coffee, drop off me

Red rag in my back pocket
'63 Continental, suicide doors, black mask, black topic
Santana in the cockpit, rearview mirror, bandana tied in a knot and
Coke in the grill, hundred spokes in the wheels, nigga I'm stuntin'
White Air 1's and I'm still a hundred miles and runnin'
They gunnin' for nothin', they missin' so I'm still livin'
Dope game too hot, MTV can't come to my kitchen
I'm still pitchin', Dre don't know that I'm on the block hustlin'
Engineers find work in the studio, shhh... they don't say nothin'
I'm sprayin', you bluffin', I'm laughin', you sufferin'
Your man at the precinct talkin' on tape like Teddy Ruxpin
We do heavy shufflin', leave you in black tuxes
Jim Jones and Cam'ron, Harlem and Compton, we like Blood cousins
On 24's, rubbin', so what the whores love it
Eagle on your chest like the Byrd Gang, nigga fuck it
Wall Street and Dipset, I plead the fifth

You know some tried to kill me, they better run, how silly
Cause I come with the goons, you can call me One-Eye Willy
It's gonna take some endurance, I had cases in courts
And I was facin' some warrants, almost got lost in the wave of the current
And my killers is heartless, so quick to fill up a cartridge
And my gorillas will get you, I give a fuck if you send Mandela to squash it
Manhandlin' Porsches, and we set up with thugs
We flip up in clubs, all you see is bandanas and gang members in porches
Car jackin', the weed is raw, big ass when we leave on tour
So pull gas we don't believe the law, the first rise on the Reigal law
We got government issues, they got us in ghettos, we thuggin' with pistols
We pourin' out liquor to thugs, we miss you
We sendin' our love on a dub, hope it reach you
The snub or the Eagle, hit the block and grudge like I'm evil
Westside where them techs fly, Cedar Block, showin' love to my people
Chuck Taylor's and khakis, Chuck Taylor, he's bracky
Three of the ghetto's most wanted, hustle like sailors on Trackspeed
Fuck about jails and patackies, you uppinn' our sales in the crack feed
That's for Omar Bradley, the revolution has started

Black Wall, Dipset, we bangin'
Dipset we ride or dyin'
Black Wall Street gangbangin'