

# Undefeated

## The Game

Not gonna let you down  
Nobody's gon' take my shine 'cause this world is  
World is mine  
Keep my eyes on the prize and live my life  
Live my life  
Say I'm undefeated, 3-0, you don't know me  
You don't know  
I'm always gonna be around

When I first met Doc I had a pocket full of rocks  
Fresh out of Compton, shinin' like the Impala shocks  
Bright red laces in my Vince Carter Shox  
Dirty white T 'cause I just came from the block  
Dirt under my nails and I think he could tell  
I just cooked a whole ounce I had that dope spot smell  
I was somethin' that he never seen, saggin' in some Polo jeans  
Eyes bloodshot red, a walkin' infrared beam  
Cincinnati hat like a pitcher on the Reds team  
He was makin' beats so I did my little head thing  
A bad bitch walked by, Dre smacked her on the ass  
She turned around and whispered in my ear, "Welcome to the 'math"  
And I couldn't do nothin' but laugh  
On my way to the '64, dropped the rag  
Today was a good day like Cube would say  
You need me for Detox, I'll be on my way  
Holler

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I remember walkin' in the studio and Eve was like (Hey!)  
Then I walked out the studio the king of (L.A.)  
I miss the times I spent with Bus when he was yellin' (Flipmode)  
Kind of hard to figure out 'cause my style is (Morse code)  
So you haters better watch your fuckin' mouth (when you're talk)  
'Cause I'm the king of L.A. and the prince of (New York)  
I fuck with (Dr. Dre) and I bleed (Aftermath)  
Stop speakin' on Detox, nigga (you don't know the half)  
If you ain't worth 25 mill, your nigga (don't talk)  
But if you are, lace up your Converse and (let's walk)  
D boys, gangsters, hustlers (talk to me)  
Every nigga from every 'hood, come on (walk with me)  
Game recognize (Game), I'ma always be the (same)  
You can ask your bitch but I think (y'all know my name)  
Or you can ask Dre, he put me (in the Hall of Fame)  
So if Busta Rhymes is Magic I'm (Big Game James)

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Ever since I was a just a little youngin  
I was always grateful that you gave me somethin' (Busta Rhymes)  
I don't think you realize how it was so major  
For me to receive your blessing, let me return the favor  
I know that we been through a couple of things  
To me it don't really matter I wanna see you win  
That's why I always rep for you, trust me it's a honor  
'Cause you're the male figure that birthed as my father

What happened to E-V-E, what happened to Rakim  
I'm still here, 'cause I'm not them  
They went back to the East like 2Pac Tims  
And if you can't understand that you a stocked rim  
And I'm a 28, you can't stop them  
There ain't a pothole in Brooklyn that can stop him  
You feel you Dwight Howard, nigga take your shots then  
Bring that shit to the home of tumble gon' block them  
Ain't nothin' that can stop him  
And he out of jail thanks to the ghost of Johnny Cochrane  
And just when you thought you had the Game boxed in  
Then he mixed the baking soda with Hova and made top ten

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