

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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