

Stack\$ f/ The Game

"Sittin in My 64"

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[Intro]

Haaaaaaa

Yeah, it's what you never thought was possible
Sometimes y'all niggaz push me over the edge
And I need to respond
You want war?

Hey yo Stack\$, what up my nigga?
Hey Game, they say they want some gangsta shit
nigga
SoBe it.

[Verse - Stack\$]

Yo it's tough in dis cold world so I pack heat
Niggaz blink and they gone if they stare at me
Never thought that I'd arise so they label me
Stack\$, money motherfucker so we finally meet
I came to eat, grab my check, respect and leave
Serve these niggaz well done as I shell out beef
And ain't nobody gonna tell me how to live my life
Pick my fights, in time, you'll believe the hype
'Cause when it's Stack\$ and Game, homie the facts
remain
Fuck with us, get strapped down with masking tape
We ruthless kid, riding, sippin' juice and gin
Hallucinogens, got me crazy boosting timbs
So who's this kid, acting like he's used to this?
Ain't no rookie but your pussies got me so convinced
One mic's all I need and you can close the show
Let my pen bleed and dream and that's all she wrote
Uh

[Chorus]

Sittin' in my six four, tinted windows, smoking endo
money on my mind
Niggaz know I do dirt, I'm kickin' up dust putting their
bodies under the earth
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[Verse - The Game]

Yo, It's the second coming of some real murder shit
John Muhammad and Lee Malvo when me and the kid
spit
Surgical when I'm in the convertible state of mind
Lock me in the pen, watch the murder decline
I do mine like Shyne soon as I hit the bricks
You better have Faith on that Bad Boy shit
I got niggaz that'll kidnap kids to get dough
and dress up like Sponge Bob in a six four
It's fucked up what they did, so I'm on one knee
God bless the brother of Rich Po
Ain't no love lost
I'm still Dom, sippin'
reading the L.A. Times in Louis Vuitton slippers
Sittin' behind bars for the simple fact
That the hip hop police is driving behind stars
Air Force ones in a Bentley GT is the reason I'm still
rap's MVP

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

Picture me rolling with a bitch with a wrist that gliss with
a fresh white tee
Gangstas in the hood don't plot cause the rocks on my
watch make it hard to see
And you from the hood and I'm from the hills, my nigga
but I still keep it G
Whether in a six four or roll with a Benzo niggaz gonna
ride with me

[Verse - Stack\$]

Mother Fucker, you best believe we'll put you under,
under
The fucking pavement if you say shit I'm gonna
explode
Everyone knows that my boys will just run up
Commitin' 187s, while they'll be bumpin' Deep Cover
Oh yes it's possible, nah this rap shit ain't no obstacle
Messing with us dawg, get familiar with the hospital
It's my time to shine and yours to listen
Fall victim 'cause we'll rise and erase the competition

[Chorus]

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