

The Game f/ Get Low Playaz, Young Noble "Exclusively"

Visit "[Exclusively](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[21 seconds of ad libs to open]

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Exclusively, ridin on them deuces G
Talkin 'bout what your gameplan used to be
They got us choppin up game through the fog and
smoke
We came a long way but still we got so far to go

[Verse One]

Yeah I know I got 4 to go, so with these bars I flow
At a pace for the papes I thank y'all should know
I lace it properly for property, it really ain't no stoppin
me
And plus I'm tryin to get my money on like Monopoly
Politickin economy, if I could be a made nigga
Smokin on e'ry nigga, balled out paid nigga
Keepin it real, I'm still deep in the field
Deep with the skills for the bills
I got the million dollar mouthpiece with no gold grill
I bring the thrill like Will Clark
I will bust I will spark and flame in the booth
You blind you shoulda saw it when I came in the booth
I serve the thunder, that shit that'll brang in the roof

[Verse Two]

My niggaz, stack riches, mack bitches
Blow fast Swishers with my folks, act vicious with my
folks
Sav livin with my vo-cals, Outlaw like my nigga No-ble
Fuckin bad bitches at the hotel
There's nothin to a boss, man we live it up
Smash for the cash and respect so when we mash
niggaz give it up
I got no time for that fake shit
Jersey to the Bay niggaz thuggin even bitches thinkin
they sick
So nigga basically the world is a ghetto
Play a nigga out his scratch, he gon' be twirled in a
meadow
I keep it real with niggaz that be true to me

There's nothin you can do to me
My crew is deep and real niggaz rule the streets

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: The Game]

Lace your Timbs, polish your gators, we like odds in Vegas
You can't ball then it's probably the haters
Can't breathe then it's probably the desert, if you a gangster or not
I give a fuck dawg, bullets is hot
And every nigga gon' cry when he hit
The more pain the more blood drain, he ain't survivin shit
And your niggaz ain't gon' ride for shit, they know
if they came through everybody in the X-5 is hit
Red rag or blue rag, niggaz die for this
The Game the reason all these niggaz on that "Cali Love" shit
Compton niggaz get grimy too, pull you out of that 6
Fuck you up like one time'll do
And I dare y'all to stop on the 'Shaw, and King Boulevard
Pull it hard, Doogie Howser pullin bullets out your jaw
Turn your round trip into a one-way ticket
You can visit, but you can not lie and kick it

[Verse Four]

It's time for me to shine, life on the grind, life on the line
Feelin like I'm runnin out of time
It's now or never, chasin this cheddar 'til things get better
These streets got me hungry as ever
Can't stop can't change, young Sav stuck in the game
Everyday we gotta hustle and slang, struggle and strain
to bubble, weed plus the 'caine to juggle
Organize the brains and muscle

[Chorus]

[Verse Five]

You {?} like Sammy did Gotti, told 'em we kamikaze
Like those whiteboys ain't heed in the robbery
Told 'em we ride around in them cars on them big wheels
In the killing field makin 100 bills on the P-700 Pirelli wheels
Marshall Faulk in to ball again in this day to day

scrimmage

'Bout the spinach this game is relentless where we livin
Niggaz'll 32 round ya, kick you on the ground
After they down ya, sneak ya and plot ya, Heckler &
Koch ya
Got ya body bein scrutinized by a flock of doctors
Still an unsolved mystery, statistically, history
A Get Low nigga victory by fuckin with my credibility

Visit [The Game f/ Get Low Playaz, Young Noble](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.