

## **The Game f/ JT**

### **"The Game Get Live"**

Visit "[The Game Get Live](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[20 seconds of instrumental to open]

[The Game]

You can catch five, or catch me in the CL-5  
Whatever way dog, the Game get live  
Keepin it gangsta in a P.D. fitted velour  
Late night I'm in Dublin's and I got myself a four  
The hood love me, hoodrats gotta hug me  
Pop ex, spark the buba, the shit get ugly  
Rock the mic anywhere, and I ain't talkin 'bout a concert  
dog  
Talkin 'bout ten niggaz in converts dog  
Get it crackin like we out in the yard, and the warden's  
watchin  
Only difference is the whores is watchin  
Still love to see a nigga, roll up on 20's  
Hop in that six-four, roll up on Bentley's like  
I'm a gangsta bay-bee from the C-P-T  
Run with the +Pound+ like I'm from DPG  
If it's beef, you C-Murder like it ain't No Limit  
And I represent the P like Russell Simmons

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I'm a neighborhood superstar, get it, right  
Got it? Good, okay  
It's the Black Sox and Get Low we get dough  
In the Yay they pimp hoes, in Compton we six-fo'

[The Game]

I'm a shining star  
And I gotta hit the boulevard in that new Jaguar  
Why he move through traffic like that, purple haze  
Ralways, the Ojays, the gangsta lean so  
Please believe that I keep two G's in my jeans  
Two gats in my sleeve, two rats in my Beam'  
X-5, mami let's ride  
Weave in and out of traffic from Compton to Bed-Stuy  
It's the kid from the far West I, oh, shit  
He know how to do more than flip pies  
Get money like them stick up guys  
Them "Ocean 11" licks got the young kid rich for life

And I talkin 'bout a movie or George Clooney  
I'm talkin 'bout, runnin in your spots with uzis tucked in  
the Coogi  
Dude me? Naw truly, might lose your lives  
They say I've, got 2K2 covered like A.I.

[Chorus]

[JT]

I know ya, love to watch me, 'specially when I'm lookin  
rocky  
The trey with the broccoli with my handles on the  
Kawasaki  
Handle my jewels with the cuff in my shoes  
AD jacket on my elbow, 50 coast the jewels  
In my neighborhood I'm Young Bill Gates, never shuffle  
the cake  
So cover my face, and run up in the place  
I'm a superstar, dick and my chain, glass bezel and  
bang  
80 karats on my pinky and rang  
Crews buzz when you speakin my name, cause I'm  
deep in the game  
With top cool thangs and million dollar planes  
I'm a maniac, young boy gone, like a young Roy Jones  
You ought of my zone and ain't nobody home  
In my neighborhood, produce stars, stakes is high  
Now we soarin through the spacious skies  
Drop yo' body with them cakes and ride, the handle is  
up  
Switchin gears with the pedal and ride

[Chorus]

Visit [The Game f/ JT](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.