

Chris Ward

"Rap Game"

Visit "[Rap Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*50 Cent*)

This rap game, this rap game
I ain't selling my soul, for this rap game
And I ain't digging no hole, for this rap game
Man I'm telling you, no it ain't happen-ayn
This rap game, this rap game
I ain't selling my soul, for this rap game
And I ain't digging no hole, for this rap game
This rap game, this rap game

[Poppy]

Man it's hilarious, to see some of the scariest
Niggaz alive, rapping neck like they running they areas
They out of character, now as a chemist recital
A fairy tale rap, from cast as American Idol
Wanna-be's, it ain't a gangsta bone in em
The type that twitch, when you take a gangsta tone with
em
Stunting like everything, in the chamber won't hit em
Fronting like Pharell, these niggaz fraud as hell
It ain't hard to tell, you niggaz is squares
The only gel they know, is the kind they put in they hair
They ain't from your hood, but that's the one they put in
the air
When the beef come, displaying them looks of despair
Yeah y'all niggaz powderpuff, tough cause you
powered up
But niggaz'll shower you, every hour on the hour punk
With hollow tip slugs, follow my tip
'For them hollow tips, follow your lips get a grip

[Scooby]

Believe it or not, I still be bleeding them blocks
Drop them undergrounds, cause 'Scoob be needing
them knots
We need 'em copped, soon as they turn the lights on
I live the street life, with or without the mics on
I'm nice home's, I ain't gotta explain myself
Dad didn't do shit, nigga I trained myself
It was harder without a father, I blame myself
Didn't talk to him much, I just came and left

Yeah, I had my mind on some better shit
Get some cheddar quick, and I ain't singing or selling
my soul to get a hit
You hear me bitch, I ain't never been fly on no material
shit
Ain't never been fly, I'm a General bitch
I'm a gangsta, put the 4-5 to you thinker and bang you
I don't know y'all niggaz, y'all is strangers
And fucking with them boys, that's dangerous

[Dre Day]

Who gives a fuck about pop culture, I'm from the hood
Where they bleed blocks duck cops, fuck bops and pop
toasters
Kids grow to gangstas, not bankers and stock brokers
Glock chokers, you could lose your mind if you not
focused
By the nine, M-O-B the shit it's the bottom line
Me and Dre Day gotta shine, niggaz looking like they bit
a lime
I'm on my grind, so it's no time to sit around
Gotta get my cash, stack some cash that's the rap
game
Blades cause my 16's, slash cats
I'm who they can't fade, so stop trying to gas cats
Cause I run through em, like I'm a hat back
Dre got the H locked they jealous, so I got the HK
cocked
When you rap, it ain't shit to clown and these broads
Especially when there's yellow diamonds, in your Lord
And you're dope and you flow sick, they quick to show
you how deep they go
We going through a lot, so I keep weed to smoke
Like a torch how I roach shit, got 'em hollin' Dre the
best
From coast to coast, competition looking so sick
I got my fame, off respect of code
But I been hot bitch, listen to my old school flows
I fuck dime pieces, y'all can have these descent hoes
See I'm a rebel slash pimp, Dre Day leasing hoes
All tights black whites, Puerto Rican hoes
I'm getting this money day and night, till I decompose
Bitch, my name hot I'm getting three for shows
Bitch your name not, go delete your flows

(*talking*)

Yeah nigga, Grit Boys what's up
My nigga Dre Day, one of my young niggaz
Out the motherfucking camp uh, (it's C. Weezy)
We shit on niggaz mayn, cause Grit Boys they shit on
niggaz

They don't give a fuck, this rap game (you gon quit riding my dick)
Niggaz be chunking they self selling they soul
Jumping from dick to dick, click switching trying to get in where they fit in
You know, trying to get a break or something I feel you
But we don't sell our soul nigga (and ah this year baby I'm the boss-boss)
(So please get off my dick, and keep my name out your mouth)
You can do what you wanna do nigga
But you gotta do a whole lot, when you fuck with the Mob nigga
It's a hard job, trying to work with us
It's more than just rapping over here homie, it's some real shit going on
Ask my nigga Den, ask my nigga Pokey, ask D-1 motherfucker
Ask my niggaz, any one of my niggaz they'll tell you, peace motherfuckers
(and ah this year baby I'm the boss-boss)
So please get off my dick, and keep my name out your mouth)
And keep my name out your mouth nigga, M-O-B style fo' life
Boyz N Blue coming, be on the look out

(*50 Cent*)

This rap game, this rap game
I ain't selling my soul, for this rap game
And I ain't digging no hole, for this rap game
Man I'm telling you, no it ain't happen-ayn
This rap game, this rap game
I ain't selling my soul, for this rap game
And I ain't digging no hole, for this rap game
This rap game, this rap game

Visit [Chris Ward](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.