

Game "120 Bars"

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Baby this is real shit
my record sell slow imma show you my dick (reapets
7x)

[The Game]
Hit a breakdown
No 400 bars yet, I don't need that
I'm gas, your whole click is ass, I mean that.
G-U-not cocksucker, better believe that
I say it one time, watch the whole world scream back
G-U-N-O-T, now thats for Billboard, rest in peace
And since my nigga died, I been stress no sleep
Contemplating suicide in my Lexus jeep
I tried twice but I couldn't make my death complete
I guess you could say Mya got the best of me
Came back from the dead to address the beef
Kiss my converse bitch and accept defeat
Cause I hate it when bullies try to test the weak
Thats when I go bishop and juice and start flexin heat
You could get it in the stomach just like Raheem
Cause running with a snitch is not quite my thing
I tried to take Buck with me, but he stayed on the scene
Guess all I can do now is pray for Supreme
While I finish my next album, 5 million and countin
Anticipating, tellin the world I did it without him
If Aftermath was a family that didn't have a mother
I'd be Dre's newborn, you'd be the jealous older brother
Yea, daddy love us but in the meanwhile
You talkin behind his back and in his face you smile
You moved out the house, You a failure now
And lil' Game grew up to be a problem child
I whip yo head boy, that's for Kanye West
I whip yo head boy, with the back of my tech
Yeap, your fuckin group fell flat without me
You mad, what you gonna do rap about me?
Your bars is park garbage, hooks is mediocre
And your new shoes look like Reebok pennyloafers
Try to walk in my shoes a block
Hurricanes in stores the day after Christmas, nigga
fuck Reeboks
You a steroid addict, you need Detox
Hopefully you make it out in time to be on Detox

Cause BlackWallstreet expandin, yea I bought 3 blocks
My CL so smooth, it should of came with Pete Rock
And lets not forget who made me hot
It was Dr. Dre that took me out the weed spot.
You want credit, forget it, I did it on my own
Gave you 300 bars, then said I'm gone
But I'm back, this is rap and a fact is a fact
They say once you turn snitch, you never go back
Heres a picture of Ja Rule, motherfucker hold that
What goes around comes around, get used to the gold
plaques
Homie got cheese, but he dont feed no rats
I show the world my dick if Lloyd Banks go plat
I'm lyrically insane, Lloyd Banks know that
He told me I was like a Big Daddy Kane throwback
Started with 1 brick, built my own company
And don't spread news about it unless it come from me
Guess whos the boss, nigga my squad deep

But Glasses Malone is not signed to BlackWallstreet
Nigga don't, don't, don't, don't, don't believe the hype
Hear that Mike?

And don't be alarmed, this is not a diss
But missusing my logo kinda got me pissed
And I got enough beef, now Lil' Eazy dissin
He don't write his own raps, so I gotta forgive him
I got love for ya pops and I always will
So on behalf of Eric Wright, my nigga you gotta chill
I'm the reason you new westcoast nigga's got a deal
While I was doin mixtapes, they was watching College
Hill
For real, you mothafucka's ain't got half my skill
I run this shit like OJ and pass for the bills
Trying so hard to be a gangsta, nigga you seethrough
Posing like 50 on the cover of the GQ
Button up shirt with the cut off sleeves
I got twin desert eagles, nigga suck on these

I got that CEO flow, yea my bars are sweet
Like Hova in Takeover, chewin out Mobb Deep
Like Pac on Hit Em Up, chewin out Mobb Deep
Don't one of you niggas got sickas, fuck your talk is
cheap
When I see you, and I'm gonna see you
Imma strip you down asshole naked and thats how
Imma leave you
Then Imma find Havoc, make him walk through Queens
nude
With Black Wallstreet tattooed on his back
Nigga's signed to G-unit, now they bustin guns
But last week it was: "My nigga Game, what up dun?"

See thats what the fuck I mean, you can't trust these rap niggas
And you wonder why I always say fuck these rap niggas
So Imma break it down for MC's and friends
If you don't hear your name, let the beef begin
Ain't got shit against Hov, I like the nigga style
Nas is my nigga, I been bangin him for a while
I fuck with Fat Joe, he got the streets locked
And thats the same reason I fuck with Kiss and D-Block
Place Eminem in the number 3 spot
And Snoop is like my big brother, we both raised by the Doc.
Young Jeezy you hot, we both new to this
While I'm in the ATL, shout out to Ludacris
Cause your uncle Scarface show me that crime pays
Just like Paul Wall got me "sittin sideways"
And I can't forget about the homie Mike Jones
Who? Mike Jones, Skeet screw the fuckin song
I fuck with Slim Thug and my nigga Bun B
Can't do that without saying free pimp c
And thats the reason why 50 try to pimp me
So I went window shoppin and bought 2 Bentlys
I'm in the drivers seat, motherfucker don't tempt me
Turnin Spider Loc against me, cause your scared to come get me
'cause know whats up, Bloods still got love for em'
Come to the block, I'll shake off the rub for em'
Ask for G-unit, motherfucker its a rap
Ma\$e made it out alive, thank God for that
If Dipset don't get you, Jesse Jackson will
And if all else fails, I'll see you in hell
Wear that G-unit spinner when you come to L.A.
I have a nigga parkin cars, dressed up like valet
He gonna turn back pastor when the gun in his face
The real chain still in Chicago when I'm takin the fake
You can call who you want, I ain't givin back shit
Unless Olivia show the whole world she got a dick
Can't seem to save her life, but she talk a lot of shit
And I want my 10 G's cause Yayo caught a brick
I guess my G-Unit tattoo was a smart move
Cause in the end you lost a 100 Mil. to a cartoon
3 years after you got tatted by cartoon
The beef is over, G-Unit is gonna fall apart soon

Hahahahaha
Faggot ass niggas
I guess I win nigga
Life is a game of chess nigga...
Some King, Some Queens
Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo, Young Buck, Pastor fuckin
Ma\$e

You niggas is pawns
50, or Boo Boo, or Curtis, or Chicken Little, Hahaha
Stop Snitchin, Stop Lying!, In Stores December 6th
The DVD, Its a tell all motherfuckers
Yea, my documentaries be better than your movies
nigga, Hahaha
I drove by your house nigga
Go buy the DVD, \$16,99 nigga
At your local record store, Blockbuster, Sam Goody,
Warehouse
Shout out to the moms and pops, for helping me slay
dem faggots.
G-gu-g-g-gu, G-gu-g-g-gu, G-gu-g-g-gu, G-UNOT!
Hahahaha
Pop off nigga, Hahahaha, Pop off
It's me, The G-A-M-E, gone

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