

## Game

# "200 Bars and Runnin'"

Visit "[200 Bars and Runnin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The Game talking]  
What the fuck is all this noise?  
He from Cali he can't rap  
He ain't better than this nigga  
That's my favorite artist  
Fuck y'all hear the breakdown

[Verse 1: The Game]  
No detox I'm comfortable dog  
Like the solo Reeboks right up under me dog  
And it feel like I done it before  
Sit in the throne pollutin the airwaves like a hummer  
exhaust  
Don't let MAKAVELI fool you homey thuggin it costs  
Pour out a little liquor for the loved ones that we lost  
You ain't gotta wait for the album I don't fuck with The  
Source  
But I turn up my Eazy-E and let it bump in the Porsche  
I mean turn up my B.I.G. and let it bump in the Porsche  
Tell 'em to roll red carpet when he come in New York  
Hip-hop police on me think they runnin New York  
Till I lace my and I show 'em how to run in New York  
They tryin to take me downtown put me under the court  
'cause Joe Buddens told 'em I carry a gun in New York  
And homey that's strictly fact he got ripped on wax  
So he snitched just to get me back  
No matter what you say dog your shit be whack  
You better watch what you say it might get you clapped  
Here's a little advice homey switch your raps  
'cause that shit on your last album ain't get you  
PLAQUES  
What nigga you need a gun? I'll get you that  
P-89 nigga let Dre stitch you back  
HE AIN'T A Industry niggaz I'll admit to that  
But I don't even want your chain I'll let the Crips do that  
12 bars for that bitch he won't live through that  
Even a nigga with a ten-year bid knew that  
Put a gun in his mouth yeah, yeah do that  
He a pussy (sniff, sniff) his own kid knew that  
I'm Ready To Die B.I.G knew that  
He ain't eatin look at his white tee you could see his  
ribs through that

You cocksucker let your ears do that  
Or ride later do me ooh wee now back to rap  
2 Lincoln continentals sittin back to back  
Leavin Jersey City naw nigga Hackensack  
Where's that somewhere where the crackers at  
Real far from where the roaches and rats is at  
Come to Compton I'll show you where the racquet's at  
Down the street from the staples centers where they  
hack-a-shack  
Give the advance money back I AIN'T have to rap  
Break Harry-O out tell him crack is back  
That's nine five a bird take half of that  
Import it, export it in cracker jacks  
When you get to the projects ask for Black  
You know what you started with give him half of that  
He gon give you 50 g's in a plastic sack  
And I'm a give you 3500 cash for that  
Gotta keep your mouth closed or I'm a blast the Mack  
They won't believe you the whole world know that  
bastard rap  
Once you outta the throne you can't have it back  
Retirement home and ain't nothing after that  
Except you layin in a casket black  
Suit on you can't go to heaven with timberland boots on  
No subliminals I ain't talkin to you Shawn  
I'm talkin to that heartless mouse with no jewels on  
Who the fuck put you on  
Faggot ass nigga let men toss his salad like croutons  
I fuck with Fab get my DJ Clue on  
Sit inside Hot 97 with no tools on  
And it don't matter IF it's Sway or KaySlay  
Angie Martinez I'll take 'em back to k-day  
They act like they forgot about Dre-day  
I don't rap for Free that's why they fired AJ  
It's me leaking through your stereo  
Envy me AS AN emcee prepare for your burial  
I kill niggaz without lettin the Desert blow  
Razor tongue and I'm far from Haitian son  
All black like the range rover wheels  
niggaz whisper around The Game like The Game won't  
kill  
Let me show you the stars take you back to the car  
Rewind time march 3, 1994  
I was only in my teen's deuce-deuce in my Levi's  
When Nas hit the scene I was still rockin knee-highs  
Runnin with my brother FASE he was seventeen  
Two guns in the upper waist so we hit the block  
Saw niggaz from a rival gang bumpin Dre  
Ran up on the '64 and that's all she wrote  
We runnin through the alley like Bishop chasin Raheem  
Ass

First murder and I did that without a mask  
Fast-forward see Game gettin out a Jag  
Two piece suit on he still got his rag  
Gangbangin forever he still got his swag  
Let me catch you in Los Angeles without a pass  
Everybody in New York know that you a fag  
Come out the closet show the world how to use a pad  
Speakin death on my red bandana  
Naw he couldn't have said that so I raised my antennas  
Look at my Nextel got a call from Santana  
That nigga a pussy we just saw him in Atlanta  
So I hopped on the first thing smokin to Atlanta  
Pulled up at 112 ran up on that black phantom  
Security hopped out no Joe in here  
Just Outkast gettin ready for a show in here  
So I uncocked the .44 hopped in the cherry 'lo-lo  
Chrome grill with the G-Unit logo  
We watched Hov go now the world waitin for my solo  
I'm the man Stat Quo know  
I ain't gotta explain even Bo know  
Have of these rap niggaz is faker than rolls gold  
Get hit in the face with the back of the .44  
And pissed on tryin to play The Game with a broke nose  
My bitch harder than you yeah Vita loco  
I haven't sold one record got rap in a chokehold  
I'm Dre certified like the leader of the band  
Run up you sure to die I'll leave you where you stand  
Smurf-ette runnin around New York like he the man  
But he peed in his pants

When he saw us at Summer Jam  
Lucky I wasn't there I had to bury my man  
Or I would've terrorized New York like the Son Of Sam  
What you mean terrorize New York?  
I mean expose these pussy ass niggaz like I'm Too  
Short  
Somebody tell Domination I'll leave 'em in parts  
leg in Jersey, arm in Brooklyn, head buried in Central  
Park  
He can't walk through New York no more like John  
STARKS  
Gotta call 'cause i'mma break his ankles like Hot-Sauce  
Ask niggaz from your hood I'm thorough IN 5 boroughs  
Sit on any stoop ? In the thermo  
Wait till Alpo come home  
Like AZ from Harlem Dre gon pay me regardless  
'cause he know Jay-Z departed  
And these other rap labels know don't feed they artists  
Talkin blueprint shit you got three garages  
Gettin money off Roc like little E and carter  
Showin off your little chain like these is flawless

Send him 50 cent a day I can see he starvin  
I got R&B bitches givin me mÃ©nage's  
Deep massages I could hear Eazy talkin  
Tellin me to have a seat in Tamika's office  
Buy Ruthless and get Lil' E involved in  
Promote without that magazine in Boston  
Take a couple mil make Beans a offer  
Give him money we don't see that often  
But it was all a dream like I seen Memph Bleek in Marcy  
I ain't say you won't see Bleek in Marcy  
I said my said he won't see Bleek in Marcy  
I'm from Compton where niggaz used to bleed for  
BARKLEY'S  
Drive lo-lo's and we ain't need keys to start 'em  
Just a little information for your summer vacation  
Bring your chain 'cause every nigga in L.A. waitin  
Mad 'cause Detroit beat the shit out the Lakers  
And they'll kill you 'cause THEY can't find Gary Payton  
Meanwhile the throne vacant and Da Band ain't makin it  
Shyne got a new deal, Def Jam gotta pay us  
PLAYBOY Jones got knocked out shortly after they  
weighed him in  
niggaz got beef with G-Unit but ain't sayin shit  
Quiet as a church on Tuesdays  
Niggaz say they hate my music but my alerts ON THEY  
TWO ways  
Nigga I'm a hazard like Michael Jackson in khakis  
Touch kids but I do that with a semi-automatic  
With or without traffic I pull my shit out and blast it  
I'm blind to the masses like Stevie wonder without  
glasses  
I'm a savage spit murder like a .38 Magnum  
16 bars of baggum let the hook toe tag 'em  
Murder any MC throw 'em in that white wagon  
Let him die and come back look at 'em he white flaggin  
Spreadin rumors like when I see Game I might jack 'em  
I'm tellin the world he reach for my chain I might clap  
'em  
'cause niggaz shot me in 2001  
Took one in the heart 'cause I was too proud to run  
The clip was empty when the police found my gun  
So I don't bring that gangbangin shit around my son  
Nigga 50 took 9 he know how it feel  
And I found out Buck got shot up in CaShville  
And Sha Money told me Lloyd Banks got hit  
And Yayo just came home G-G-G-Unit  
Backstage at a D-12 concert  
A fan asked me how it feel to be walkin in Snoop's  
converse  
Niggaz show me love when they see me in the streets  
But they frown when I don't wanna hear none of they

beats  
Nigga this shit crazy  
Em said some shit when was 16 now they tryin to RUIN  
Slim Shady  
I forgive him I got problems of my own  
How you think the streets gon' act know that Suge GOT  
home  
These niggaz is birds I can see the feathers on 'em  
If Doc give me the word I put this Berretta on EM  
When the beef is on my piece is on  
Them white sheets is on 'em Doc breathin on 'em  
And I got an extra clip in my Reeboks  
'cause I'm in and out my socks every time I see cops  
Game got the streets locked call 9-1-1  
Get the whole fuckin LAPD shot  
Niggaz snitchin to the street cops  
Get your nephews and your niece shot  
With my heat cocked in the beach stop  
Nigga witta attitude like I heard Dr. Dre doin Detox  
Niggaz fightin for the throne that ain't shit  
Tryin to measure the fallin legends but the shoe won't  
fit  
Niggaz might think I'm ridin dick  
'cause I'M AT the cemetery puttin creases in my G-  
Unit's  
Tryin to talk TO Jesus Christ into lettin me dig 'em up  
So they could stand side by side again and live it up  
This might be the last time you hear me biggin 'em up  
With suicidal thoughts bangin me and my bitch in the  
truck  
My conscience tellin me if I put the clip in the buck  
It might be loud enough to wake B.I.G and them up  
What if that was P. Diddy sittin in the truck  
And 2Pac was in jail the day HE RECORDED hit him up  
I wouldn't be outside 40/40 bumpin 'Jigga What'  
Wouldn't be SIGNED to Dr. Dre I wonder is its luck  
They got me on MTV with Banks, Fifth, and Buck  
I ain't tryin to be L.A.'s king he carry a pimp cup

[The Game talking]

Snoop Dogg got the crown nigga  
What the fuck y'all mad at me for  
I ain't sold one fuckin record  
I'm just tryin to use these 200 bars to feed my family  
nigga  
I ain't no threat  
I can't rap I'm from Compton remember  
You gotta be out your motherfuckin mind  
Ask KaySlay, ask Clue, ask Whoo Kid, ask Funk Flex  
I'll murder anyone of you motherfuckers  
G-G-G-G-Unit

Ah!

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

---

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