

Game

"200 Bars and Running"

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[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 Makavelli 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
Cuz Joe Buddens told 'em I carry a gun 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
Cuz that shit on your last album ain't get you plat's
What nigga you need a gun? I'll get you that
P-89 nigga let Dre stitch you back
??? 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 am not 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'mma gives you 3500 cash for that
Gotta keep your mouth closed or i'mma 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 is 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 is a 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 phase 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 ? Ass
First murder and I did that without a mask

Fast-forward see Game gettin out a Jag
Two peeps shoot 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
Storch
Gotta call cuz i'mma break his ankles like Hot-Sauce
Ask niggaz from your hood I'm thorough like 5
boroughs
Sit on any stoop ? In the thermo
Wait till Alpo come home
Like AZ from Harlem Dre gon pay me regardless
Cuz 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
barklies
Drive lo-lo's and we ain't need keys to start 'em
Just a little information for your summer vacation
Bring your chain cuz every nigga in L.A. waitin
Mad cuz Detroit beat the shit out the Lakers
And they'll kill you cuz Joe 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
Ray Roy 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 only 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
Cuz niggaz shot me in 2001
Took one in the heart cuz 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 warn
Slim Shady
I forgive him I got problems of my own
How you think the streets gon' act know that Suge
home
These niggaz is birds I can see the feathers on 'em
If Doc give me the word I put this Berretta on him
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
Cuz 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 a 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
Cuz I let the cemetery puttin creases in my G-Unit's
Tryin to talk 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 you called to hit him up
I wouldn't be outside 40/40 bumpin 'Jigga What'
Wouldn't be sign 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 motherfuckin
G-G-G-G-Unit
Ah!

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