

## Game "240 Bars"

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hear the break down  
spider loc is a joke  
nigga sound like chunk off the goonies  
ya life is a movie  
you aint a factor you a actor fifty gave you a script  
went from runnin with the bloods to a g-unit crip  
whats a g-unit crip? not a gang in LA  
bang on records but nigga won't bang in LA  
why the fuck you wake me up ... nigga im tired  
you a busta.. so ima light yo ass on Fire  
nigga want my spot so he runnin with buck  
keep tryna play The Game, and u 'gon get fucked  
i heard diss after diss, lil nigga you suck  
like yo baby mama, in the third row of my truck  
naw-vail ill whoop your ass in your own hood  
you so hard why didnt u put out that song about Suge  
trapped in the closet, R. Kelly ass nigga  
get swiss cheesed up, ol' deli ass nigga  
t.boz in belly ass nigga  
better ask around, i been the truth since Makaveli  
passed nigga  
and i aint wanna have to do this shit  
id rather be at home listeing to the Cam'ron diss  
Dr. Dre said it best 'a bitch is a bitch'  
you a myspace gangsta nigga suck my dick  
your flow is budweiser, mines is crystale  
put the faggot on ice he gon be there for a while  
now watch me put my chest out like 10 og's  
i wore this G-unot shirt to show m.o.p  
im gutter mutha fucka,  
tell you fuck you to Fifty face, and wont st-st-stutter  
muthafucka  
and now that i put the kids to bed  
i tell you a story about a spider caught in his web  
marvel williams, a well known crip  
not cause he put in work, cause his brother a snitch  
he belong in g-unit, ima tell you the truth  
fifty, this nigga brother tell more than you  
so ima break it down like an ounce of glue  
i met this nigga spider at Alliyah video shoot  
true, true, he had on no blue  
dmx start laughin he said 'this nigga think he better

than you'  
so i kicked a freestyle, and in the meanwhile  
this nigga soakin up game tryna copy my style  
gave him a hundred bars, all he did was smile  
and DMX named me the fuckin problem child  
now back to the future, you got a problem now  
snoopin around my hood, get fucked doggy style  
i pull ya faggot ass out them g-unit sneakers  
and let ya soul burn in hell on the anniversery to 'ether'  
you g-unit crip, used to be a piru  
your name marvel, all you need now is a spiderman  
suit  
black wallstreet bitch you cant fuck wit my crew  
my flow blind baby, ima make you do what it do  
lets take a ride Nigga ima make room in the coupe  
put the shovel in the truck, throw you in there too  
bitch in the passenger side, say she hear somebody  
screamin  
turn the music up.. baby thats comin from the speakers  
she said i aint trippin i hear somebody screamin  
i had to throw her off so i start singin

I know you dont love me  
you aint the same when 50 Cent's in town  
I know you dont love me  
you always talkin' bout how Ma\$e get down  
I know you don't love me

you scream and holla when Spider Loc's around  
got me fucked up wit them g-unit crips  
tryna run game on me you punk bitch

get yo ass in the trunk  
prodigy know that i aint a punk  
keep these rap niggaz in check like a pair of ducks  
who can flip like i do?  
spit like NaS too?  
rock a yankee fitted, still throw up piru?  
rock a dodger fitted in the middle of the bronx  
i shine in any hood like paul wall fronts  
nigga my flow foolish sit back while i do this  
watch me manuever threw cedar block, and end up in  
hoover  
i spit like a ruger  
you spit crap like a rookie dice shooter  
snake eyes to the loser  
nigga im grand pooba  
gave em somethin' grand nubian  
created g-unot, fifty tried to sue me and  
say he kick me out the group nigga i left  
spider, you want my spot nigga? clean up my mess

dirty ass nigga, fifty give him a check  
and if you sign, nigga put ya contract on the internet  
i been bangin for 10 years, muhtha fucka i been a vet  
for 500 dollas he'll claim any set  
give him a 1000 dollars hell tat it on his hand... damn  
thats worse than me lyin sayin olivia was a man  
ya XXL cover look like makin of the band  
you mad, cause i got my own shoe  
and my nigga take shots for the game like NJ do  
some say its bullshit till i pull quick  
till i empty a full clip  
get on the horn, meet me in the bullpit  
tony yayo you old ass coward  
you 36 and u spit your hottest verse on my album  
now.. i aint sayin that you dope nigga..  
but you better than spider loc Nigga...  
fifty saw the oppourtunity and thought he could use  
him  
i know he dont be listein to that wack ass music  
you got the west on your back? you a lyin bastard  
you the reason niggaz push mute when they play  
madden  
what the hell made you think you could fuck wit the  
game  
when yo claim to fame was Yukmouth's chain  
take my advice and lay low  
heard you and your uncle Yayo  
got ran the fuck outta san diego  
i'll give you 5 shots when the 38 blow  
leave a whole in your chest.. the size of a bagel  
we can do it when you say so  
wait till the lakers on the road, shoot it out at the  
staples  
open your chest, show the world what you made of  
my dick hard i cant wait till the day come  
when i can put the infared on him  
let billboard rest, dont speak on my dead homie  
all you new west coast niggaz chill  
the city is mine, Eazy left it to me in his will

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