

Game "Down"

Visit "[Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ooooooh,

(The Game)

That's Lloyd Bank's mamma singin',
You betta tell your boy to keep his mouth closed,
Or he gon' get a black tux,
And a free wake,
How my bow tie lookin'?,
You ready?,
Let's go.

When I see Lloyd Banks it's goin', (down, down)
If you in the car wit em' you betta get, (down, ooh well)
Automatic rifle,
And i'm blastin' on sight so,
Ski mask, i'm psycho,
My gun got night scope.

Two in the leg knocked em, (down, down)
From Thirty feet away he fell, (down, ooh well)
Touch kids like Michael,
One roll of the dice, oh!,
You wanna gamble wit' your life,
Nigga die slow.

Now your casket goin', (down, down)
Tony Yayo tried to run,
I chased him, (down, ooh well)
Cause' I hate the Jakes,
Pat him down take his cake,
He wanna be a clown nigga,
Might as well paint his face.

And that's how I get, (down, down)
Fuck G-Unit nigga i'm not (down, ooh well)
Used to ride wit' em',
Slice up the pie wit' em',
Got kicked out the group,
'cause I wasn't gon' die wit' em'.

And that's how it went, (down, down)

At Hot 97 we came, (down, ooh well)
Had Thirty niggas wit' me,
Niggas that sport the Dickies,
Hoppin' out of cabs,
We just want to talk to 50.

We wanna know what's goin' (down, down)
Security pulled heat it went, (down, ooh well)
Had to shake the block,
I ain't tryna' face the cops,
Heard a couple shots,
Then I seen the shell cases drop.

Told P-nut to get, (down, down)
I looked back and saw my nigga goin', (down, ooh well)
I said, "homie we can't leave em",
What if my nigga dyin',
Soon as we hit Houston then,
We heard police sirens.

Oh shit!, it's goin', (down, down)
Guns out, they tellin' him to get, (down, ooh well)
He on both knees,
Blood squirtin' out his jeans,
Catch 22 should I go to jail or flee the scene.

Either way it's goin', (down, down)
So I hopped in the truck and went, (down, ooh well)
Broadway in a black suburban,
One thing on my mind,
Go hard til' them fags get murdered.

'cause he tried to get my nigga shot, (down, down)
But he survived and now he goin' (down, ooh well)
To the station,
Police at the Double-U waitin'
On me to arrive and now I gotta shake em'.

They wanna take a nigga, (down, down)
We on the same elevator goin', (down, ooh well)
Dodger fitted,
Got the Hova lean,
So they ain't notice me,
Now they mad as fuck,
And gotta watch my Range Rover leave.

Hit the 95 and head, (down, down)
It's to Philly so i can lay it, (down, ooh well)
Catch the first thing smoking back the L-A-X,
Kicked up my Air Nikes,

Then I slept the whole flight.

Had a dream about it goin', (down, down)
Woke up and saw my plane comin', (down, ooh well)
Missed the palm trees,
Sunshinin' everyday,
New York's my second home,
But i'm from in L.A.

And i hold shit, (down, down)
The throne was empty so I sat, (down, ooh well)
And just handled my biz,
Theres two sides to every westside story,
And I just tell it like it is.

And that's how it went, (down, down)
On my son that's all that went, (down, ooh well)
So stop tellin' them lies to all them motherfuckin'
magazines,
And radio stations nigga you know what happened.

Me and Lloyd Banks aint, (down, down)
Keep talkin' shit, i'll lay you, (down, ooh well)

You niggas ran out the backdoor nigga,
All I wanted to do was holla man,
To see what was what.

Y'all was too fuckin' scared to come, (down, down)
You've been to Compton, you know how I get, (down,
ooh well)
So fuck y'all nigga,
And it's like that,
For life.

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