

Game "Exclusively"

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Exclusively, ridin' on them deuces G
Talkin 'bout what your gameplan used to be
They got us choppin' up game through the fog and
smoke
We came a long way but still we got so far to go

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Yeah, I know I got 4 to go, so with these bars I flow
At a pace for the papes, I thank y'all should know
I lace it properly for property, it really ain't no stoppin'
me
And plus I'm tryin to get my money on like Monopoly

Politickin' economy if I could be a made nigga
Smokin' on e'ry nigga, balled out paid nigga
Keepin' it real, I'm still deep in the field
Deep with the skills for the bills
I got the million dollar mouthpiece with no gold grill

I bring the thrill like Will Clark
I will bust I will spark and flame in the booth
You blind you shoulda saw it when I came in the booth
I serve the thunder, that shit that'll bang in the roof

My niggas, stack riches, mack bitches
Blow fast swishers with my folks, act vicious with my
folks
Suave livin' with my vocals, outlaw like my nigga Noble
Fuckin' bad bitches at the hotel

There's nothin' to a boss, man we live it up
Smash for the cash and respect so when we mash
niggaz give it up
I got no time for that fake shit
Jersey to the Bay niggaz thuggin' even bitches thinkin'
they sick

So nigga basically the world is a ghetto
Play a nigga out his scratch, he gon' be twirled in' a
meadow
I keep it real with niggaz that be true to me
There's nothin' you can do to me
My crew is deep and real niggaz rule the streets

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Lace your Timbs, polish your gators, we like odds in
Vegas
You can't ball then it's probably the haters
Can't breathe then it's probably the desert
If you a gangster or not

I give a fuck dawg, bullets is hot
And every nigga gon' cry when he hit
The more pain the more blood drain, he ain't survivin
shit
And your niggas ain't gon' ride for shit, they know

If they came through everybody in the X-5 is hit
Red rag or blue rag, niggaz die for this
The Game the reason all these niggaz on that Cali Love
shit
Compton niggaz get grimy too, pull you out of that 6

Fuck you up like one time'll do
And I dare y'all to stop on the 'Shaw, and King
Boulevard
Pull it hard, Doogie Howser pullin' bullets out your jaw
Turn your round trip into a one-way ticket
You can visit, but you can not lie and kick it

It's time for me to shine, life on the grind, life on the
line
Feelin' like I'm runnin' out of time
It's now or never, chasin' this cheddar 'til things get
better
These streets got me hungry as ever

Can't stop can't change, young Sav stuck in the game
Everyday we gotta hustle and slang, struggle and
strain
To bubble, weed plus the 'caine to juggle
Organize the brains and muscle

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You [unverified] like Sammy did Gotti, told 'em we
kamikaze
Like those whiteboys ain't heed in the robbery
Told 'em we ride around in them cars on them big
wheels
In the killin' field makin' 100 bills on the P-700 Pirelli
wheels

Marshall Faulk in to ball again in this day to day
scrimmage
'Bout the spinach this game is relentless where we livin'
Niggaz'll 32 round ya, kick you on the ground

After they down ya, sneak ya and plot ya, Heckler &
Koch ya
Got ya body bein' scrutinized by a flock of doctors
Still an unsolved mystery, statistically, history
A Get Low nigga victory by fuckin' with my credibility

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