

Game "How We Do"

Visit "[How We Do](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

DJ Steve

Aw yeah, let's take a trip
Just sit back and light a spliff
With this and don't slip
On a funky dope track, jump back
Strapped with the fat Buddha sac
And a '78 lac

Oh clean, gangsta lean
I got green, bud, I serve dubs
Like it ain't no thang
I hang with OG
Playas don't set trip
Or you might get
What we call a rat pack

I don't slack when it come to streets
I get real G funk to a gangsta beat
It's so sweet when you got money to spend
I got a proper big tilt 'n a fly big Benz
I make ends

Spend my dough, oh no fo
That's how it is and that's how it go
Act like you know when I creep real slow
Givin' love to the playas that I know is real

Ever since a nigga was a seed
Only thing promised to me was the penitentiary
Still ballin', ridin on these niggaz 'cause they lame
In a '61 Chevy, still heavy in this game
Can you feel me?

Blame it on my mamma, I'm a thug nigga
Up before the sun rise, quicker than the drug dealers
Tell me if it's on, nigga then we first to bomb
Bust on these bitch, made niggaz hit 'em up

Westside
Ain't nobody love me as a broke nigga
Finger on the trigger, Lord, forgive me if I smoke

niggaz

I love my females strapped, love fuckin' from the back
I get my currency in stacks, California's where I'm at
ridin'

Passed by while these niggaz wonder why
I got shot and didn't die, let 'em see who's next to try
Did I cry? Hell nah, nigga tear shed

For all my homies in the pen
Many peers dead, niggaz still ballin'

This is how we do
We make a move and act a fool
While we up in the club
This is how we do
Nobody do it like we do it
So show us some love

This is how we do
We make a move and act a fool
While we up in the club
This is how we do
Nobody do it like we do it
So show us some love

Now everybody wanna see us dead
Two murdered on the front page
Shot to death, bullets to the head

Niggaz holla out my name
And i'ts similar to rain
Mothafuckas know I'm comin'
So they runnin' to they graves

Watch, swoop down
With my nigga from the pound
Don't give a fuck
Would you coward niggaz now blast?

Keep pumpin'
Ain't worried bout nuttin'
Busters thought we was frontin'
So reload and keep dumpin'

Dump on fools with a quickness
And they got no cure for this sickness
I get payed for the way that I kick this
Like a G'sta, an OG'sta
(A whos dat?)

A real playa named Eazy
And I live my life straight crazy
Don't need no punk fools payin' me
And broke groupies and hoochies don't faze me

I take two steps back and release myself
To put platinum and gold on a record shelf
I don't brag but I tell 'em like it straight up is
Before you do a record, partna, handle the bizness

And don't get caught slippin' on the under
Or you might wonda whats up on them ends G
I call a spade, a spade and get payed
G showed the way so I give love to 'em

I put gold Daytonas on that Cherry 64
White walls so clean, looks like I'm ridin' on blobs
Hit one switch, mayne, that ass so low
Cali got niggas in New York ridin' on hundred spokes

Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me
I give it to ya just how you like it girl
Your now rockin' with the best fo' pound on my hip
Gold chain on my chest
(Ah)

50 uh, Bentley uh
'Em came 'n gotta nigga fresh out the slum
Automatic gun, fuck 'em one on one
We wrap up ya punk ass, stunt ya done
Homie, its Game time

Ready? Here I come
Call Lloyd Banks and get this motherfucker crunk
It took two months but Fifty got it done
Signed with G-unit, had niggas like 'Huh'

Don't try to front, I'll leave yo ass slumped
Thinkin' I'm a punk
Get your fucking head lumped
Fifty got a gun

Ready, here he come
Gotta sick vendetta to get this chedda
Wit' my Beretta, the dramasetta

Sip Amaretto
My flow sounds betta than average
On tracks I'm a savage, I damage
Any nigga tryin' to front on my clique
(G-Unit)

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

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