

Game

"How We Do (Remix) ft Tupac And Eazy E"

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(Eazy E)

DJ STEVE!!

Aww Yea
lets take a trip
just sit back and light a spliff
with this and dont 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 aint no thang
i hang with OG
playas dont set trip
or you might get what we call a rat pack
i dont slack when it come to streets
i get real g funk to a gangsta beat
its 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
thats how it is
and thats how it go
act like you know
when i creep real slow
givin love to the playas that i know is real

(2Pac)

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 momma
Im a thug nigga
Up befo 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
Californias where I'm at ridin'
Passed by while these niggaz wonder why
I got shot and didnt die
let em see whos next to try
Did I cry
hell nah nigga tear shed
for all my homies in the pen
many peers dead
Niggaz still ballin

(Hook) {50 Cent}
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

(2Pac)
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 its similar to rain
Mothafuckas know Im comin
so they runnin to they graves
watch
Swoop down with my nigga from the Pound

{Eazy}dont 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

(Eazy E)

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
dont need no punk-fools payin me
and broke groupies and hoochies dont faze me
i take two steps back and release myself
to put platinum and gold on a record shelf
i dont brag
but i tellem like it straight up iz
befo you do a record partna handle the bizness
and dont 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

(The Game)

I put gold Daytonas on that Cherry 64
White walls so clean looks like Im ridin on bolbs
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 Cent)

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

(The Game)
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?"
Dont try to front
I'll leave yo ass slumped
Thinkin Im a punk
Get your fucking head lumped
Fifty got a gun

(50 Cent)

Ready here he come
Gotta sick ven-detta
To get this che-dda
wit my Ba-Retta
The dra-ma-setta
Sip Am-a-retta
My flow sounds betta
Than average
On tracks Im a savage
I damage
Any nigga tryin to front on my clique (G-Unit!)

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