

## Game "It Must Be Me"

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Wake up in the mornin', oh, shit  
Had to cock the 9, niggas tryin' to steal my bitch  
Run out the back door, see them niggas hit the fence  
I'm tellin' you, life ain't Compton, it's a bitch

Let off a couple shots, goddamn, I missed  
Sayin' fuck it anyway, let off the whole clip  
I'm not to be fucked with when I'm off liquor  
Old English in my system 'bout to kill me a nigga

See, I remember back in the days, loadin' my A.K.  
Ridin' 'round in my Impala with my lungs full of haze  
That's when I didn't give a fuck, now I got my sons  
Shoot a nigga, he die, public enemy number one

But this ain't no action flick, no Johny Depp shit  
When the TEC spit hollow tips in your Lexus  
So, don't fuck with a Compton nigga  
When he packin' a gat, yeah nigga, I stay strapped

Somethin' hot in here, nigga, it must be me  
Somethin' hot in here, nigga, it must be me  
Is it the shades? Is it the J's?  
Is it the Bentley with the four colorways?  
Or the old school sittin' on glaze?  
What could it be?

It's 2 o'clock in the afternoon, I'm 'bout to roll a swisher  
'Cause that's what real niggas do when they at home  
Watchin' E.S.P.N. on a 70 inch flatscreen  
K.G.'s away Jersey blowin' chronic that green

Gave up the hoop dreams, bubble with the crack  
dreams  
Turn hood zombies into an Olympic track team  
Till I got got shot and infiltrated the rap scene  
Had to clear my life up, Doc. gave me the vaccine

Don't get it twisted, I still click clack things  
Red beam attached to each and every strap  
That I keep locked up in my basement  
If I shoot a nigga will I be known

For gettin' Jason, I don't know

Still got a sick phase for shoot outs and car chases  
Fuck Paccino 'cause we know niggas with scarred faces  
And we go back like D-boys with small faces  
And we crashin' them Ferraris like y'all hate me

Pharrell I think it's  
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Or the old school sittin' on glaze, what could it be?

(You know they ass is full)  
Niggas can't fuck with me, will stit  
I guess I am a motha fuckin' legend, Will Smith  
All I'm missin' is a bitch like Jaya, Bonnie and Clyde shit  
Hit the fence like later, Syonara or we the dirt shit

Black rose phantom interior hurt shit  
And I got some kisses from a couple Brooklyn bitches  
Them hoes, they never testify, Beefs to Common  
But Game keep it hood like Weez and top Rommy

Never stop comin' for the top  
If it bakes a flesh wound if Feralla headshot  
Motha fucka and when he take aim, bullets into your  
frame  
My boss and allowed to when trigga swallow your vein

Can't walk through the club and take a piss  
Without these new school rap niggas on my dick  
Why you fuck around with you jewelry and all your  
wrist?  
I pull up with your bitch pumpin' gangsta shit, now you  
know

Somethin' hot in here, nigga, it must be me  
Somethin' hot in here, nigga, it must be me  
Is it the shades? Is it the J's?  
Is it the Bentley with the four colorways?  
Or the old school sittin' on glaze, what could it be?

Do you thing shawty, do your thing shawty  
Do you thing shawty, err'body lookin' now  
Do you thing shawty, do your thing shawty  
Do you thing shawty, err'body lookin' now

Go, go, go, go, go, go, err'body lookin' now  
Go, go, go, go, go, go, err'body lookin' now

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