

Game "Let's Ride"

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Pull the rag off the 6 4
Hit the switch, show the whole world how it go
The Game is back, the Aftermath chain is gone
The D's is chrome, the frame is black

So watch it lift up 'til the lowrider bounce and break
And knock both of the screws out the license plate
So let the games begin
These other rappers so far behind me, they could taste
my rims

Let the whole turn as the Dayton spin
It ain't been this much drama since I first heard
Eminem
'In Da Club', poppin' *** like M&M's
Call it 'Dre Day', we celebratin', *** bring a friend

Bottles on me, tell the waiter to order another round
And put that cheap *** Hypnotiq down
Put your Cris' up if you feel the same way
Who got a mill switches? Everybody

If I could fit the whole hood in the club
Hop in the lowrider, long as it got speakers in the back
I turn into a strip club
Call it a lap dance, when the 6 4 bounce that ***

If I can fit the whole world in the club
Tell the DJ to bang my hits, me on that West Coast tip
Pop bottles and twist up
Roll up everythin' in a bag, get a ***, call it Aftermath

Somebody tell me where the drinks at, where the
freaks at?
You lovin' on the first night? Meet me in the back
I got a pound of sticky and a gang of ***
Move ***, you know who they came to see?

The protÃ©gÃ© of the D R E
Take a picture with him and you gotta touch me
Then you gotta touch Busta, can't touch Eve
Got somethin' on my waist, say 'You can't touch Eve'

That's my gangsta chick and like Crips and Bloods
We in the club on some gangsta tip
So homie, twist up, light another dub
Everybody high, ain't nobody fightin' in the club

'Ain't Nuthin' But A G Thang', baby, it's a G thang
Bounce like you got hydraulics in your G-string
I'm with a different chick seven days a week
Hit the switch, watch it bounce like a Scott Storch beat

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They thought I wasn't comin' back, look at me now
Hoppin' out the same cherry 6 4 with the red rag top
down
I'm The Game, homie, call your girl
She ain't home, she with Game, homie

Remember that, Dre? You passed me the torch
I lit the *** with it, now the world is my ashtray
Ridin' three-wheel motion 'til the *** scrapes
Turn Sunset into a Daytona drag race

Now watch it bounce, hit the switch
Let it bounce 'til the police shut the strip down
When you hit the club, tell 'em you came with me
We gon' twist up in the V.I.P.

It's a new day and if you ever knew Dre
Then homie, you would say I was the new Dre
Same Impala, different strokes
Same ***, just a different smoke

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