

Game

"Neighborhood Supa Starz"

Visit "[Neighborhood Supa Starz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[The Game]

You can catch five, or catch me in the CL-5

Whatever way dog, the Game get live

Keepin it gangsta in a P.D. city velour

Late night I'm in Dublin's and I got myself a four

The hood love me, hoodrats gotta hug me

Pop ex, spark the buba, the shit get ugly

Rock the mic anywhere, and I ain't talkin 'bout a concert
dog

Talkin 'bout ten niggaz in Converse dog

Get it crackin like we out in the yard, and the warden's
watchin

Only difference is the whores is watchin

Still love to see a nigga, roll up on 20's

Hop in that six-four, roll up on Bentley's like

I'm a gangsta bay-bee, from the C-P-T

Run with the (Pound) like I'm from DPG

If it's beef, you C-Murder like it ain't No Limit

And I represent the P like Russell Simmons

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I'm a neighborhood superstar, get it, right

Got it? Good, okay

It's the Black Sox and Get Low we get dough

In the Yay they pimp hoes, in Compton we six-fo'

[JT the Bigga Figga]

I know ya, love to watch me, 'specially when I'm lookin
rocky

The trey with the broccoli with my handles on the
Kawasaki

Handle my jewels with the cuff in my shoes

AD jacket on my elbow, 50 coast the jewels

In my neighborhood I'm Young Bill Gates, never shuffle
the cake

So cover my face, and run up in the place

I'm a superstar, dick and my chain, glass bezel and
bang

80 karats on my pinky and rang

Crews buzz when you speakin my name, cause I'm
deep in the game

With top cool thangs and million dollar planes

I'm a maniac, young boy gone, like a young Roy Jones

You ought of my zone and ain't nobody home

In my neighborhood, produce stars, stakes is high

Now we soarin through the spacious skies

Drop yo' body with them cakes and ride, the handle is
up

Switchin gears with the pedal and ride

[Chorus]

[The Game]

I'm a shining star

And I gotta hit the boulevard in that new Jaguar

Why he move through traffic like that, purple haze

Ralways, the Ojays, the gangsta lean so

Please believe that I keep two G's in my jeans

Two gats in my sleeve, two rats in my Beam'

X-5, mami let's ride

Weave in and out of traffic from Compton to Bed-Stuy

It's the kid from the far West I, oh, shit

He know how to do more than flip pies

Get money like them stick up guys

Them "Ocean 11" licks got the young kid rich for life

And I talkin 'bout a movie or George Clooney

I'm talkin 'bout, runnin in your spots with uzis tucked in
the Coogi

Dude me? Naw truly, might lose your lives

They say I've, got 2K2 covered like A.I.

[Chorus]

[JT]

Yeah mayne, I told y'all mayne

Fillmoe California nigga where we launch the best
nigga

JT the Bigga Figga, San Quinn, D-Moe the Yungsta, Seff
the Gaffla

Introducin the Game

Nigga the first nigga I went and got outside of the
Fillmoe district

Y'knahmtalkinbout? Yeah mayne

And we gon' pass him on off to Aftermath Records
mayne

So they can take him to the T-O-P

Y'knahtalkinbout Dr. Dre and the whole Aftermath
staff, y'knahtalkinbout?

But this album right here, this a Get Low, JT the Bigga
Figga production

My nigga Charlie-O on the beat, y'knahtalkinbout?

And we keepin it real thuggish mayne, Bay Area style
nigga

Black Wall Street, now let's get MONEY!

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

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