

## Game "Real Gangstaz"

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Real, real gangstaz stand up, hold they dick  
Bitch niggaz sit down to piss, what type of nigga is  
you?

I'm the type to pack a gat or few  
Pull out and pop, simply 'cause I'm mad at you

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Y'all niggaz see me when I'm come through  
And ain't no denyin' that them big motherfuckers is  
twenty-five

Swayin' in and out of white line, six, six double O  
Two zeroes, I'm feelin' like the streets is mine

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Mines hustle, mucho dinero, heat's confined  
See more fall guys than Foreman Ali combined  
If there's beef, I'm releasin' mine  
And I won't stop bustin' 'til them Escalade seats recline

The kid roll with a greasy nine, come through and blast  
I return shots like Arthur Ashe

You do the math, ten shots, ten dead bodies  
Fuck bein' sorry, it ain't nothin' but a gangsta party

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And I'll make sure ain't a nigga survivin'  
Shoot up the ambulance, make sure it ain't a nigga  
there to revive him  
And the Game ain't tryin' to win, fuck the awards  
So keep that little-ass horn, and that Neil Armstrong

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Trust me dog, ain't shit you can put in your rap  
That'll make you a gangsta, you a bitch and that's that  
Niggaz thinkin' I retired my Chuck, put the gun back in  
the holsters  
'Cause I weave through

Trust me dog, ain't shit you can put in your rap  
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Niggaz thinkin' I retired my Chuck, put the gun back in  
the holsters  
'Cause I weave through traffic in a roaster

But that don't stop the heater from bangin', or me  
comin' through  
Droppin' all y'all niggaz with three in the chamber  
Keep two mac-ten's when I'm rollin', one in the changer  
One when I push the button's right next to the cup  
holder

Dog we can get this shit over, I got ten on the game  
Let's say the Lee Harvey crack ya brain  
Ain't gotta look over my shoulder, I'm good with the  
aim  
Good with the handle and the bullet's good with the

bloodstains

And the coroner's real good with that pickup  
A-one good with the carpet cleaning, they can get the  
rest of that shit up  
'Cause I kill like the hiccups, two at a time  
Put you niggaz next to each other how I do 'em in line

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Come through in a big boy, leave the bullshit at home  
If beef cook then I'm bringin' the chrome  
If I die then I'm leavin' a clone, but if I live  
Through the drama one mo' time then them boys gotta  
dig

When I think about who shot me, I listen to Big  
When I'm rhymin' on the road, I listen to Jig  
Bump Nas off that purple, sittin' on the block  
And when I'm loadin' up them clips, I listen to 'Pac

A semi with me like Eddie Murphy, got mo' guns  
Than F A B O L O U S got jerseys  
And you might get 'em all in the face when shit get  
thick  
Make the back of your head look like Jerome Kearsy

And ain't nuttin' to do a drive by in the hood  
We ain't even got survival, but I'm a still take that ride  
Bet my drink on it, bet my main squeeze mink on it  
Think this shit a joke? Bet the S-5 pink on it

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