

## Game

# "Real N\*\*\*s Stand Up"

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Real niggas stand up, hold they dick  
Bitch niggas 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 niggas 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 double 0  
Deuce zeroes, I'm feelin' like the streets is mine

Mines hustle, mucho dinero, heat's confined  
See more fall guys than Foreman-Ali combined  
Any 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 nuttin' but a gangsta party

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,  
nigga

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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 Chucks, 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 niggas with three in the chamber

Keep two mac-10's when I'm rollin', one in the changer

One when I push the button's right next to the  
cupholder

Dog, we can get this shit over, I got ten on the Game

Let's say that 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 the pickup

A1 good with the carpet cleanin', they can get the rest  
of that shit up

'Cause I kill like the hiccups, two at a time

Put you niggas 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'ma 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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