

Game "Still Me"

Visit "[Still Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1:]

Straight outta the motherfuckin pissy hallways in the projects
To park in a four door Bentley on my set.
Same hood, same motherfuckin steps
I sat on and took the plastic off of "Life After Death"
Bangin, boning Biggie Biggie i did a 360
The Aftermath for that is the nigga 50 aint wit me.
No hard feelings, we both made millions
You can hate me or love me but nigga I spit real shit,
like I'm comatose, tell the Doc I'm sick
Before "Detox", let me take my last chronic hit.
Now I am gangsta rap inhale the weed smoke
And coughed up five platinum plaques
So Ima let the nigga Dr. Dre hit
Next time I have dreams of fuckin an R&B bitch
(dreams of fuckin an R&B bitch)
I don't make love, I make hits.
I put a condom on and stuff my dick in this Hip Hop
shit.

[Chorus: x2]

Feels Good
Gangsta

[Verse 2:]

Im that six figure nigga

Who got the word from KRS-ONE
and stole the Blueprint from Jigga
Niggas yellin Game did this, Game did that
Game aint do shit but bring the motherfuckin West
Coast back
I hear the whisperin goin on in the hood.
I sent a motherfuckin Hallmark card to Suge
That nigga know that we all good
So you can catch a cab to Hell wit them death threats
I'm already dead
I put the .38 revolver to my own fuckin head
before I let the shit eat my conscience.
Aint a nigga in the world could tell me I can't come thru
Compton.

Before I retire my Converse, I'll ride the train thru NYC
with the terrorist bombers.
Somebody tell my mama I'm crazy.
Pop was a Rolling Stone so that makes me a crack baby.
I'm in rehab three times a week
because I'm a motherfuckin feen for a Dr. Dre beat.

[Chorus x2]

[Chorus x2]

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

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