

Game "The Town"

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[Verse 1 - The Game]

Back on the block, nigga, chains on the rocks, nigga
Used to move yag, I should throw up the Roc, nigga
Back with the Doc, so I just throw up the Mag
Up 2 fingers: they don't get the ski mask!
This is body bag shit, that open the bag spliff
Coke in your lungs, a muthaf-ckin monster is what I've
become
Balls hotter than Pablo Escobar's stove
Got the Venice Queensbridge Escobar flow so..
Brat! Brat brat! 50 rounds'll knock you niggas down
Ben Affleck from The Town. This is my town nigga
King, mayor, all that. Niggas better fall back
Bullets in your ballcap. P-U-S-S-Y: that's what I call cats
Hardcore, die today if it brought Biggie Smalls back
Eyes low, 75 eighths, black war hat
Red Album, bitch, everything else all-black
Eyes low, 75 eighths, black Wall hat
Red Album, nigga, everything else all-black

[Hook]

Niggas keep saying that they run this town
They don't run this town, nigga I run this town
Niggas keep playing when we come around
I run them down, they wanted now

Niggas keep saying that they run this town
They don't run this town, nigga I run this town
Niggas keep playing I hunt em down
Gun 'em down, yeah a hundred rounds

[Verse 2 - The Game]

Niggas better break bread and niggas better play dead
I step in front of the beam and take it off of Dre head
Everything's straight red: my bitch, my car, the tip of
my cigar
My Philly hat, my scarf
Y'all niggas pushing light weight
Ryan Russell niggas falling down, tryna put a hand up
in my face
The f-cking boosters in danger, ain't a mic safe
Mike Bibby, Mike Vick, nigga, Mike Jake

4th album, cause I do my shit the right way
And like Dre the fans gon wait, so have a nice day
I'mma have a nice bitch sitting in the white 6
Coldest rapper alive: I write with an ice pick
And I'm write sick, meaning that my bars ill
Bout to f-ck the world up, nigga, I'm an oil spill
In the foriegn wheel, paint job orange peel, nothin' like
Picasso, bitch
But I draw steel

[Hook]

Niggas keep saying that they run this town
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Niggas keep playing when we come around
I run them down, they wanted now

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Gun 'em down, yeah a hundred rounds

[Verse 3 - The Game]

I ain't never gave no fu-k, why would I start now?
Everytime I get on the track, it's black hawk down
I declare war, pulling niggas' cars now
And I ain't gotta f-ck Sarah Palin to lay the law down
Birds: knock em all down
You could push record now
Used to ball like Chris Paul, I'm John Ward now
Still bang Dogg Pound, I don't like how y'all sound
Gun butt a nigga in the grill, try to floss now
I set the bridge on fire - try to cross now
Still f-ck Benzino, I don't care who run The Source now
I got magazines inside of magazines
Walk up, laid everybody on the porch down
Kill the drums, cause the track is a corpse now
Spread my fingers when I chew ? from Georgetown
Think it's a movie than it's Al Georgetown
But if it ain't a ?
I'm busting with the 4 pounds

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