

Game "Troublesome"

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Real gangstas 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 come through
And ain't no denyin' that them big motherfuckers is
twenty-five
Swayin' in and out of white line, six double, oh
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
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 nuthin' 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 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-10'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 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 corner's real good with that pickup

A1 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 nuthin' 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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