

Ca\$h Money Click

"Put You on the Game"

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Electro-convulsive therapy, part one

[Timbaland]

Go 'head, go 'head, go 'head, do the {?} with me
Go 'head, go 'head, go 'head, do the state with me
Go 'head, go 'head, go 'head, do the walk with me
Go 'head, go 'head, go 'head Game

[The Game]

First things first (Aftermath) +The Chronic+ is back
This is indo, produced by Timbo
Game over; nah the N.W.A. chain choker
is burnin rubber inside the Range Rover
Chain smokin, purple haze
This ain't another one of those, this the rebirth of Dre
The rebirth of L.A., the rebirth of hip-hop
Another memorial for Makaveli and Big Pop'
Hold up, Timb stop - I said
This another memorial for Makaveli and Big Pop'
G-G-G-G-G - young homey got shit locked
Public Enemy #1, Flavor Flav with a wristwatch
All black G-Units, all black Impala
I'm a schitzo, three-wheelin the six-fo'
50 Cent know
I'm Compton's most wanted when I'm ridin with Timbo

[Chorus]

Girl if you got a big back let me pin that
Show me where your friends at, we can flip that
Let me put you on the Game (let me put you on the
Game)
Let me put you on the Game (let me put you on the
Game)
I'll show you where the Bloods at, where the Crips at
Show you where they flip crack, where they bitch at
Let me put you on the Game (let me put you on the
Game)
Let me put you on the Game (let me put you on the
Game)

[The Game]

I ain't got the West on my shoulder, got the West in the
backseat
of the Rover, ridin on dubs, nigga I'm West coastin
The next Hova, from the home of the best doja
Makin all that racket, I got the +U.S. Open+
Stunt on me, I'll leave you wit'cha chest open
Vest broken, hop in the lo-lo with the tec smokin
G-G-G-G-G - I done paid my dues
N.W.A. is back, this is front page news
I got Dre in the back, ridin on 22's
Bitches screamin let me ride, it must be the shoes
Red and black G6's, red dot on the glock
I'm goin three times platinum dawg, how do I stop? I'm
hot

[Chorus]

[The Game]

My Unit is Gorilla
Fuck with my +la familia+ I will kill ya
G-G-G-G-G-Unit = I know that boy, not familiar
But you got to feel him if the Doctor sealed him
(Is Compton in the house?) Without a doubt
I'm the rapper with clout other niggaz yap about
You know the one that introduce New York to the beach
cruiser
Got 'em puttin red and blue strings in they G-Units
Get "Groupie Love," tell 'em to keep movin
If I got a problem with a bitch I let Eve do it
Unless she got on LePearla and I can see through it
I don't just let her ride, I give her the keys to it
Me and my bitch lay back in the Coupe
I'm movin in the neighborhood, I ain't passin through
I woulda been here after Snoop, but I slowed down
to show Timbaland how to iron a khaki suit

[Chorus]

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