

## Kane

### "The Game"

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[Kane]

I got 28 grams, that's a ounce of D  
7 grams a quarter o-z, go for 2-50  
Cut off the shit quickly, now I got me a G  
Score four more times now that's a quarter ki'  
252 grams equal 9 o-z's  
Smoke with me, put it on the triple beam to see  
I got 36 quarter o-z's for cheese  
Soon as I get off these, rap makes me a G  
Rockin' up 18, sellin' 18 holes  
Mr. Dopeman, oh hope his pockets swoll  
Now it's '97 and I got me a ki'  
1008 grams, 36 o-z's, lots of D  
Sellin' whole ???, rock it up like 36  
My hustlin' niggas, cut it up, make it 50 ounce, 1 brick  
This be the drama behind the hoes and cars  
All my hustlin' niggas I know you grew up real hard  
Plus watch your back, plus watch for police  
Watch for these wanna-be's, that's faker than ???  
Comin' for your yola, V-12, and bakin' soda  
One mistake and it's over, don't be a hoe be a soldier

[Chorus]

How the fuck you gonna tell me about the game?  
When I ain't gon' change, I'm about my change  
How the fuck you gonna tell me about the game?  
When I ain't gon' change, I'm about my change  
How the fuck you gonna tell me about the game?  
When I ain't gon' change, I'm about my change  
How the fuck you gonna tell me about the game?  
When I ain't gon' change, I'm about my change

[Kane]

Now I got me a 100 pounds of weed  
5-50 a piece, now that's 55g's  
Soldiers, servin' fiends down in New Orleans  
Comin' out the projects sittin' on Gold D's  
Young G, snort coca leaves and ki's  
No Limit ready for war like we Vietnamese  
Talkin' 'bout, if it's a drought tax niggas like it's a 211  
Sellin' bricks for 27

More pounds of weed, breaking it down to ki's  
Down to dimes and nickels  
Hit a lick, got you niggas sick  
How the fuck you gonna tell me about this game  
From the streets to the pen niggas know my name

[Chorus]

[Abel]

100 grams of heroin, ??? 911 cut  
Got to sell it while it's potent or it ain't worth fuck  
Take a spoon and mash on the shit in baggies  
Got some cash on it, cops find it, gots to dash on it  
25 to life no questions asked  
80 dollars a gram, now that's a lot of fuckin' cash  
My niggas that hustle, be quick to blast  
Cause Choppers and street sweepers think murder  
peoples ass  
You phony rappers talk about the game  
Been there, done that  
Buss caps, sold crack, jack while fake jacks  
Turn you into fortune like Pat Sajak  
Get down and dirty while you busters cleaner than Ajax  
No Limit, everything we say, we did it  
Went to jail and shitted, eatin' steak and spinach  
To big and you motherfuckers don't forget it  
Y'all niggas wanna start some beef and I'ma finish it

[Chorus] 'till fade

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