

Kane & Abel "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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