

Kym Mazelle

"What the Game Made Me"

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Yeah

Intro/Chorus: Jay-Z

I'm what the game made me
Not what the fame made me
No amount of money can change me
I'm what you lames can't be
Live nigga what? Live as fuck
(repeat 2X)

Verse One: Jay-Z

Check, live from the 7-1-8
Either respect the flow or learn your lesson from your weight
I'm wishin arthritis on all writers who, Knock My Hustle
How can y'all understand the struggle?
It's hard to live, when you got greedy niggaz in the mix
Knowin I outclass three-E niggaz in the six
So I outblast til it's empty clips
And I outlast niggaz, survival of the fit
One life, I gotta make sure it's done right
Cause them yet to have a conversation bout reincarnation
Ball out, until I fall out
Stick thick chicks, try to tear they wall out
Hard to think about your future with, nothin to gain
Hard to concentrate on school with stomach pain
Life's harsh, I know y'all runnin from 'caine
but it'll only catch you and track you down
With no deal, who you gonna rap to now?
Start your own record company, that's profound
Live niggaz gonna rumble when you back from the war
Jive niggaz gonna crumble and fall

Chorus

Verse Two: Memphis Bleek

Aiyyo whether in the Pinto, or rollin in the six

I come through cocky, holdin my dick
I never switch shit, cause that's some bitch shit
I get the Bisquick take it to the district
cause I could never get rich, and switch my style
I just cop a little hurt, to the mercantile
I'm tryin to get it though, rhymin with this six digit flow
Gettin fly is the minimal, holdin somethin is the
principal
Respect this young nigga that's, holdin the torch
Preachin shit like the crack game, don't take shorts
Throw it down it's a bet, nigga roll hard
til you got somethin icey, round your neck
In this concrete jungle get rich or remain humble
Never speak the biz, at worst I might mumble
Niggaz test it I spit guns, angrily
Til all that remains is me

Chorus (by Memphis Bleek instead of Jay-Z)

Verse Three: Sauce Money

I went from no dough to show dough to money to blow
From umm, hoe I don't know, to get deez
Never, "Excuse me miss," bitch please, never try to
provoke
Same disrespectful cat I was when I was broke
Ain't nuttin changed baby but the different faces I stop
or maybe some of the places I shop
Now that I run through tracks like cleets with a Air
for some of the hottest beats, still catch me eatin at
Pete's
Fuck the foul cat who screamed out and threatened my
life
It's all good, here I come kid, dead to the hood
til I'm in the dirt, foul cats like termites
come out of the woodworks, if they think you stack
paper
Dead niggaz react later while the cancer spread
Teach a team how to scheme before they answer lead
You know me, I used to shoot hoops in the park, ain't
nothin changed
except now I push Coupe's in the dark

Chorus (Sauce Money instead of Jay-Z)

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