

# The Game

## "120 Bars"

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Baby this is real shit  
My record sell slow imma show you my dick (reapets  
7x)

[The Game]  
Hit a breakdown  
No 400 bars yet, I don't need that  
I'm gas, your whole click is ass, I mean that.  
G-U-not cocksucker, better believe that  
I say it one time, watch the whole world scream back  
G-U-N-O-T, now that's for Billboard, rest in peace  
And since my nigga died, I been stress no sleep  
Contemplating suicide in my Lexus jeep  
I tried twice but I couldn't make my death complete  
I guess you could say Mya got the best of me  
Came back from the dead to address the beef  
Kiss my converse bitch and accept defeat  
Cause I hate it when bullies try to test the weak  
That's when I go bishop and juice and start flexin heat  
You could get it in the stomach just like Raheem  
Cause running with a snitch is not quite my thing  
I tried to take Buck with me, but he stayed on the scene  
Guess all I can do now is pray for Supreme  
While I finish my next album, 5 million and countin  
Anticipating, tellin the world I did it without him  
If Aftermath was a family that didn't have a mother  
I'd be Dre's newborn, you'd be the jealous older brother  
Yea, daddy love us but in the meanwhile  
You talkin behind his back and in his face you smile  
You moved out the house, You a failure now  
And lil' Game grew up to be a problem child  
I whip yo head boy, that's for Kanye West  
I whip yo head boy, with the back of my tech  
Yeap, your fuckin group fell flat without me  
You mad, what you gonna do rap about me?  
Your bars is park garbage, hooks is mediocre  
And your new shoes look like Reebok pennyloafers  
Try to walk in my shoes a block  
Hurricanes in stores the day after Christmas, nigga  
fuck Reeboks  
You a steroid addict, you need Detox  
Hopefully you make it out in time to be on Detox

Cause BlackWallstreet expandin, yea I bought 3 blocks  
My CL so smooth, it should of came with Pete Rock  
And lets not forget who made me hot  
It was Dr. Dre that took me out the weed spot.  
You want credit, forget it, I did it on my own  
Gave you 300 bars, then said I'm gone  
But I'm back, this is rap and a fact is a fact  
They say once you turn snitch, you never go back  
Heres a picture of Ja Rule, motherfucker hold that  
What goes around comes around, get used to the gold  
plaques  
Homie got cheese, but he don't feed no rats  
I show the world my dick if Lloyd Banks go plat  
I'm lyrically insane, Lloyd Banks know that  
He told me I was like a Big Daddy Kane throwback  
Started with 1 brick, built my own company  
And don't spread news about it unless it come from me  
Guess whos the boss, nigga my squad deep

But Glasses Malone is not signed to BlackWallstreet  
Nigga don't, don't, don't, don't, don't believe the hype  
Hear that Mike?

And don't be alarmed, this is not a diss  
But missusing my logo kinda got me pissed  
And I got enough beef, now Lil' Eazy dissin  
He don't write his own raps, so I gotta forgive him  
I got love for ya pops and I always will  
So on behalf of Eric Wright, my nigga you gotta chill  
I'm the reason you new westcoast nigga's got a deal  
While I was doin mixtapes, they was watching College  
Hill

For real, you mothafucka's ain't got half my skill  
I run this shit like OJ and pass for the bills  
Trying so hard to be a gangsta, nigga you seethrough  
Posing like 50 on the cover of the GQ  
Button up shirt with the cut off sleeves  
I got twin desert eagles, nigga suck on these  
I got that CEO flow, yea my bars are sweet  
Like Hova in Takeover, chewin out Mobb Deep  
Like Pac on Hit Em Up, chewin out Mobb Deep  
Don't one of you niggas got sickas, fuck your talk is  
cheap

When I see you, and I'm gonna see you  
Imma strip you down asshole naked and that's how  
Imma leave you  
Then Imma find Havoc, make him walk through Queens  
nude  
With Black Wallstreet tattooed on his back  
Nigga's signed to G-unit, now they bustin guns  
But last week it was: "My nigga Game, what up dun?"  
See that's what the fuck I mean, you can't trust these

rap niggas

And you wonder why I always say fuck these rap niggas  
So Imma break it down for MC's and friends  
If you don't hear your name, let the beef begin  
Ain't got shit against Hov, I like the nigga style  
Nas is my nigga, I been bangin him for a while  
I fuck with Fat Joe, he got the streets locked  
And that's the same reason I fuck with Kiss and D-Block  
Place Eminem in the number 3 spot  
And Snoop is like my big brother, we both raised by the  
Doc.

Young Jeezy you hot, we both new to this  
While I'm in the ATL, shout out to Ludacris  
Cause your uncle Scarface show me that crime pays  
Just like Paul Wall got me "sittin sideways"  
And I can't forget about the homie Mike Jones  
Who? Mike Jones, Skeet screw the fuckin song  
I fuck with Slim Thug and my nigga Bun B  
Can't do that without saying free pimp c  
And that's the reason why 50 try to pimp me  
So I went window shoppin and bought 2 Bentlys  
I'm in the drivers seat, motherfucker don't tempt me  
Turnin Spider Loc against me, cause your scared to  
come get me

'cause know what's up, Bloods still got love for em'  
Come to the block, I'll shake off the rub for em'  
Ask for G-unit, motherfucker it's a rap  
Ma\$e made it out alive, thank God for that  
If Dipset don't get you, Jesse Jackson will  
And if all else fails, I'll see you in hell  
Wear that G-unit spinner when you come to L.A.  
I have a nigga parkin cars, dressed up like valet  
He gonna turn back pastor when the gun in his face  
The real chain still in Chicago when I'm takin the fake  
You can call who you want, I ain't givin back shit  
Unless Olivia show the whole world she got a dick  
Can't seem to save her life, but she talk a lot of shit  
And I want my 10 G's cause Yayo caught a brick  
I guess my G-Unit tattoo was a smart move  
Cause in the end you lost a 100 Mil. to a cartoon  
3 years after you got tatted by cartoon  
The beef is over, G-Unit is gonna fall apart soon  
Hahahahaha

Faggot ass niggas

I guess I win nigga

Life is a game of chess nigga...

Some King, Some Queens

Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo, Young Buck, Pastor fuckin

Ma\$e

You niggas is pawns

50, or Boo Boo, or Curtis, or Chicken Little, Hahaha

Stop Snitchin, Stop Lying!, In Stores December 6th  
The DVD, it's a tell all motherfuckers  
Yea, my documentaries be better than your movies  
nigga, Hahaha  
I drove by your house nigga  
Go buy the DVD, \$16,99 nigga  
At your local record store, Blockbuster, Sam Goody,  
Warehouse  
Shout out to the moms and pops, for helping me slay  
dem faggots.  
G-gu-g-g-gu, G-gu-g-g-gu, G-gu-g-g-gu, G-UNOT!  
Hahahaha  
Pop off nigga, Hahahaha, Pop off  
It's me, The G-A-M-E, gone

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