

The Game

"200 Bars and Runnin'"

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The Game talking]

What the f**k is all this noise?

He from Cali he can't rap

He ain't better than this nigga

That's my favorite artist

F**k y'all hear the breakdown

[Verse 1: The Game]

No detox I'm comfortable dog

Like the solo Reeboks right up under me dog

And it feel like I done it before

Sit in the throne pollutin the airwaves like a hummer
exhaust

Don't let MAKAVELI fool you homey thuggin it costs

Pour out a little liquor for the loved ones that we lost

You ain't gotta wait for the album I don't f**k with The
Source

But I turn up my Eazy-E and let it bump in the Porsche

I mean turn up my B.I.G. and let it bump in the Porsche

Tell 'em to roll red carpet when he come in New York

Hip-hop police on me think they runnin New York

Till I lace my and I show 'em how to run in New York

They tryin to take me downtown put me under the court

'cause Joe Buddens told 'em I carry a gun in New York
And homey that's strictly fact he got ripped on wax
So he snitched just to get me back
No matter what you say dog your shit be whack
You better watch what you say it might get you clapped
Here's a little advice homey switch your raps
'cause that shit on your last album ain't get you
PLAQUES
What nigga you need a gun? I'll get you that
P-89 nigga let Dre stitch you back
HE AIN'T A Industry niggaz I'll admit to that
But I don't even want your chain I'll let the Crips do that
12 bars for that bitch he won't live through that
Even a nigga with a ten-year bid knew that
Put a gun in his mouth yeah, yeah do that
He a pussy (sniff, sniff) his own kid knew that
I'm Ready To Die B.I.G knew that
He ain't eatin look at his white tee you could see his
ribs through that
You cocksucker let your ears do that
Or ride later do me ooh wee now back to rap
2 Lincoln continentals sittin back to back
Leavin Jersey City naw nigga Hackensack
Where's that somewhere where the crackers at
Real far from where the roaches and rats is at
Come to Compton I'll show you where the racquet's at

Down the street from the staples centers where they
hack-a-shack

Give the advance money back I AIN'T have to rap

Break Harry-O out tell him crack is back

That's nine five a bird take half of that

Import it, export it in cracker jacks

When you get to the projects ask for Black

You know what you started with give him half of that

He gon give you 50 g's in a plastic sack

And I'm a give you 3500 cash for that

Gotta keep your mouth closed or I'm a blast the Mack

They won't believe you the whole world know that
bastard rap

Once you outta the throne you can't have it back

Retirement home and ain't nothing after that

Except you layin in a casket black

Suit on you can't go to heaven with timberland boots on

No subliminals I ain't talkin to you Shawn

I'm talkin to that heartless mouse with no jewels on

Who the f**k put you on

Faggot ass nigga let men toss his salad like croutons

I f**k with Fab get my DJ Clue on

Sit inside Hot 97 with no tools on

And it don't matter IF it's Sway or KaySlay

Angie Martinez I'll take 'em back to k-day

They act like they forgot about Dre-day

I don't rap for Free that's why they fired AJ

It's me leaking through your stereo
Envy me AS AN emcee prepare for your burial
I kill niggaz without lettin the Desert blow
Razor tongue and I'm far from Haitian son
All black like the range rover wheels
niggaz whisper around The Game like The Game won't
kill
Let me show you the stars take you back to the car
Rewind time march 3, 1994
I was only in my teen's deuce-deuce in my Levi's
When Nas hit the scene I was still rockin knee-highs
Runnin with my brother FASE he was seventeen
Two guns in the upper waist so we hit the block
Saw niggaz from a rival gang bumpin Dre
Ran up on the '64 and that's all she wrote
We runnin through the alley like Bishop chasin Raheem
Ass
First murder and I did that without a mask
Fast-forward see Game gettin out a Jag
Two piece suit on he still got his rag
Gangbangin forever he still got his swag
Let me catch you in Los Angeles without a pass
Everybody in New York know that you a fag
Come out the closet show the world how to use a pad
Speakin death on my red bandana
Naw he couldn't have said that so I raised my antennas

Look at my Nextel got a call from Santana
That nigga a pussy we just saw him in Atlanta
So I hopped on the first thing smokin to Atlanta
Pulled up at 112 ran up on that black phantom
Security hopped out no Joe in here
Just Outkast gettin ready for a show in here
So I uncocked the .44 hopped in the cherry 'lo-lo
Chrome grill with the G-Unit logo
We watched Hov go now the world waitin for my solo
I'm the man Stat Quo know
I ain't gotta explain even Bo know
Have of these rap niggaz is faker than rolls gold
Get hit in the face with the back of the .44
And pissed on tryin to play The Game with a broke nose
My bitch harder than you yeah Vita loco
I haven't sold one record got rap in a chokehold
I'm Dre certified like the leader of the band
Run up you sure to die I'll leave you where you stand
Smurf-ette runnin around New York like he the man
But he peed in his pants
When he saw us at Summer Jam
Lucky I wasn't there I had to bury my man
Or I would've terrorized New York like the Son Of Sam
What you mean terrorize New York?
I mean expose these pussy ass niggaz like I'm Too Short

Somebody tell Domination I'll leave 'em in parts

leg in Jersey, arm in Brooklyn, head buried in Central
Park

He can't walk through New York no more like John
STARKS

Gotta call 'cause i'mma break his ankles like Hot-Sauce

Ask niggaz from your hood I'm thorough IN 5 boroughs

Sit on any stoop ? In the thermo

Wait till Alpo come home

Like AZ from Harlem Dre gon pay me regardless

'cause he know Jay-Z departed

And these other rap labels know don't feed they artists

Talkin blueprint shit you got three garages

Gettin money off Roc like little E and carter

Showin off your little chain like these is flawless

Send him 50 cent a day I can see he starvin

I got R&B bitches givin me massage's

Deep massages I could hear Eazy talkin

Tellin me to have a seat in Tamika's office

Buy Ruthless and get Lil' E involved in

Promote without that magazine in Boston

Take a couple mil make Beans a offer

Give him money we don't see that often

But it was all a dream like I seen Memph Bleek in Marcy

I ain't say you won't see Bleek in Marcy

I said my said he won't see Bleek in Marcy

I'm from Compton where niggaz used to bleed for

BARKLEY'S

Drive lo-lo's and we ain't need keys to start 'em

Just a little information for your summer vacation

Bring your chain 'cause every nigga in L.A. waitin

Mad 'cause Detroit beat the shit out the Lakers

And they'll kill you 'cause THEY can't find Gary Payton

Meanwhile the throne vacant and Da Band ain't makin it

Shyne got a new deal, Def Jam gotta pay us

PLAYBOY Jones got knocked out shortly after they
weighed him in

niggaz got beef with G-Unit but ain't sayin shit

Quiet as a church on Tuesdays

Niggaz say they hate my music but my alerts ON THEY
TWO ways

Nigga I'm a hazard like Michael Jackson in khakis

Touch kids but I do that with a semi-automatic

With or without traffic I pull my shit out and blast it

I'm blind to the masses like Stevie wonder without
glasses

I'm a savage spit murder like a .38 Magnum

16 bars of baggum let the hook toe tag 'em

Murder any MC throw 'em in that white wagon

Let him die and come back look at 'em he white flaggin

Spreadin rumors like when I see Game I might jack 'em

I'm tellin the world he reach for my chain I might clap
'em

'cause niggaz shot me in 2001

Took one in the heart 'cause I was too proud to run

The clip was empty when the police found my gun
So I don't bring that gangbangin shit around my son
Nigga 50 took 9 he know how it feel
And I found out Buck got shot up in CaShville
And Sha Money told me Lloyd Banks got hit
And Yayo just came home G-G-G-Unit
Backstage at a D-12 concert
A fan asked me how it feel to be walkin in Snoop's
converse
Niggaz show me love when they see me in the streets
But they frown when I don't wanna hear none of they
beats
Nigga this shit crazy
Em said some shit when was 16 now they tryin to RUIN
Slim Shady
I forgive him I got problems of my own
How you think the streets gon' act know that Suge GOT
home
These niggaz is birds I can see the feathers on 'em
If Doc give me the word I put this Berretta on EM
When the beef is on my piece is on
Them white sheets is on 'em Doc breathin on 'em
And I got an extra clip in my Reeboks
'cause I'm in and out my socks every time I see cops
Game got the streets locked call 9-1-1
Get the whole f**kin LAPD shot
Niggaz snitchin to the street cops

Get your nephews and your niece shot

With my heat cocked in the beach stop

Nigga witta attitude like I heard Dr. Dre doin Detox

Niggaz fightin for the throne that ain't shit

Tryin to measure the fallin legends but the shoe won't fit

Niggaz might think I'm ridin dick

'cause I'M AT the cemetery puttin creases in my G-Unit's

Tryin to talk TO Jesus Christ into lettin me dig 'em up

So they could stand side by side again and live it up

This might be the last time you hear me biggin 'em up

With suicidal thoughts bangin me and my bitch in the truck

My conscience tellin me if I put the clip in the buck

It might be loud enough to wake B.I.G and them up

What if that was P. Diddy sittin in the truck

And 2Pac was in jail the day HE RECORDED hit him up

I wouldn't be outside 40/40 bumpin 'Jigga What'

Wouldn't be SIGNED to Dr. Dre I wonder is its luck

They got me on MTV with Banks, Fifth, and Buck

I ain't tryin to be L.A.'s king he carry a pimp cup

[The Game talking]

Snoop Dogg got the crown nigga

What the f**k y'all mad at me for

I ain't sold one f**kin record

I'm just tryin to use these 200 bars to feed my family nigga

I ain't no threat

I can't rap I'm from Compton remember

You gotta be out your motherf**kin mind

Ask KaySlay, ask Clue, ask Whoo Kid, ask Funk Flex

I'll murder anyone of you motherf**kers

G-G-G-G-Unit

Ah!

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