

The Game "240 Bars"

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Hear the break down
Spider loc is a joke
Nigga sound like chunk off the goonies
Ya life is a movie
You aint a factor you a actor fifty gave you a script
Went from runnin with the bloods to a g-unit crip
What's a g-unit crip? not a gang in LA
Bang on records but nigga won't bang in LA
Why the fuck you wake me up ... nigga im tired
You a busta.. so ima light yo ass on Fire
Nigga want my spot so he runnin with buck
Keep tryna play The Game, and u 'gon get fucked
I heard diss after diss, lil nigga you suck
Like yo baby mama, in the third row of my truck
Naw-vail I'll whoop your ass in your own hood
You so hard why didn't u put out that song about Suge
Trapped in the closet, R. Kelly ass nigga
Get swiss cheesed up, ol' deli ass nigga
T.boz in belly ass nigga
Better ask around, i been the truth since Makaveli
passed nigga
And i aint wanna have to do this shit
Id rather be at home listeing to the Cam'ron diss
Dr. Dre said it best 'a bitch is a bitch'
You a myspace gangsta nigga suck my dick
Your flow is budweiser, mines is crystale
Put the faggot on ice he gon be there for a while
Now watch me put my chest out like 10 og's
I wore this G-unot shirt to show m.o.p
Im gutter mutha fucka,
Tell you fuck you to Fifty face, and wont st-st-stutter
muthafucka
And now that i put the kids to bed
I tell you a story about a spider caught in his web
Marvel williams, a well known crip
Not cause he put in work, cause his brother a snitch
He belong in g-unit, ima tell you the truth
Fifty, this nigga brother tell more than you
So ima break it down like an ounce of glue
I met this nigga spider at Alliyah video shoot
True, true, he had on no blue
Dmx start laughin he said 'this nigga think he better

than you'
So i kicked a freestyle, and in the meanwhile
This nigga soakin up game tryna copy my style
Gave him a hundred bars, all he did was smile
And DMX named me the fuckin problem child
Now back to the future, you got a problem now
Snoopin around my hood, get fucked doggy style
I pull ya faggot ass out them g-unit sneakers
And let ya soul burn in hell on the anniversery to 'ether'
You g-unit crip, used to be a piru
Your name marvel, all you need now is a spiderman
suit
Black wallstreet bitch you can't fuck wit my crew
My flow blind baby, ima make you do what it do
Lets take a ride Nigga ima make room in the coupe
Put the shovel in the truck, throw you in there too
Bitch in the passenger side, say she hear somebody
screamin
Turn the music up.. baby that's comin from the
speakers
She said i aint trippin i hear somebody screamin
I had to throw her off so i start singin

I know you don't love me
You aint the same when 50 Cent's in town
I know you don't love me
You always talkin' bout how Ma\$e get down
I know you don't love me
You scream and holla when Spider Loc's around
Got me fucked up wit them g-unit crips
Tryna run game on me you punk bitch

Get yo ass in the trunk
Prodigy know that i aint a punk
Keep these rap niggaz in check like a pair of ducks
Who can flip like i do?
Spit like NaS too?
Rock a yankee fitted, still throw up piru?
Rock a dodger fitted in the middle of the bronx
I shine in any hood like paul wall fronts
Nigga my flow foolish sit back while i do this
Watch me manuever threw cedar block, and end up in
hoover
I spit like a ruger
You spit crap like a rookie dice shooter
Snake eyes to the loser
Nigga im grand pooba
Gave em somethin' grand nubian
Created g-unot, fifty tried to sue me and
Say he kick me out the group nigga i left
Spider, you want my spot nigga? clean up my mess

Dirty ass nigga, fifty give him a check
And if you sign, nigga put ya contract on the internet
I been bangin for 10 years, muhtha fucka i been a vet
For 500 dollas he'll claim any set
Give him a 1000 dollars hell tat it on his hand... damn
That's worse than me lyin sayin olivia was a man
Ya XXL cover look like makin of the band
You mad, cause i got my own shoe
And my nigga take shots for the game like NJ do
Some say it's bullshit till i pull quick
Till i empty a full clip
Get on the horn, meet me in the bullpit
Tony yayo you old ass coward
You 36 and u spit your hottest verse on my album
Now.. i aint sayin that you dope nigga..
But you better than spider loc Nigga...
Fifty saw the oppourtunity and thought he could use
him
I know he don't be listein to that wack ass music
You got the west on your back? you a lyin bastard
You the reason niggaz push mute when they play
madden
What the hell made you think you could fuck wit the
game
When yo claim to fame was Yukmouth's chain
Take my advice and lay low
Heard you and your uncle Yayo
Got ran the fuck outta san diego
I'll give you 5 shots when the 38 blow
Leave a whole in your chest.. the size of a bagel
We can do it when you say so
Wait till the lakers on the road, shoot it out at the
staples
Open your chest, show the world what you made of
My dick hard i can't wait till the day come
When i can put the infared on him
Let billboard rest, don't speak on my dead homie
All you new west coast niggaz chill
The city is mine, Eazy left it to me in his will

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