

The Game "360 Degrees"

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Hey, Skee, tell 'em I'm goin' away for a while
Mufucka's wanna see me dead
Mufucka's wanna see me in tha feds
Bitches wanna give me head
Dollas in my bank account
Soundscan the first week out
Mufucka's on my dick
Mufucka's talkin' shit
Hit a breakdown, I'm the king, and you better respect it
All i need is Beyonce, AND A Rockafella necklace
Nigga, you can check up on it I'm a slim thug Cincinatti
fitted with the red and black rim, blood
Gave niggas 300 bars, 2 mixtapes, and a DVD
I did it for the CPT
Did it for New York
Did it for Chi-town
Ran through hip hop and made these nigga's lie down
I'm goin' away for a while, call it a California vacation
I call it a Bentley with a smile =)
God Bless the child with incredible style, nigga sicka
than the West Nile
Who's king of the West now?
I'm puttin' my vest down, niggas ain't gonna kill shit
Shut the fuck up, nigga, you ain't gon' kill shit
Rappers don't kill rappers, guns kill rappers
And I be with real crips, real bloods, real clappers
Fuck rappin', these niggas'll push ya grill backwards
Fasta than Iraqi's when Bush attacked'em
My flow semi-automatic
Touch'n pussies is my job, you a bitch, this is sexual
harrassment
Nigga get a lawyer when The Game comin' for ya
My jab like zab on a chin of Da Lahoya
I'm tha golden boy, and I'm makin' Hova noise
Got tha whole world clappin just like them Noya Boys
Since a juvenile, i had to prove my style
Went from Kay Slay to DJ Clue then blaw(
20 magizine covers, nigga look at me now
You need a hot 16? I need a hot hundred thou
'causez half of these rap niggas just be runnin' they
mouth
The other half in the ATL runnin' the South

10 mil in the bank, 7 bedroom house, i'm rich, so on my
30th birthday, I'm out
Nigga, i'm so ahead'a time, and i spit betta lines, betta
rhymes
Every time niggas hate on me so much, I feel like I'm
Kevin Federline
"fuck it I'm rich, for nothin', tell the media, get off'a my
dick
You with me? my next album gon' sell like Britney
I beat on these rap niggas like Bobby do Whitney
No more drama, no more beef wit 50
And if ya just tunin' in, welcome to the 360, welcome to
the 360, welcome to the 360
Right back where I started, in Compton, takin' out the
garbage
Where Crips and Bloods shoot it out like Pearl Harbor
That was '95, when Cube was in his prime
You bought ya Lethal Injection, and I bought mine
Rewind to '89, got my first mixtape
My brotha bought it for me, they used to call him Big
Fa\$e
But now, we ain't brothers, nigga, we ain't shit
And you livin' in my shadow like Marcus Vick
And I heard about ya little rappers talkin' shit
Stay out my family business or you get a coffin quick
I ain't changed, same Nigga that got off them bricks
Got signed to Dr. Dre because his bars are sick
Gettin' head on tha road 'cause his cars are sick
And he rymed so good I had to pause the shit
I tell her boomp, slow down baby, I gotta get this shit
firm like Foxy, Nas, and AZ
She said fuck you pay me, so I left her in A.Z.
That's what i get for lettin' her listen to my Jay-Z
Fuck a bitch, give me a 40, I'll take that
Dress up for the Grammys, but i still don't drive
Maybachs
Nigga, I'm a gangsta, and homie don't play dat
Stand way back, and get your ass clapped ASAP
Nigga, this the payback
You want beef, say that
I'll have a hundred Hurricane hoodies where you lay at
Get ya whole click wet, makin' up Crip sets, nigga got
ran outta New York by Dipset
Then he got ran outta Compton by my set
Banned from Watts, can't even walk through his
projects
Nigga so lame, talkin' he gang bang
Won't bust a shot, and tha nigga know where i hang
I'm Big Daddy Kane in the platinum chain, the fact
remains, The Game don't rap for fame
Game rap for fun, Game blast his gun, 'n Game got a

rappin' tongue, so that bastard's done
Be easy, I might give you a pass this once
I'm Ready To Die, but I don't wanna basterd son
Nigga, I rap too good, and I'm back in the hood
On the same couch I put my demo and the package for
Suge
After one meeting I was right back in the hood
Red bandana hangin' sellin' crack in the hood
Now it's Aftermath for good
Any nigga mention Dre get a Desert Eagle shoved in
his face
How that taste? Blow ya shit out fa real
Call Nelly or Paul Wall, tell 'em make you a grill
I cook beef like a steak on the grill
Got tha clips on hold, but I ain't pharrel
Nigga I'm for real , my flow I'll like smoke in ya lungs
I spit sharp, like a razor blade under my tongue
Nigga, I'm number one, motha fucka
Bar none, who else kick knowledge outside'a Hoa''n the
God Son
'N we can bar for bar, cocksucker, drop some
Watch me take flight like Tom Cruise in Top Gun
You might win some, but you just lost one
I beat on these lil' niggas like Doctor Dre's drums
Look at these mufucka's tryin'a prove theyselves
Thinkin' beefin' wit Hurricane gon' boost they sells
Never that, muthafucka, I'm a clever cat
Kanye West and slacks, nigga, I'm as fresh as that
Ask Dre, ask Snoop, I'm nice
I'm Cube, I'm Jacob, I put rapper's on ice
"Hey, Skee, let me ask you a question-If you take the
120 bars, put it with the 240 bars, then add a 360 bars,
with one Kevin Federline, what do you get? (a million)
"Let's get tha fuck outta here, man, let's go find
somethin' to do.

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