

## The Game

### "Bars & Runnin'"

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#### "300 Bars & Runnin'"

*[INTRO]*

My mama took me to Sam Goody's  
I wanted to buy a 50 Cent CD  
I took that shit home  
That shit was wack like a muthafucka  
Don't fuck with Game

I like 50 Cent  
He reminds me Spongebob  
And Tony Yayo is Blues Clues  
And Lloyd Banks is Dora the Explorer  
They're my friends  
Psyche

I went down one of them Bodaga shits right there in  
Harlem  
Got me a bootleg Lloyd Banks and Young Buck CD  
Took that shit home, put it in my boom box  
Thought I was bout to be on some radio Raheim shit  
Man that shit sound like some Vanessa Williams '88  
I mean Olivia cute but they say that bitch a man  
So this Black Wallstreet for life now  
GGG-UNOT!

*[GAME]*

300 Bars and Runnin  
Just loan me your ears for 15 minutes  
Walk with me

Here the breakdown, pass the doja, .45 in the holster  
Hollow tips'll fold 'em, them \*\*\*\*\*z they toy soldiers  
Oh, that boy colder than Hova unless he sober  
Like I'm the president, but this ain't the takeover  
Now, there's the speaker, bring your ears a little closer  
Before you call this a diss, and you make Hova pissed  
Why would I wanna do that? When I'm just the new cat  
That was taught if a \*\*\*\*\* take shots to shoot back  
Defending his yard, yeah standing his ground  
I'm saying if you gonna retire, then hand me the crown

Nah, let Bleek do it, then throw him a concert in  
Madison square  
Watch everybody sleep through it  
We can go bar for bar, I'll let the lines speak to 'em  
What they say? Bleek is over let Chris and Neef do it  
They say the wrong thing, I'ma smack 'em silly  
What you thought? Them was the only \*\*\*\*\*z that  
rapped in Philly?  
See them \*\*\*\*\*z with the soonies leave you wrapped in  
Philly  
Then dash in groups like Beanie Mac in Philly  
?? said Curtis Jack in Philly  
Make a U-turn, I gotta go back to Philly  
I forgot my cheese stake, that's what I told the cops  
So they wouldn't get the dogs start searching for the  
glock  
And I can't forget, B.I.G. got murdered by the cops  
Even I was Ready To Die, when I heard that he was shot  
What's beef? Beef is when I murk you on the spot  
Labels signing many things, still searching for they Pac  
I put purple on the block  
So I don't feel threatened when Ludacris say he coming  
for the #1 spot  
Ask 50, it get lonely on top  
You can hate me or love me, but now the cops the only  
homies he got  
When it's beef we eat, we win, but we ain't lonely we  
pop  
You sell records but a GGG-u not!  
Acting big on the radio, to me you not  
You can ask Mr. CCC who hot  
Tony Yayo I bet 10 G's you flop  
Run up on that new 300 C you got  
Stop hoping I fall, hope the bleeding stop  
And I hope you black out before you see the cops  
I ain't hot top for colors, I'm from Cedar Block  
So I got my hot tops that make your breathing stop  
I'm a gangsta slash rapper, check your CD shop  
I'm like Elvis in there, they can't believe you dropped  
Now I'm moving on up to George and Weezy's spot  
I picked up where my homeboy Eazy stopped  
I saw the west coast, put the shit on my back  
Sprayed Aftermath on it, then loosened the strap  
It get hot in here, let Lucifer rap  
Bring hell to \*\*\*\*\*z when Dre producing a track  
Take it to the streets, put the duece duece to your hat  
Then call up the pigs, tell them the rooster's back  
Call Jadakiss, tell him that duke is back  
I'm still by your side, no matter who comes strapped  
Fuck Lloyd Banks, it ain't about who can rap  
It's about when the ?? clap, is rufus back

I see what you thinkin, you want me to die, is that so?  
Now you left leaning back, thanks to Fat Joe  
We got reservations in heaven, you ready? Let's go  
Drop them off, then the sound like Esko  
I'm a say ?? if me and Dre talk  
All Nas said back was he had a ??  
Now that's the eulogy, beef is kinda foolish see  
\*\*\*\*\*z running their mouth about what the fuck they  
gon' do to me  
But quit the yapping before I proceed to clapping  
And you gon' see the captain with plans of getting me  
captured  
Even behind bars, I'm still gon' shine  
I'm 10 years younger than Yayo, I get out, I'm fine  
Then I go right back, \*\*\*\*\* I pop mines  
How you gon' drop Olivia, you only drop dimes  
I knew you changed, when you started sleeping in that  
vest dog  
I don't need 50 Cent, my \*\*\*\*\*z make collect calls  
1-800-split a faggot \*\*\*\*\* wig  
He got G-Unit wings, throw them off the Queens Bridge  
Now your career is over, career is over  
We in QB, banging CNN in the rover  
T-O-N-Y, that's the phony NORE  
You ain't the talk of New York, your sixteens is boring  
Take that shit off ??, go back to PC  
And tell 50 Cent you want a copy of Beef 3  
I'm airing their ass out on DVD  
You wanna rhyme like Lloyd Banks repeat after me  
I'm a G-Unit toy soldier  
On Sesame street doing voice overs  
Bitch ass \*\*\*\*\* need a rhyme dictionary, to rehearse  
his lines  
Sound like Oscar the Grouch, with them nursery  
rhymes  
We was in the studio, when I first got signed  
He got stuck, he called 50 tryna borrow some lines  
That's the wrong \*\*\*\*\* , when you need help with your  
rhymes  
All he gon' tell you is say G-Unit one more time  
Got mad cuz I ain't wanna make your beef mine  
You got lucky with Ja, why you aint go at Shyne?  
He freestyled from the pen, that's just the fact  
Said he'd put you with your mom, and you ain't fucked  
with that  
Then you lied about your pops, he ain't never bust no  
cap  
Like Father, Like Son, go ask Busta that  
I knew from the beginning I couldn't trust those cats  
I'd kill 'em all, if I could bring Justo back  
The underground is mine, I treat it like home

It's the reason \*\*\*\*\*z saying my name like Mike Jones  
The underground is mine, I treat it like home  
It's the reason \*\*\*\*\*z saying my name like Mike Jones  
The underground is mine, I treat it like home  
It's the reason \*\*\*\*\*z saying my name like Mike Jones  
I said  
The underground is mine, I treat it like home  
It's the reason \*\*\*\*\*z saying my name like Mike Jones  
And I'm far from Houston but you can chop it and screw  
it  
Do whatever to it, but it in the store the shit moving  
Gave 'em a hundred bars, they ain't think I could do it  
Came with two hundred, \*\*\*\*\* this is more than music  
Even Dre knew it, that boy hot like summer  
Both ?? in the dirt, 300 Bars and Runnin  
And I beef with any \*\*\*\*\* , say my name muthafuck I'm  
gunnin'  
You can put it on skee if you want it  
I'll air you out on Drama King, Mike, or Clue  
And watch them shits sell out like a Air Jordon shoe  
I told Funk Flex when I catch the \*\*\*\*\* Whoo Kid  
We gon' see if he know how to DJ with bruised ribs  
Don't hit me on the sidekick asking what you did  
Get a gun or ask 50's police to use his  
Cuz Bloods gonna get ya  
Bloods, Bloods gonna get ya for that Shadyville chain  
That 380 spill brains, when I pop shots  
Outside NY, in front of hip-hop cops  
Or broad day in L.A., I'ma tell Em and Dre  
This \*\*\*\*\* bootlegging my music, ain't nothing for him  
to say  
Took me off my own songs, then put it on his tapes  
So I'ma take him out his house, put the beam on his  
face  
Drop him off at Terror Squad, let him scream for the  
jakes  
Cuz when you fucking with Jayceon, you can bleed in  
the lake  
For caking off \*\*\*\*\*z on them CD's and tapes  
Ask them to scratch a record, you will see he fake  
If 50 was Puffy, you'd run and go get him a cheese  
cake  
Take the DJ off your name, Mr. Instant replay  
Not the instant replay  
I mean the machine that G-Unit use every time 50 on  
stage singing like  
Bitches only for your shit just a lil bit  
\*\*\*\*\*z only for your shit just a lil bit  
On my album 50 helped me just a lil bit  
Only on two songs, now back to some killer shit  
My clips bananas, I kill a gorilla quick

Beating on your chest, I see to your death, yep  
Tell Ecko to make him a suit  
Tell Reebok to make him some boots  
Get him a head band, to cover the holes in his head  
He a dead man for thinking he can walk through  
muddy waters like Redman  
Banks blacked out and let the gun blam without a M-E-  
T-H-O-D Man  
So the lieutenant gotta ask for his strings  
Take my advice, never wear air max for the ??  
Unless you one of the Bloods, or a latin king  
Cuz if your left with the Aryans your ass will sting  
And your cell mate is a 25 to lifer  
They will stab you then ?? then fuck you on Rikers  
And Life Goes On  
Now back to the coward of the hour who lied and said  
he write my songs  
He told Vibe Dre was gonna leave me on the shelf  
So he gave me all his hits, you should've kept them for  
yourself  
\*\*\*\*\* stop acting tough before I stand over you  
Show you how The Documentary live on top of The  
Massacre  
Make a move I'm blasting your ass to the last one  
Ten shots from the Mack empty the rest in the  
passenger  
Fase yelling thats enough, let the coroner bag him up  
Throw in Makaveli and lift the doors on the Maganum  
Gun smoking, Fase think I'm locin' backing up  
Reverse the '05 hurse on 41st and traffic, what  
Hip-Hop cops on my left, but I pass 'em up  
The Dodge got a hemmy in it, Game got a Remy in 'em  
In and out of lanes like a New York cab  
I'm Mr. Ol' King, that New York cab  
Who's this fake \*\*\*\*\*, on pictures with the Jake \*\*\*\*\*?  
Got his crew starving cuz he aint the whole cake, \*\*\*\*\*  
He ain't Nas, ain't B.I.G., ain't Jigga  
If he ain't Cube or Pac then who you got?  
We getting tired of you talkin about who you shot  
I'll use another six bars to tell you who you not  
You ain't 50 Cent, he went out like a gangsta  
You went out with Vivica, three months after wanksta  
Get Rich or Die Tryin, we thought you was hot  
Now the same \*\*\*\*\* wanna take us to the Candy Shop  
C'mon man, what happened to the thug?  
Now you could find in the club, him and Lloyd Banks  
hugging  
\*\*\*\*\* got mad when The Game start buzzing  
So fuck making friends now I'm into throwing slugs  
Olivia talking about we a family, Game had to go  
\*\*\*\*\* I'll smack that ho like I'm Jackie-O

Cuz I don't wanna be cool, I don't wanna be you  
I don't wanna shake hands, or wear your G-Unit shoes  
Don't want you on my hooks, don't wanna be in your  
group  
Just wanna sit here and wait  
To be gone, so I can head back to the block  
Fresh white Nike airs and the matching socks fitted

Pull the brim low, if they don't get it  
Bentley Coup on gold daytons, I was the first one with it  
Four times platinum, I done been there and did it  
Came in the game and shitted, then wiped my ass with  
it  
They say the Lord givth, if Lord take it away  
So I build a house on top of Hip-Hop, I'll wait for the day  
\*\*\*\*\*z hating on me, they don't want Jayceon to play  
And the DA waiting on Jayceon to make a mistake  
So they can put me in the SWAT car and lock me away  
Give me a odd job in the pen for minimum pay  
Let me out so I can drive down criminal way  
Pushing the rock, nah this ain't no subliminal Jay  
The summer too hot, and I want the winter to stay  
Cuz I'm a cold \*\*\*\*\* when I put the pen to the page  
Similar to them shells going into my gauge  
I hand 'em off to Dre, he turned them into grenades  
And Just Blaze, cuz the boy got game  
Like I close my eyes, and woke up in a Roc chain  
Now back to reality, my gun and my vest  
And if diamonds are forever, then I'm Kanye West  
Take a look at my chest, a hundred thou wet jacob  
Whole crew got chains, a hundred thou can't break 'em  
And the flow is hot like that wit Satan  
And the only thing I got spinning is Daytons  
The hotter I get the more willing to snake 'em  
So soon as the beat drop, watch where I take 'em  
Compton Swap meet, to get me some All-Stars  
When Game in the house, they call ??  
Cuz they heard about what went on in D.C.  
Heard about Hot 97, my beef with 50

Now tell me do he got a conscience?  
I think not, cuz if he did I wouldn't be involved in this  
nonsense  
Wouldn't be in Harlem, wouldn't be at this conference  
I'd rather be pushing rock, like ??  
50 whispered in my ear, like we still bonding  
We ain't friends, I'm just acting like Charles Bronson  
Middle finger in the air, one hand on my Johnson  
Hip-Hop police on me like I'm the convict  
What happened to the old school? I thought it was  
rhyiming

Doug E. Fresh and Dana Day on the corner like  
Common  
Now that ain't common, it's more like Top Ramen  
The flow is news, I throw it up like vomit  
And I still shine like diamonds  
They kicked me out of G-Unit and I rebounded like  
Rodman  
It's still Aftermath, two feet in the pentition  
I be mad, I ain't, I'm supposed to stop I can't because  
I'm in the hood politican, Impala ???  
And I keep a black .45 on the side of my prada denim  
Chip on my shoulder like I'm fresh outta prison  
Dollar vision, blow a hundred thou like my wallet  
missing  
Then re-up like kid before the d-cup  
Continuously getting money with my feet up  
Chasing the throne, here my black Air Force  
I said fuck Benzino and got the cover of The Source  
Feel me? If not then I guess you gotta kill me  
But you ain't gon' do that so muthafucka move back  
While I do B.I.G. and 'Pac impersonations on two tracks  
When I wake the dead, everybody remove hats  
We miss ya'll, can I get a hand clap?  
Now back to rap, why I gotta stay strapped?  
On that murder T-I-P, kill you ASAP  
They won't know which hole to patch up, when the ???  
clap  
I tried to spare you Young Buck, now it's time for  
payback  
It go, how you from Cashville but you ain't got no cash  
nigga?  
Say my name now that's your fucking ass nigga  
Kept your mouth shut and I gave you a pass nigga  
Now I gotta lay you down like the last nigga  
Buck, buck, buck from my AK-47  
This nigga playing with his life, I might have to put him  
in heaven  
Tryna play the game, talking shit up on the stereo  
Prepare for burial, it's when I'm reincarnating Harry-O  
And you don't want that David cuz you love your life  
Get my Vibe, when it's war he pull out butter knives  
Muthafucka I'ma show you who the gangsta  
All you do is Murder Inc., now who the wanksta?  
When Suge had you, you were stranded on Tha Row  
Juve left you for dead and went back to the NO  
50 heard you on the tour bus and felt your little flow  
Then he made you temporary replacement for Yayo  
You a bitch, and that's hard to swallow  
And you got robbed for your spinning G-Unit chain in  
Chicago  
I call my nigga Jojo to get it back

He had the shit in his hands, and you ain't had the ten stacks  
Picture that, I thought we was G-Unit  
Then you ran and told 50 that I did that shit  
Ask C-Murder, the boy ain't hard to find  
I told Monica when I catch him The Boy is Mine  
Take one shot of Brandy and pop  
Watch his panties drop, when I run inside the Candy Shop  
Fuck you, 50, Banks, Yayo, and the cops  
And Olivia, I mean for a man she hot  
Now I'm running out of breath, like I just beat boxed  
Got 20 bars to go, lay it down like sheet rock  
Don't worry about the flow, the boy know he hot  
Hurricanes in store November, nigga fuck Reebucks  
I'm fly like a Hummingbird on a tree top  
The new Hov, the new B.I.G., the new 'Pac, I need three spots  
280 in, ain't no getting me back  
I'm yelling fuck the world, on my victory lap  
Remember first it was Buddens, then it was Bleek  
Now it's whoever muthafucka, yeah, who want beef?  
Now whenever muthafucka, who wanna see me?  
In the coffin, body exhausted, resting in peace  
You don't want war nigga, you want peace  
So give 'em the peace, capiche (sp?)  
Let 'em rest in peace  
From west to east the flow is outdatable, irreplaceable  
Lyrical homicide, hell is hot, I'm boxing with Satan  
And I slipped 'em the ace, you cannot replace 'em  
If Eazy ever decide to return, I remain Jayceon  
A king in the making, and the throne is for the taking  
So I climb the mountain top and put my stake in  
Got the weight of the world on my shoulder  
Not a nigga nor a hoodrat bitch can stop me from taking it over  
This is crack music, go get the baking soda  
300 Bars and Runnin, nigga the wait is over  
I'm gone gone gone gone gone gone gone gone gone gone gone

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