

The Game "Blacksox"

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JT the bigga figga)

Another G-man stand production the originator of the 808 shit in the Bay area you got your boy JT the bigga figga thuggin it out wit my young nigga the Game and the homie Bluechip Blacksox oh boy! hooked up wit Gelo records puttin this shit together my nigga! It aint a nigga in the game that can hold me down i've been independant forever so they know me now and i'm the cat they need to find when they wanan get found you want to get your paper right you gotta study my grind i'm like rush and crush foo for nigga that bust move right out the tuck 2's bullys that bust dudes aint no beefin for briefcase just beefin for beef for beefs sake we round cats up to beat em in a street race we count paper up to make a nigga change his plans they underweight so they aint gettin off they're grams they mad at my boys 'cause we trappin em in they make 20 then a feed wont tend that's the rules Getlow play by the Block boys stay hi the california stock with cake buy That's the rules Getlow play by the Block boys stay hi the california stock with cake buy

Chorus:

(Bluechip)

It's the Blacksox doing a joint together the whole world stoppin to listen old breakers pop lockin and listenin white boys head boppin and 6's niggas boxes in prison shit bang herd like a congical visit and the game aint big enough for nigga move over matta fact move out we takin ova they boys is comin and they aimin straight for the neck the B L - A C K - S O X

YO, Yo, Well it's the B. L. you know the rest wanted by the Feds hated by the ATF you can catch me at the Yukon-N two dykes swallowin gin Shorty sucked me out of my tims my bad that's your wife? Fuck your life anyway I heard you workin for vice you ain't real man you hide behind ice youse an imposter snatch him offa the roster always live by the rule get dough or die tryin hard coatin in the shinin pass the buck now im back and bettin if beef was a race man my 2 gonna finish

never been the loud mouth type sugar cane of this rap
shit south ball when the Mac spit listen rookie don't
make me mad boy or you'll be like Big a dead Bad Boy.

Chorus:

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for the neck the B L - A C K - S O X

(JT the bigga figga)

Niggas think they got the Game sold yeah right I'm air
tight fresh in the air nikes if the navi outside I might be
there black hoodie black nine black wifey airs rock
guns like caddy trucks keep a spare you seen the lump
under the iceberg fleece and yeah and when the beef
cook I'll put the heat to your head if you see a white
truck that means your sheets is there then im goin goin
back back to the block to dump the bucket and jump in
the truck niggas know im good with the glock they call
me Chuck Hurnes 'cause if the game on lock im callin
the shots I wear a shiny shoot for a minute like I'm the
Lox they get gangsta when I swap meat bag in the
Jordan box and when I die bury me with the glock and a
bucket of shells in case niggas want drama in hell!

Chorus:

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