

## The Game

### "Dead Bodies"

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(Intro)

We out in this... P and Game, we'll blow that bitch up  
From the world's most infamous, 1st Infantry  
(Alchemist, this shit raw like fresh beef playa  
We boyz in da hood... wanna see a dead body)

(Verse 1 - The Game)

Sittin in a lowrider, murda on my mind  
Cuz I had too many dead homies in my lifetime  
that's why I ride wit a nine and dem hollow tips  
Lift niggas like a chrome hydraulic switch  
Wit a hood rat in the car that swallow dicks  
So good that I got P on that 6-4 Impala shit  
She from Compton just like me  
Caramel wit extensions just like Eve  
She wanna go to a Knicks game, sit next to Spike Lee  
Well do the right thing, blow a nigga out his Nikes  
She married to The Game, that's wifey  
Ask Gotti get them blood stains out your white tee  
P in the backseat finger fuckin her girlfriend  
That'll put a golf ball hole in your right cheek  
Start trippin over colors like Ice-T  
And you can watch your life slip away through an I.V

(Verse 2 - Prodigy)

We out in Cali, P and Game straight blow that bitch up  
We out in New York, P and Game we blow that bitch up  
You can't stop us, we gettin this money it's not bangin  
You can't pull that shit this way, we head bangin  
Wit dem Glocks and dem oo-ops  
Me and my fools shoot, wutchu tryin do that  
I suggest you do not  
My chain is hot, what's more hot than that  
that's how I murda music, that's why your broads on my  
back  
Got two birds on my shoulders, they all over me  
And ready to fuck Game and whoever else roll wit me  
My presence is strong, I have a bitch seein dollar  
Signs spots stare at me too long  
Have you seein that white light you come at me wrong  
Or any one of my dawgs, I'll be settin it off

You was raised on beef and live real drama  
Don't let the coupes twist you, we lettin o's off

(Break)

We out in this... P and Game, we'll blow that bitch up  
(P and Game rollin the Dutch)  
P and Game, we'll blow that bitch up, mixed with the A L  
C  
NYC to LA we do our sweep

(Verse 3 - The Game)

We out in Compton, P and Game lacin Chucks  
We out in QB, P and Game rollin a Dutch  
Dumpin ashes out the windshield  
Haze got my head spinnin like dem 24 inch wheels  
Ridin to Suga Hill bangin shook ones  
On the westside highway, hand on the steel  
If I like your chain then blood spill  
Cuz I ain't getta million dollars when I signed my deal

(Verse 4 - Prodigy)

Nigga I'll tie your wife to a chair and blow that bitch up  
You better fire proof your crib, I'll blow that shit up  
I'm all about this crime shit for real, this rap shit is luck  
Try to score points on me, I'll fasten you up  
In that smelly proof bag, real real fast  
Shoot the duce under my arm, I'm real real slick  
Can't put a tail on me, I drive too fast  
Can't put tag on me, I smoke people ass

(Verse 5 - The Game)

If you from the westside, nigga throw that shit up  
If you bang to eastside, nigga throw that shit up  
I ain't tryna be in The Source or Double X L  
I'm just tryna fuck Trina cuz Dre said sex sells  
And it was either this or jail  
Imagine tryna fit birds in a Honda Accel  
And they caught up on the Fed Ex mail  
So we stopped doin business and chirpin on Nextels  
We gangstas

(Verse 6 - Prodigy)

I fold people in half, I tore people ass  
But they still wanna ride out as long as we see death  
I get money, and I don't need your help or friendship  
But love, I'mma survive just how I been  
I'mma stay alive till the day I die  
But right now I'm healty, niggas betta get up off my  
A bitch is nuttin we easily fuck it  
And we possessed by the cash and these guns we  
bustin

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