

The Game

"How We Do Feat 50 Cent"

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[Hook - 50 Cent]

This is how we do

We make a move and act a fool while we up in the club

This is how we do

Nobody do it like we do it so show us some love

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We make a move and act a fool while we up in the club

This is how we do

Nobody do it like we do it so show us some love

[Verse I - Game]

Fresh like, unhh; Impala, unnh

Crome hydrolics, 808 drums

You don't want, none

Nigga betta, run

When beef is on, I'll pop that, drum

Come get, some

Pistol grip, pump

If a nigga step on my white Air, Ones

Since red, rum

Ready here I, come

Compton, unh

Dre found me in the, slums
Sellin that skunk, one hand on my gun
I was sellin rocks when Master P was sayin "Unnnh"
Buck pass the blunt
These G-Unit girls just wanna have, fun
Coke and rum
Got weed on the ton
I'm bangin with my hand up her dress like, unh
I'll make her cum, purple haze in my lungs
Whole gang in the front in case a nigga wanna, stunt
[Verse II - 50 Cent]
I put Lamborghini doors on that Es-co-lade
Lil pro so look like I'm riding on blades
In one year mang, a nigga's so paid
I have a straight bitch in the telly goin both ways (Ah!)
Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me
I give it to ya just how you like it, girl
You know I'm rockin with the best tre pound on my hip
Teflon on my chest
They say I'm no good
'cause I'm so hood
Rich folks do not want me around
'cause shit might pop off, and if shit pop off
Somebody gon' get laid the f**k out
They call me new money, say I have no class

I'm from the bottom, I came up too fast
[How We Do Feat 50 Cent (prod by Dr. Dre) lyrics on]

The hell if I care, I'm just here to get my cash

Bougie ass bitches, you can kiss my ass

[Hook]

[Verse III - Game]

I put gold Daytonas on that Cherry Six-Four

White walls so clean it's like I'm ridin on bulbs

Hit one switch mang, that ass so low

Cali got niggaz in New York ridin on hundred spokes

Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me

I give it to ya just how you like it, girl

You know I'm rockin with the best fo' pound on my hip

Gold chain on my chest (Ah!)

[Verse IV - Game and 50 Cent]

[50 Cent]

50, unh

Bentley, unh

Em came 'n gotta nigga fresh out the, slum

Automatic, gun

F**k 'em one-on-one

We wrap up ya punk ass, stunt 'n ya done

Homie, it's Game time

[Game]

You ready? Here I come

Call Lloyd Banks and get this motherf**ker, crunk

It took two, months
But Fifty got it done
Signed with G-unit
Had niggaz like, "huh?"
Don't try to front
I'll leave yo' ass, slumped
Thinkin I'm a punk
Get your f**kin head, lumped
Fifty got a, gun
[50 Cent]
Ready here he come
Gotta sick, vendetta
To get this, chedda
Meet my Ba, Retta
The dra-ma, setta
Sip Am-a, retta
My flow sounds, betta
Than average
On tracks I'm a savage
I damage
Any nigga tryin' to front on my clique (G-Unit!)

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