

# The Game

## "How We Do Feat 50 Cent (prod by Dr. Dre)"

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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

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

[Verse I - Game]

Fresh like, unhh; Impala, unnh

Crome hydraulics, 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 fuck out  
They call me new money, say I have no class  
I'm from the bottom, I came up too fast  
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  
Fuck '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 motherfucker, 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 fuckin 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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