

The Game "Jackin' For Beats"

Visit "[Jackin' For Beats](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[The Game]

Straight outta Compton, Chuck Taylor in Brooklyn 8
deep
And the Desert Storm blew in Ghetto F-A-B
The only difference between us
Is the coast and the length of the ninas
And the rainbow paint on the beamers
Out here they call me "All Star Game"
And every nigga with a gun is waiting on the '04 All Star
Game
So while you in the Staples parking lot
I'm watchin the corners, with the safety on like Ronnie
Lott

[Fabolous]

Straight outta Brooklyn it's the same youngan
Slangin that same onion
Smokin that Cali bud that my nigga Game brung in
I keep a dame tongue on my dick
The chain huggin my dick
The cane brung by the brick, it's ghetto!
The fiends sprung on me quick
But I still got 20s of dope that'll have yo brain strung on
a fix
These haters can't stop the rock I pushes
Cause a nigga move around with more arms than them
octipusses, nigga

[The Game]

I got a winchester that will turn your vest into confeddi
I'm Chuck Taylor, the same nigga that put the 6-4 in
Chevy
It's the same nigga that keep the .44 in the Chevy
With no stash spot, when you in Compton ask coppers
If that Aston Martin's the same color as grass hoppers
I'm runnin the rock, not J, Dame Dash of Hoffa
So when you in Compton, you know who to ask for
That 21 year old young gun with bricks in the Jaguar,
nigga

[Fabolous]

The kid push Bentley exhaust thru

And if you see my guns you would think Bush sent me
to war too
Even with chicks beggin me for dick regularly
A nigga known for gettin rid of weight like Dick Gregory
I'm New York City's fly guy, you bums don't impress me
I already got the lead waitin for someone to test me
You don't wanna be in the news
Cause when I'm lookin for you
Not even Bin Laden wanna be in your shoes, nigga

[The Game]

Every ghetto in America, I know that niggaz lettin clips
fly
So I keep that in mind when I'm out in the N-Y
Niggaz see the Aftermath chain they like f... 50
Cause we flyin thru Queens in that Ferarri F-50
Bitches see me in the video, wanna have sex with me
So keep a box of Magnums and a bag of X with me
Keep a .38 Magnum stashed in the vette with me
And it's 'fuck yo life' if you ain't signin check with me

[Fabolous]

Nigga I'm eatin, and you be snackin like you on a diet
That's why you window shoppin actin like you wanna
buy it
Actin like you gonna roit, like you gonna shoot
When in fact you gone be quiet, like you on mute
That's proof, you a punk, and you lucky
There ain't enough room to fit a nigga in my roof or the
trunk
I got a box to quickly hide the gun
You shouldn't move if you seen Boyz N The Hood
And when Ricky tried to run

[The Game]

Niggaz know when them hollows airin
I'll turn your Antoine Walker into a throwback Robert
Parrish
With 2 holes under the Celtic
And you will think your 'Boston Warm-Up' jacket hot
Till the desert eagle melt it
I'm a gangsta, and the birds, they love it
20 with a baby face, and sit on base like Kirby Puckett
If you can't afford the new Bentley, fuck it!
Copp yay from Jay, the bricks come with Louis Vuitton
luggage

[Fabolous]

In my hood the slower you move, the quicker they get
you
Sometimes it's somebody in your click that be with you

That's why my vest is thicker to get thru
And I keep 2 nines on my shirt like Dickersons shit do
Why waste my breath when I'm bickering with you
I'd rather waste my techs till they flicker and hit you
You sick cause my shit blew
And you ain't goin' nowhere for a while
A commercial where Snickers will fit you, fucka!

[The Game]

Ain't nothin but a gangsta party when I'm spittin to Pac
The paint fall off your Miskeen when I'm spittin the
Glock
Before I was 16, I was liftin the drop
Spittin on cops, pitchin the rock
Like Charlie Ward before the New York Knicks
Now you can catch me in Brooklyn with Fab
On a New York bench, while you old niggaz in rehab
And if I can't be a hip-hop legend, I'll just die in a ski-
mask

[Fabolous]

When a gangsta like me ride
It be suede in it, be shades in it
Tires that got the rims that Spree made in it
1 of the prettiest hoes be laid in it
Blowin the kid faster than pre-paid minutes
And I'm guessin these haters
Don't know I keep Wesson & 8ters
Fully loaded with the vest penetrators
But if they want it, ya'll can get it
Ya'll love the way the coast to coast G's did it, nigga!

Visit [The Game](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.