

The Game

"Lookin' At You"

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(Chorus)

Walkin' down the street, and ma allstarz,
In ma khaki suit, doin wat i do
Walkin' down the street, smokin chronic,
In ma black lotus, lookin' at you

Guess who's back on the west coast tracks,
Its the mother f**king messiah and gangsta raps,
Still dippin the 6-4, still puffin on the same chronic,
Haters mad 'cause i still got it
I never fall off even without the doc'
You n****s sellin your soul tryin to stay on top,
Bitch n****a checkin kotex,
You n****s aint movin shit like the hand on a fake ass
rollex

Im 5 million sold the cover of my last album
The only time you see me sittin on gold
Im the most anticipated, the most celebrated
The most loved and the mother f***in most hated,
Keep rollin like gold daytons
N****s got the game f***ed up like Henessey with a
coke chaser,
You gotta deal with me im the west coast savior
N****s think of me everytime they 6-4 scrape,
Wat do you call a n****a whose older,
Parady, belligerance, foul defined,
And very disrespectful, you call that n****a a doctor's
advocate,
He's a reflection of Dr.Dre in his hey day in the worst
way,
The 5 star surgeon / general took Jayson
To the aftermath research department,
And gave 'em a blood test, that came back G-A-M-E
positive,
The n****s infected with the game virus,
His oraltorical skills are so impeckable, that n****s in
the street call him Sirius,
The young damu is down with violence cause in his

heart he's a tyrant
Its not a game, it's just called the game,
There will be no referee, no half time report,
When the game is over, the game is over,
You can't put a quarter in the machine and get 3 more
men,
That's the end

(chorus)

Walkin' down the street, and my allstarz,
In my khaki suit, doin wat i do
Walkin' down the street, smokin chronic,
In ma black lotus, lookin' at you

I'd of been to hell and back, left for dead, you know
who to thank for that,
Finished my second LP without a Dr.Dre track,
You can take my soul but you can't take my plaques,
Im the mother f***in' snair when you touch the beat,
Im the 808 drum that got you movin your feet,
Im the heir to the throne after the D-R-E,
Product of my enviornment you old ass n****s get ready
for your early retirement,
Before i let hip-hop burn down I'll run in the buildin like
a fireman
Who can out spit me when im high off sticky,
Throwin back Patrone shots in some creased up dickies
Im D.O.C certified, ice cube lenched me, snoop
stamped me and the good doc hand picked me,
You still wit me? me and my mic can't be separated like
interscope and...(haha)

Good shit
Some good ass mother f***in' weed
The california sticky green
This is the aftermath of the aftermath
West coast!

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