

The Game

"Neighborhood Supa Starz"

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"Neighborhood Supa Starz"

(feat. JT the Bigga Figga)

[The Game]

You can catch five, or catch me in the CL-5
Whatever way dog, the Game get live
Keepin it gangsta in a P.D. city velour
Late night I'm in Dublin's and I got myself a four
The hood love me, hoodrats gotta hug me
Pop ex, spark the buba, the shit get ugly
Rock the mic anywhere, and I ain't talkin 'bout a concert
dog
Talkin 'bout ten niggaz in Converse dog
Get it crackin like we out in the yard, and the warden's
watchin
Only difference is the whores is watchin
Still love to see a nigga, roll up on 20's
Hop in that six-four, roll up on Bentley's like
I'm a gangsta bay-bee, from the C-P-T
Run with the (Pound) like I'm from DPG
If it's beef, you C-Murder like it ain't No Limit
And I represent the P like Russell Simmons

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I'm a neighborhood superstar, get it, right
Got it? Good, okay
It's the Black Sox and Get Low we get dough
In the Yay they pimp hoes, in Compton we six-fo'

[JT the Bigga Figga]

I know ya, love to watch me, 'specially when I'm lookin
rocky
The Trey with the broccoli with my handles on the
Kawasaki
Handle my jewels with the cuff in my shoes
AD jacket on my elbow, 50 coast the jewels
In my neighborhood I'm Young Bill Gates, never shuffle
the cake
So cover my face, and run up in the place
I'm a superstar, dick and my chain, glass bezel and
bang
80 karats on my pinky and rang

Crews buzz when you speakin my name, cause I'm
deep in the game
With top cool thangs and million dollar planes
I'm a maniac, young boy gone, like a young Roy Jones
You ought of my zone and ain't nobody home
In my neighborhood, produce stars, stakes is high
Now we soarin through the spacious skies
Drop yo' body with them cakes and ride, the handle is
up
Switchin gears with the pedal and ride

[Chorus]

[The Game]

I'm a shining star
And I gotta hit the boulevard in that new Jaguar
Why he move through traffic like that, purple haze
Ralways, the Ojays, the gangsta lean so
Please believe that I keep two G's in my jeans
Two gats in my sleeve, two rats in my Beam'
X-5, mami let's ride
Weave in and out of traffic from Compton to Bed-Stuy
It's the kid from the far West I, oh, shit
He know how to do more than flip pies
Get money like them stick up guys
Them "Ocean 11" licks got the young kid rich for life
And I talkin 'bout a movie or George Clooney
I'm talkin 'bout, runnin in your spots with uzis tucked in
the Coogi
Dude me? Naw truly, might lose your lives
They say I've, got 2K2 covered like A.I.

[Chorus]

[JT]

Yeah mayne, I told y'all mayne
Fillmoe California nigga where we launch the best
nigga
JT the Bigga Figga, San Quinn, D-Moe the Yungsta, Seff
the Gaffla
Introducun the Game
Nigga the first nigga I went and got outside of the
Fillmoe district
Y'knahmtalkinbout? Yeah mayne
And we gon' pass him on off to Aftermath Records
mayne
So they can take him to the T-O-P
Y'knahmtalkinbout Dr. Dre and the whole Aftermath
staff, y'knahmtalkinbout?
But this album right here, this a Get Low, JT the Bigga
Figga production

My nigga Charlie-O on the beat, y'knahmtalkinbout?
And we keepin it real thuggish mayne, Bay Area style
nigga
Black Wall Street, now let's get MONEY!

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