

# The Game

## "Outro"

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[Intro:]

Not! [Echoing]

Blackwall Street

The Game

Beach Boy

Charli Baltimore (He Wears A Red Bandana)

Rockstar

We Are The Black Gang

Free Shye

Mother Fuckers! (He Wears A Red Bandana)

[Chorus:]

On The Front Of Murder Dog (He Wears A)

On The Cover Of The Source You See (He Wears A Red  
Bandana)

The Whole World Know (He Wears A)

Every Nigga In The Hood Know (He Wears A Red  
Bandana)

50 Told The Nypd (He Wears A)

Why You Snitch On Me And Tell Em That (He Wears A  
Red Bandana)

All The Pirus Know (He Wears A)

Even My Crip Niggas Know (He Wears A Red Bandana)

[Verse 1:]

Chea Chea

Dear God Let Me Clense My Soul

Throw Away All The Rims And The Gold

O No I Cant Do That

Do I Love God? True Dat

But I Got A Gun So Move Back

Im Loco Like 5 Eses In The Side Of Chevelle Ridin On  
Low Pros

Im A Renegade Ride With The 44

Been A Gangbanger All My Life, Fuck The Popo

I Aint Never Been A Cocky Kid

Know They Could Kill Me If They Shot Pac And Big

But I Let My Bandana Hang

In The City Of Angles We Gangbang

I Move That Chronic And Yayo

Way Before I Met 50, Banks, Buck And Yayo

Ask Eminem, Even Dr. Dre Know  
I Put One In Last Ten In The Range Rov  
Used To Push That Rock Like Jay Hov  
You Better Lay Low When The Ak Blow  
Or Get Wings And A Halo  
Run To The Hood And Tell Em Im The Nigga They Gotta  
Pray For  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
I Said Run To The Hood And Tell Em Im The Nigga They  
Gotta Pray For, Lay Low And Stay Low

[Chorus:]

On The Front Of Murder Dog (He Wears A)  
On The Cover Of The Source You See (He Wears A Red  
Bandana)  
The Whole World Knows (He Wears A)  
Every Nigga In The Hood Know (He Wears A Red  
Bandana)  
50 Told The Nypd (He Wears A)  
Why You Snitch On Me And Tell Em That (He Wears A  
Red Bandana)  
All The Pirus Know (He Wears A)  
Even My Crip Niggas Know (He Wears A Red Bandana)

[Verse 2:]

Chea Chea  
Im A Gangbanger Don't Get It Fucked Up  
You Aint Never Bang, You Aint Never Laces Chucks Up  
So How The Fuck You Gon Criticize Me  
I Aint The Reason Niggas Is Bangin The Nyc  
Makin Bullshit Threats On The M.I.C.  
I Don't Wake Up In Cold Sweats When I Sleep  
I Live Comfortably  
With A Red Rag Tied Around The 45 In Case Nigga Try  
To Come For Me  
Mad Cause I Started My Own Company  
I Don't Know What The Fuck Niggas Want From Me  
Except Something For Free  
Before The Documentary Dropped, You Bitch Niggas  
Wasn't Bumpin Me  
And To Some Degree  
I Gotta Keep That 4-5th Under Me  
I Don't Run From Beef  
It's Either Cock Back, Squeeze, Or Be Underneath  
Cause Im From The Streets Of (Compton)  
And My Grandmother Died Before I Was Multi  
Wasn't Raised Right Cause My Parents Was Both High  
High Off Cocaine, My Introduction To The Dope Game  
Came In 85 Watchin Soul Train  
Mama Told Me I Was The Future, And One Day I'll Be Fly  
Like Soul Plane

Just Don't Bang  
But Back Then, I'd Do Anything For A Jerri-Curl And A  
Gold Chain  
Niggas Always Got Something To Say  
Like They Aint Never Bumped N.W.A.  
Punk Niggas Talk Shit, But When They Need Hits They  
Swallow Their Fucking Pride And Come Runnin To Dre  
Niggas Come To La When They Need To Talk  
Cause Kanye Told Everybody Jesus Walks  
Bush Killed More Niggas In The Towers Than  
Gangbanging Ever Did, That's Why They Need New  
York

[Chorus:]

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[Outro:]

Yeah Mother Fuckers  
Chuck Taylor  
O You Thought I Forgot About That Alias Huh  
Im Going Back To My Roots  
G-Unit Is Dead  
As A Staff, A Record Label, And A Mother Fuckin Group  
Your Clothes Cant Sell  
Your Shoes Are Straight Garbage  
Your Movies Suck!  
Chicken Little Killed You Nigga  
Hahahaha [Echos]  
How You Like It Nigga  
I Took Yo Style  
I Aint Doin No Third Verse  
Imma Just Talk To You Nigga  
Like You Do When You Get Mad At Me Cause You Cant  
Fuck With Me Lyrically Mother Fucker!!!  
You Gon Do One Of Those Sing Song Little Clucky Poppy  
Hooks  
You Like The Rap Linsey Lohan You Fuckin Faggot  
Write 8 Balls About Me Nigga  
I Do This Shit All Day 50!  
Curtis Jackson  
Boo Boo

Marcus-snitch  
Black Wall Street C. E. O. Mother Fuckas!  
Hurricanes In Stores December 26th  
Stop Snitchin Stop Lyin The Dvd In Stores December 6th  
It's A Tell All Nigga  
Wait Till My Movie Come Out  
Im Glad It Aint Based On My Life  
With That Knock Off 8 Mile Shit  
You Could Never Be Eminem Mother Fucker  
You Aint Lyrically Inclined Enough To Be Jay-Z, Nas,  
B.I.G. Or Pac  
And In The Modern Day-today, Tomorrow, Next Week  
You Cant Fuck With The Game Nigga!  
Out

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