

# The Game

## "Play The Game"

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[Intro]

You niggas is soldiers man  
Fuckin' toy soldiers  
Yeah get in line cadet  
Aten Hut!

Yayo you punk ass bitch.  
I know you can't wait to get off house arrest nigga.  
So you can run the fuck outta New York, you faggot

[Chorus]

Niggas tryna play the game with 50 Cent, 50 Cent, 50 Cent  
Why you tryna play the game with 50 Cent, 50 Cent, 50 Cent  
Can't play the game with only 50 Cent, 50 Cent, 50 Cent  
So why you tryna play the game with only 50 Cent  
Come back when you got a couple dollars holla.

[Verse 1]

You gonna need more than 50 Cent to play this game  
Nigga hating on me cause I'm doin my own thang  
I aint Lloyd Banks, bitch. I don't share your brain  
I was in the fast lane before the G-Unit chain  
You was hatin on Ja cause him and Irv went pop now  
your ass run around singing the Candy Shop  
After 'Westside Story' I took your fans  
I sing it for myself that bitch Olivia's a man.  
I got word from the wise nigga you dead wrong  
Stole the real 50's name and wouldn't pay for his  
headstone  
Nigga got mad when 'How We Do' start climbin, acting  
like a bitch cause he Got Rich and Stop Tryin'  
Got niggas locked up you a snitch in Queens  
Told them Touch shot Pac then ratted out Supreme  
But on the rizeal im talkin about you and me  
Toe to toe 5-0 C-E-N-T, faggot

Banks is a bitch, 50 is a bitch, Yayo is a bitch, Buck is a  
bitch, Olivia's a bitch... no Olivia's a man, haha. God  
damn

[Verse 2]

You reported more names than the evening news  
I guess now Reebok making cement shoes  
Yayo the only real mutha fucka from the street  
You swinging on me like you want 5 heartbeats  
Ok. One. Two. Three. Four, flat line  
If you say you wrote my shit one more time  
You ain't a hood nigga, you Got Rich and Stop Tryin  
Jimmy scared Chris Lighty and he start lying  
Lil' snitch what you know about movin' in silence?  
Even NYPD can't deny it  
The life of your story is fuckin' Vivica  
But your baby mama left you cause you couldn't get it  
up, bitch

Yayo went to jail, Banks sold a mil, then Buck sold a  
mil, then 50 gave a deal to a bitch named Olivia whose  
titties aint real.  
Now they all hiding behind the police shield

[Chorus]

[Outro]

G-G-G-G-you niggas aint shit, bitch ass niggas  
I told you this shit was real, nigga  
This is Fat Rat nigga, mutha fucka  
All you get up on there is sing a few hooks  
Nigga you wanna claim a niggas fame, nigga  
You was our Ashanti, you bitch ass nigga  
What the fuck is you talkin about you wrote something  
nigga  
The Real is the real, nigga  
Black Wallstreet, nigga  
The Black Wallstreet, nigga  
Gonna tell your bitch ass nigga  
I aint gunna get up on this mic and play them games,  
nigga  
I told my nigga lemme get that last 16, nigga  
Im Rapping right now, nigga  
But im spitting it real nigga  
You know who im talkin to nigga  
50, nigga  
Bitch ass nigga  
Black Wallstreet, nigga  
Brasil and Wimelton  
What block you on, nigga?  
We'll be there!  
What block you on?  
Scary ass nigga  
Fuck this shit man  
Niggas woke me up with that bullshit, nigga.

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