

The Game

"Power House"

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(featuring Omar Cruz & WC)

Nigga be easy
Growing up in California believe me
We drive-by, spraying colors for shizzy
Light it up for 2pac and Eazy
Show them niggas we ain't playin' believe me
Believe me
Growing up in California ain't easy
We drive-by, spraying colors for shizzy
I'm the king, and the westcoast needs me
Show them nigga's I ain't playin'

All my Crip nigga's what's up!
My Blood nigga's what's up!
My Ese's what's up!
Show a nigga some love
I'm back with a anthem nigga's throw your hands up
Bitch's dancin'
Nigga's question my coast im'a answer
The lowrider driver, sticky green blazer
Whole world banging this shit is contagious
Like crack!
Throw your dubbs up like that!
Watch me throw it right back!
Who the fuck gunna' stop the Bentley Hard-Top
The driver survivor, you fade me I think not!
Nigga's think 50 made me, baby I think not!
Who responsible for Game's career? I think Doc!
Dre the date, the only things that matter to me
My son's, my cake so stay the fuck outta L.A.
It's The Game, The Game, everybody know me
Mr. 8 times platinum from the CPT (Haha!)

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Homie I promise you don't know em' like I do
Walk em' like I do
Roll with a nine on your thigh the way I do
Know where the Crips hang, know where they Piru
Know where the homies do or die 'fore they barrio
(Yeaaaah!)

Homies that's right you, life styles sick man
Know the whole city like the back of my pimp-
hand(Haha!)

Raps Paylay
Homie this is L.A.
Sign Of The Cruz coming soon so stay ready
It' wouldn't be L.A. without mexicans
Black love, Brown Pride and the sets again
O-Cruz in the hood like Pac in '95
Game made the phone call and the whole west ride or
die
Cruzito homie ask about me
They can't even trace you like Magic's H.I.V
They gotta replace you, cause you ain't live like me
I'm the reason you cop them for 13-5 a key!

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Show them nigga's I ain't playin'
Yeah, chain hanging
Chrome frames swangin
Outta the westcoast to me Ese's cruota questo! (Wesst
siaaaade)

Back with the gage from back in the days
With the rag on the trey off the gag and the jay
Saggin the la, in the bay, with the linch mob on display
Blue thick laces, hang chips on my faces
Makin the ass lay on my nigs who done passed away
Brit, Domus, Niks, Master Spray
It's that westside apiticle, sippin the ole' english
mineral, leave you in
critical, cripwalk general (Whooooooooooooooooo)

South centreal represntitive
And when I spit it, I spit it loud and clear

Sock the ear rings out your ear (Bliiiiing)
Holdin a grudge with the fo-fo slug
It's that loc with the blood, that nigga that taught you
how to throw up a dub
Dubb-C sippin' a tall can up
Back kicking the sand up
California time to stand up!

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Nigga be easy
Growing up in California believe me
We drive-by, scream colors for shizzy
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Show them niggas we ain't playin'
Believe me
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I'm the king, and the westcoast needs me
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