

The Game

"Red Bandana"

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Not! *echoing*
Blackwall street
The game
Beach boy
Charli baltimore (he wears a red bandana)
Rockstar
We are the black gang
Free shy
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 can't 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]

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[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 then
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 can't 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 can't
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 bars 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 dayÂ...today, tomorrow, next week
You can't fuck with the game nigga!
Out

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