

# The Game

## "Scream On Em"

Visit "[Scream On Em](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ahhhhhhhhh

Homie it's hard not to kill niggas  
Its like a full time job not to pull out the steel  
And shove it in your grill  
Young california got that mass appeal  
I summons the hood to get up in your ass foreal  
Knock out flow winky write jab foreal  
And all you niggas pussy need mass and kill  
See im the gun cocker,one shotta lift em off the ground  
chop em down like a cantalope  
My flow the antidote  
Sick flow  
Its so muthafuckin 6-4  
Your bitch know hop in the back when you see swizz  
hoe  
Diss that all you niggas get up off my dick soo  
I can cook crack on the track and watch it make slow  
Cocaine my flow fire call it propane  
Every nigga know game  
5 shots no pain  
And that's the reason why im shittin on you niggas  
Check me in the looney bin im sikka then you niggas

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh

This is that disrespectful mutha fuckin west coast  
Hip hop death blow swiss beats lets go

Ahhhhhhhhhhh

This is that disrespectful mutha fuckin west coast  
Hip hop death blow swiss beats lets go

Where im from i seen the most stand up niggas lay  
down  
Where skinny niggas make buff niggas victims of tht  
trey pound  
N gang bangers is the sharp shooters we don't need no  
roof top  
Jus knock his ass down and take the money out his tube  
sock

West coast niggas is back on the map  
If only for now until the next time my body attract  
From the first clap i heard rap  
Now watch the earth crack  
Bring the hearse back  
And take a lyrical dirt nap  
I roll with the hardest niggas  
Make money with the smartest niggas  
I aint got time for you fuckin artist niggas  
You better shut your trap before you become a target  
nigga  
Yall army brats im the muthafuckin sergeant nigga  
Beauty pageant ass niggas on the runway  
Boyz in the hood till they see tht nigga in the red  
hyundia  
Blow his fuckin back out  
'cause im the rap stackhouse  
Black wallstreet bitch the hip hop crack house. what!

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

This is that disrespectful mutha fuckin west coast  
Hip hop death blow swiss beats lets go

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

This is that disrespectful mutha fuckin west coast  
Hip hop death blow swiss beats lets go

My flow opposite of handsome it's ugly hip hop tantrum  
Its sick call this shyt cancer  
One man show 'cause i fucked all the dancers  
Let the critics ask questions my album b the answer  
These niggas let the rumors  
Sit in they head like tumors  
So i had to take em back tooth brush on the pumas  
Clean  
Mean  
Rapping machine  
Red rag hanging low in the back my jeans  
I black out like february  
Back i was necessary  
07 bugatti with jimmy iovine secretary  
I run in the building  
Don't make me run in the building  
No this aint the first time i had my gun in a building  
Walkin past officers i see my son in the building  
Last album on the wall im number one in the building  
They should build me a office up under the building  
My elevator goin down i am done in the building  
Nigga

Ahhhhhhhhhhhh

This is that disrespectful mutha fuckin west coast  
Hip hop death blow swiss beats lets go

Ahhhhhhhhhhhh

This is that disrespectful mutha fuckin west coast  
Hip hop death blow swiss beats lets go

Visit [The Game](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.