

The Game

"Still Me"

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(feat. Ikay & Mya)

[Intro - Ikay]

Yow! A weh di fuck do dem?
Black Wallstreet, Cry Nation,
Yeah!
From Kingston to Compton
Ha ha, Ha ha,
Yow Game! Weh yuh deh pon?
Warminister!
Ha ha, Dem fi know,
Yeah!
Game! fuck wid dem.

[Verse 1 - The Game]

Straight outta the motherfuckin pissy hallway in the
projects,
To park in a four door Bentley on my set,
Same hood, same motherfuckin steps I sat on and took
the plastic off of "Life After Death",
Bangin, boning Biggie Biggie i did a 360,
The Aftermath for that is the nigga 50 ain't wit me,
No hard feelings, we both made millions,
You can hate me or love me but nigga I spit real shit,
like I'm comatose, tell the Doc I'm sick,
Before "Detox", let me take my last chronic hit.
Now I am gangsta rap,
Inhale the weed smoke and coughed up five platinum
plaques,
So I'm a let the nigga Dr. Dre hit,
Next time I have dreams of fuckin an R&B bitch,
I don't make love, I make hits,
I put a condom on and stuff my dick in this Hip Hop
shit.

[Chorus - Mya]

Feels good
Gangsta
Still hood
Gangsta.

[Verse 2 - The Game]

I'm that six figure nigga,
Who got the word from KRS-ONE and stole the Blueprint
from Jigga,
Niggaz yellin Game did this, Game did that,
Game ain't do shit but bring the motherfuckin West
Coast back,
I hear the whisperin goin on in the hood,
I sent a motherfuckin Hallmark card to Suge,
That nigga know that we all good,
So you can catch a cab to Hell wit them death threats
I'm already dead,
I put the .38 revolver to my own fuckin head,
before I let the shit eat my conscience,
Ain't a nigga in the world could tell me I can't come thru
Compton,
Before I retire my Converse, I'll ride the train thru NYC
with the terrorist bombers,
Somebody tell my mama I'm crazy,
Poppa was a Rolling Stone so that makes me a crack
baby,
I'm in rehab three times a week,
because I'm a motherfuckin fiend for a Dr. Dre beat.

[Chorus - Mya]
Feels good
Gangsta
Still hood
Gangsta.

[Verse 3 - Ikay]
Uh, Yea! Uh,
It's da motherfuckin I dot,
Jamaica on my back,
Ten pounds of weed on my block,
Cops coming, hide that,
I'm so fuckin blessed,
Straight off da River, so fucking fresh,
Heyy!
Mi got mi chopper pon mi,
Pussyhole! Suck yuh mother, tek yuh eyes off mi rapper
money,
Got respect fi di shottas only,
Stick to the streets like cheese to macaroni,
A weh di fuck do dem,
Five shots, a duppy dem,
Glock innah mi hand, mi a go fi dem,
Big dog never scared ah di puppy dem,
I got no love fi dem,
Got slugs fi dem,
I be on some street shit,
Weed in my eyes so I can't see shit,

Be on some G shit,
Let dem niggaz talk, run up on you wit da Hawk and
squeeze clips,
They wanna know where da nigga from,
Kingston Jamaica got dem niggaz bombed,
I'm never wrong,
I am the the street motherfuckas, here I am.

[Chorus - Mya]
Feels good
Gangsta
Still hood
Gangsta.

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