

# The Game

## "The Documentary"

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[Boy talks to lady to start the song]

[Verse 1 - Game (DRE)]

What happened in hip hop  
That got 'Pac and Big shot  
The thicks blocks  
Now every rapper claim  
He let his clip pop  
But even myself told the gun  
To know to run then get shot  
I've been there before  
Now im fuckin with doc  
(Gotta do them Calvin Broadus numbers)  
If not I push rocks  
Anticipatin' my incarceration  
Media think im fakin' like mason  
But when it comes to mace  
Fuck R. Kelly I don't take it in the face  
I find out who sprayed it  
And I'm putting you under the pavement  
No buddhist priest, catholic, or baptist pastor can save  
him  
I'm far from religious  
But I got beliefs, so i put  
Cannary yellow diamonds  
In my jesus piece  
I came back from the dead  
Without a part of my chest  
Layed in a hospital bed on cardiac arrest  
I waited for 3 years  
While everyone else dropped  
Now I understand why NAS  
Did a song with his pops

[CHORUS x2]

Im ready to die  
Without a reasonable doubt  
Smoke chronic and hit it  
Doggy style before I go out  
Until they sign my death certificate

All eyez on me  
I'm still at it, illmatic  
And that's THE DOCUMENTARY

[Verse 2]

If I die my niggas, fuck it  
I did a song with Mary Blige, my niggas  
Got a hook from Faith  
No verse from Jay  
I guess on westside story  
He thought I spit in his face  
I told Ed and Money Love  
I was talkin to Ja  
With that Maybach line  
It was payback time  
Keep fuckin with me nigga  
I'll put you under me  
Take your car and trade it in  
For eight 300Z's  
If you cross my T  
I dot your I's  
You'd do life in a cementary  
I'll do mine with Shyne  
Come home sit in the thrown  
With my legs crossed  
And my air force  
Middle finger up  
Fuck the world  
Cause I'm feelin' like puff  
When life after death hit  
Mo' money, mo' problems  
And i lost my best friend  
I'm the second dopest nigga  
From Compton you'll ever hear  
The first nigga only put out albums  
Every 7 years (haha)

[Game (Commentator)]  
(You know what speakin of Jay  
That just makes me roll down  
Now your song westside story)  
Ohh Ohh  
(You got a line that says  
Don't wear throwbacks  
Or drive, ride in maybachs,  
Is that a shot at Jay?)  
Naa, i was talkin about Ja Rule  
Yeah, So, Yeah, I got a lot of  
Respect for Jay  
You know what I'm saying

I never take shots at legends  
That's just something I don't do

[Verse 3 - Game (Busta)]

Let me tell you why I do this shit  
Im a son of a gun  
Cause moms was a hoover crip  
First day I got signed  
I had to prove I spit  
Freestyled with Busta Rhymes  
(Son, dude is sick)  
Prodigy of Doc Dre.  
I could finally put the shoes on  
Now that the rumours of Rakim and Cube gone,  
They say truth hurts  
Chunk, like quick sand  
Don't stop me in traffic  
And ask about Hitman  
I gotta restore the feelin  
It crawled from under the rock  
After the dog pound  
Crushed the buildings  
I got a family to feed  
Im the middle of 9 children  
We can talk about a loan  
After I sell 5 million  
If I tell you I ain't game  
And i don't know Dre.  
You gonn do me like Xzibit  
And cut half of my face?  
I take all the credit  
For putting the west  
Back on the map  
If you aint feelin that  
Go sign Guerilla Black!!!

[CHORUS x2]

(DOCUMENTARY)

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