

The Game

"The Funeral 100 Bar"

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(feat. Dr Zavich)

[Intro:]

Niggas can't fuck with me men
Niggas crazy dawwg
I run this underground rap shit
And the mainstream nigga
I'ma do like boo boo
This Niggas right when they fuck
Now I'ma come out
And Kill 'em

Hit the brerak down

[Verse I:]

Time to separate the men from the boys
Take it straight to the bank called Christopher Lloyds
Called a mama's little boy
Or 50's little bitch
The rotten apple, or the protoge of a snitch
The protoge of a bitch
Niga softer than the Tabo kick
You billy blanks on a porno flick
With no porno chicks
Only porno dicks
You try to lie to more hoes with them G-string draws
And so therefore I declare war
Outside violater meet me at four
Young Buck stay back
Bench put this authograph
For a hit put aside the glove
Lets play catch

[Gun shot] For your one platinum plaq
[Gun shot] That's for them niggas ridding in the back
[Gun shot] trying to reach for that shit on your lap
[Gun shot] That's for your boss and he riding my vest

[Hook:]

I'm a killer
Black wall gorilla
The paam boxila

G-Unit capilla
I'm realler
Forty ounce realler
Forty gloc pillar
Forty gloc killer (Gun shot)

[Verse II:]

Ex spider, I'll be creeping and crawling
Spinning webs around you niggas
Staking bread around you niggas
Everytime you roll up, the feds surround you niggas
I used to watch everything I said around you niggas
20 niggas on the squard
20 niggas in the can
That's 20 witnesses
20 niggas on the stand
Goddam, can somebody tell 'em the street code
The Game is to be sold
And not to be told
This ain't Dre and sure go beans and hoes
This is one bullet, one hit and one lost soul
Wipe my fingerprints off and the gun's tossed in
With the fishes like you and juice
I'm coming for bishop, I'm gunning for bishop
I'm the king of this L.A shit
tell me hommie is your blood crip
Is your dog a bitch
Cause the S.A say, they don't never see homes run
around L.A.
Fake ass ghost rider
Get your little flow tighter
Before I put you in the trunk
Of this fucking low rider
Nigga u ain't nothin but hitman and quicksand
gat a deal cause you sucked a couple of dicks and
turned your back on Dulene and Jimmy Hinch men
Just take this as a warning don't flinch men

Wear yur rag, you one I know?
No!!
You know bep do, you bang east coast?
No!!
Have you ever had 164
No!!
Do the hood feel your wack ass flow?
No!!

[Verse III:]

So sit your little ass down somewhere
Before i have them niggas sit you down somewhere
In the ground somewhere

Out of town somewhere
breaking news, body has been found somewhere
Now back to the video
Look at this silly mu'fuckers
Y'all are some silly mu'fuckers
I say "hands up"
Shorty wanna kick it with me
Get dat wack shit off B.E.T
Turn the channel
All black lamborgh
Wear them black flannel
Speakers in the trunk with more humps than a camel
Men I'm saying, I ain't playing, I'm spraying
Any nigga in your clique that are be up dat shit

[Gun shot] Mu'fucka dat's for yayo and Buck
[Gun shot] That's for hot ride promotional truck
[Gun shot] That's for Kanye and beefing with Puff
[Gun shot] Tell dat nigga dat's behind you to duck

[Hook:]
I'm a killer
Black wall gorilla
Anything clip filler
My deep capila
I'm realler
The hallow tip driller
The rap godzilla
The Lloyd banks killer

[Verse IV:]
In a diablo under the tent
Nigga I'm about a dollar, what the fuck is 50 cent?
When Jay said it I ain't know what it meant
Now I understand, it's starting to make sense
Now the whole world know
Why I took the "I" out of G-Unit
And replaced it with a muthafuckin "O"
Remember when you told me "meet you on the top"?
Check the sound scan guess who's on top, nigga
Fake ass king of New York you need to stop, nigga
cause you nat Big, nat Nas, nat Jigga
Taking steroids show me wat you gat, nigga
You ain't had a bitch since Vivica Fox, nigga
Last I heard you suckin on cocks, nigga
Nobody know cause they don't see you on the blocks,
nigga
Cause you being on the precinct with the cops, nigga
Your whole staff with a badge and clock, nigga
Mid town, Manhattan trying to stop niggas
On the subway chasing down shoplifters

All in the streets talking bout you shot niggas
Then you in Nwy York times taking cop pictures
I expose you niggas and put out, stop snitching
When the last time you seen him with some hot bitches
See wat he say when you ask him where the hot bitch is
Check they adam's apples nigga, they is nat bitches
You reign on the top was shorter than the legs on a
lepricorn
Just bow down nigga, accept the Don
Nobody wanna be a hero when the tech is strong
The transformer's folding up like the septic can
Niggas bust like pipes when the pressure runs
See the light flash when that desert eagle wet your don
Every rapper know from now I'ma set the tone
Niggas real hot body till their head is gone
Here come them demons cause they know you are
gone
Some niggas just don't get it till you wet they throne.

[Outro:]

Niggas can't fuck with me
Hundred bars, nigga
I do a hundred bars every muthafucking day of the
week, nigga
That's 7 hundred bars a week, nigga
On this fucking underground shit, nigga
I can't be fucking stopped, period, nigga!!
The Game, nigga...west coast Don
Black wall street, nigga
I'm ready to get down when you ready to get down,
muthafuckas
I'm talking to all you niggas
I can't be fadded, nigga
You niggas don't want it with me, nigga
It's just me muthafuckas, and I'm pissed off
Gat me all in fron of the muthafucking mixed tape
That ain't me muthafuckas
This is me muthafuckas

Yeah!!

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