

The Game

"The Funeral 100 Bars"

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I'm Back...
Haha!
Niggaz can't fuck with me man...
Niggaz is crazy dogg
I run this underground rap shit
And the mainstream nigga
I'ma do like Boo-Boo...
Diss niggaz right when they fucking album come out
And kill 'em!
Hear the breakdown
Time to separate the men from the boys
Take it straight to the bank
Call it Christopher Lloyd,
Call it momma's little boy
Or 50's little bitch
The Rotten Apple or the protÃ©gÃ© of a snitch
The protÃ©gÃ© of a bitch
Nigga softer than a TaYBO Kick
You Billy Blanks on them porno flicks
With no porno chicks
Only porno dicks
You Taladamore whore
With them g-string drawers
And so therefore
I declare war
Outside violator
Meet me at four
Young Buck stay back
Banks put this autograph
A jorge posada glove on and
Let's play catch!
(Gunshot) That's for your one platinum plaque
(Gunshot) That's for the niggaz riding in the back
(Gunshot) Tryna reach for the shit on your lap
(Gunshot) That's for your boss sayin' he write my raps
(Gunshot)

I'ma killa
Blackwall Gorilla,
That pine-box sealer
G-Unit cap peeler

I'm realer
40 oz. spiller
40 glock killer
40 GLOCC KILLER!

Ask Spider
I be creepin' and crawlin
Spinning webs around you niggaz,
Stacking bread around you niggaz.
Every time you roll up t
He feds around you niggaz,
I used to watch everything
I said around you niggaz.
Twenty niggaz on the squad
That's twenty niggaz in the can,
That's twenty witnesses
Twenty niggaz on the stand,
God damn
Can someone tell them the street code
The Game is to be sold
And not to be told
This ain't Dre
And Suge
Or Beans
And Hov
This is one bullet
One head
And one lost soul.
Wipe my fingerprints off
And the gun is tossed in with the fishes
Like Q in Juice
I'm coming for Bishop
I'm gunning for Bishop,
I'm the king of this L.A. shit,
Tell me homie, is you Blood or Crip? Is you thug or
bitch?
Cos the ese's say,
They don't never see holmes running round L.A..
Fake ass ghostwriter, get your lil' flow tighter
'For I put you in the trunk of this fucking low-rider.
Nigga you ain't nuttin' but Hittman in quicksand,
Got a deal cos you sucked a couple dicks, and
Turned your back on Delany and Jimmy Henchman,
Just take this as a warning, don't flinch, man.
Wear your rag, you from 1-9-0? No!
You know Pap, do you bang east coast? No!
Have you ever hopped 1-6-4? No!
Do the hood feel your wackass flow? No!
So sit your lil' ass down somewhere,
'For I have them niggaz sit yo' ass down somewhere,
In the ground somewhere, outta town somewhere,

Breakin news, body has been found somewhere,
Now back to the video, look at these silly muh'fuckers,
Y'all some silly muh'fuckers; "I say Hands Up,
Shorty wanna kick it with me"
Get that wack shit of BET,
Turn the channel, all Black Lambo,
Red and black flannel, speakers in the trunk,
With more humps then a camel,
Man, I'm sayin, I ain't playin, I'm sprayin',
Any nigga in your clique that ever yelled that shit
(Gunshot) Muh'fucker, that's for Yayo and Buck
(Gunshot) That's for Hot Rod promotional truck
(Gunshot) That's for Kanye, and beefin' with Puff
(Gunshot) Tell the nigga that's behind you, Duck!

(Gunshot) I'ma killa, Blackwall Gorilla,
Any clip filler, Mobb Deep cap peeler.
I'm realer, the hollow-tip driller,
The rap Godzilla, the Lloyd Banks killer! (Gunshot)

In the diablo, under the tent,
Nigga I'm about a dollar, what the fuck is 50 Cent?
When Jay said it, I didn'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"
nigga?
Check the soundscan, guess who on top, nigga!
Fake-ass king of New York, you need to stop, nigga,
Cos you not Big, not Nas, not Jigga,
Take your steroids, show me what you got, nigga!
You ain't had a bitch since Vivica Fox, nigga,
Last I heard you sucking on cocks, nigga,
Nobody know cos they don't see you on the blocks,
nigga
Cos you be in the pre-sync with the cops, nigga
Your whole staff, with a badge and a glock nigga
Mid-town Manhattan, tryna stop niggas,
On the subway, chasing down shop-lifters,
All in the streets, talkin 'bout you shot niggas,
Then you went in New York Times, takin cop pictures,
I exposed you niggas and put out Stop Snitchin',
When the last time you seen 'em with some hot
bitches?
See what he say when you ask him, "Where the hot
bitches?"
Check the Adam's Apple, nigga them is not bitches,
You're reign on the top was shorter than the legs on a
leprechaun,

Just bow down nigga, accept the Don,
Nobody wanna be a hero when the Tech is strong,
Their transformers folding up like decepticons,
Niggaz bust like pipes when the pressure on,
See that light flash when the desert eagle at your
dome,
Every rapper know from now, I'ma set the tone,
Niggaz real hard body 'til they head is gone,
Here come the demons, cos they know that you dead
and gone,
Some niggaz just don't get it, 'til you at the throne.
Niggaz can't fuck with me nigga!
100 Bars, nigga! I do 100 bars every muthafuckin day
of the week, nigga!
That's 700 bars a week, nigga! On this fucking
underground rap shit, nigga.
I can't be fuckin stopped. Period, nigga.
The Game, nigga. West Coast Don. Black Wallstreet,
nigga.
I'm ready to get down when you ready to get down,
muthafuckas!
I'm talkin to all you niggas!
I can't be faded, nigga. Niggaz don't want it with me,
nigga.
It's just me, muthafuckas!
And I'm pissed off.
Got me all on the front of the muthafuckin mixtape.
In a fuckin stripper outfit, nigga, with some g-strings
on.
That ain't me, muthafuckas! This is me, muthafuckas!
Yeah! Doctor's Advocate, in stores November 7th.
Cop it when I drop it, nigga.
G-G-G-G-G
G-G-G-G-G-G-Unot!
G-Unit is now officialy over.
You can mail back your CD's, apparel, headbands,
G-Unit spinner replicas and G-Unit shoes to 1548
South Ardmore Drive, Los Angeles, California, 90743.
Thank you, have a nice day.

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