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The Game "Too Much"

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Verse 1:

IÂ'm from the old hood, something like yoÂ' hood, Where ****z donÂ't know good, or know Suge, but the blow good, So we rock it like Tracey McGrady, Send it to Houston in a grey Mercedes, lÂ'm a product in my environment, grew up in the 80Â's. So that mean me, Kanyeezy and Young Jeezy are all crack babies, And itÂ's evident my flow is heaven sent, First LP on the same shelf as the veterans.

***** I canÂ't be fuckedÂ...like a lesbian, IÂ'm to hip hop what Cartoon is to Mexicans, IÂ'm an artist, never claimed to be the hardest. Just number one since B-I-G and Pac departed, Nate riding with me, Snoop riding with me, All you other *****z used to be good like Ken Griffey, IÂ'm on fire like the tip of a blunt, On fire like a ***** that let it drip for a month, IÂ'm a blood you can crip if you want, just let it bump, Like you got Scott Storch tied up in the trunk, IÂ'm the ice cream truck man, guns in the trunk man, Drugs in the in trunk man, call me the front man,

Chorus:

Too much criss in the club not too get drunk, Too many bitches in the world not too fuck, Too much chronic in the studio not to roll it up, And too much bass in the trunk so let it bump,

(Nate Dogg)

He look like he mad as fuck, but who cares? Grabbing her by the arm, A'cus she stared, Dunno how much it take, Â'til you pay, You better be ready to die, in this game,

Verse 2:

I thought I told yaÂ'll IÂ'm done with the beef clown, my son three now.

And I been watching Dre so long, IÂ'm making beats now.

Game on the rebound like Ben Wallace in the D-Town, I mean chi-town, fuck it, it can go down,

***** I spit the whole round, foÂ' plus foÂ' pounds,

***** this the wild wild west call it a Â"showdownÂ",

And IÂ'm Â"Billy the KidÂ" Â'til they split my wig,

I come back from the dead tell Â'em Â"Kill me againÂ",

Put my head on the barrel, dare a ***** to shoot me,

IÂ'm gangsta, took more shots than Tookey,

IÂ'm alive so IÂ'm a take a pertron shot for Tookey,

Roll a California blunt and keep watching the movie,

Inspired by this gangbanging shit since I was two,

I brought the Westcoast back Â"What the fuck you

do?Â",

IÂ'm the ice cream truck man, guns in the trunk man, Drugs in the trunk man, call me the front man,

Chorus:

Too much criss in the club not too get drunk, Too many bitches in the world not too fuck, Too much chronic in the studio not to roll it up, And too much bass in the trunk so let it bump,

(Nate Dogg)

He look like he mad as fuck, but who cares? Grabbing her by the arm, Â'cus she stared, Dunno how much it take, Â'til you pay, You better be ready to die, in this game,

Verse 3:

Drive fast both hands on the dash,
Close both of ya eyes and hope you donÂ't crash,
Lyrical homicide both airbags out,
Roll the fucking windows down let the bass out,
*****z! Drop the top on whatever you in,
Bitches! Let ya ponytail blow in the wind,
Inhale the chronic, blow out dollar signs,
***** you can drive a Bentley if only in your mind,
Four doors, leather and wood,
Ride like I gotta horse stable under my hood,
And I keep a chrome 4 5 under my hood,
So if I die, ***** bury me under my hood,
Who had the hottest bitch in the game? Wearing the chain?

Mr. H to the Izzo, Nas and Hurricane,

Long as my family straight, read this in my wake, I gave Â'em the Documentary and they scraped the plate,

20 magazine covers ***** look at his face, I can not, will not ever be replaced, Â'cus IÂ'm the ice cream truck man, guns in the trunk man,

Drugs in the trunk man, call me the front man,

Chorus:

Too much criss in the club not too get drunk, Too many bitches in the world not too fuck, Too much chronic in the studio not to roll it up, And too much bass in the trunk so let it bump,

(Nate Dogg)

He look like he mad as fuck, but who cares? Grabbing her by the arm, Â'cus she stared, Dunno how much it take, Â'til you pay, You better be ready to die, in this game, He beefing alotta shit, he look scared, You canÂ't find your girl, she right here, lÂ'm not a bad dream, lÂ'm a nightmare, Besides thereÂ's way too many hoes in here.

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