

# The Game "Ya Heard"

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## "Ya Heard"

(feat. Ludacris)

*[The Game]*

You see that cherry red Phantom on them big ass wheels  
You see I be playing with them cars, I'm like a big ass kid  
Crazy with that cap gun, so if we play cops and robbers  
I'll show you how to pop revolvers  
Fitted cap too big, so it cover my eyes  
That lambo? That ain't shit, just a public disguise  
And that top model chick, she for the diamond lane  
And I be driving all crazy cuz my diamond chain is (bright)  
As them Las Vegas lights  
it be the same in California when I'm riding at night  
In New York, I be in Midtown, up and down Broadway  
Having meetings all day, baby my future is (bright)  
As Lebron's, take off on anybody  
Tyra Banks on my arm, and we'll crash any party  
Yeah, making it rain, ain't got shit on me  
The way I ball, the fuckin owner should come sit on me  
Yeah, I'm fresh out of jail, you shoulda knew I was back  
Turn on the radio it's a rap

*[Ludacris]*

*[Talking]*

Just touched down at L.A.X. LUDA!  
That's Right! What up Game? Fresh out huh?

Don't you hear it? That nigga named Luda  
Slicker than Rick the Ruler, whoop ass like Lex Luger  
My money long, your shit is shorter than Oompa Loompas  
And I'll superman, yuuuh, that ass like Lex Luther  
Shoot you then say me gusta, I'll take you to meet ya maker  
My dick's the Staples Center I'll take you to see the Lakers  
Swoosh! On that Cali kush, smoking like a muffler  
So many red flags I coulda swore I was in Russia

Game! I got the fame and the fortune, Compton is  
scorchin  
Get rid of bullets, my gun keeps havin abortions  
I ain't havin it, see em in the dead zone  
Fake dope boys is more bass up in my head phones  
Adjust your treble, I'm heavier than metal  
My verses are hot as shit like I recorded with the Devil  
I'm on another level, they stuck on the elevator  
And I'm about to blow this bitch, Game press the  
detonator, like  
Fresh out of Georgia, ya heard I was back, turn on the  
radio, it's a rap

*[The Game]*

See I'm come from the bottom and they call me The  
Game  
But I'm just happy that Beyonce know my name  
I took that Dr Dre money and I bought me chain  
Then I bought me a house, then I bought me a Range  
Then I bought me some pussy, then I bought me some  
brains  
But I ain't buyin' that the best rappers is Kanye and  
Wayne  
See both of them niggas spit, but yall act like you don't  
hear me spit  
Like sellin' 7 million records ain't the shit  
I don't win no Grammys, nigga I'm too gangsta  
And poppin Cristal with Irv don't make me a wanksta  
See I'm California certified, my niggas make the  
murder rise  
Readin my fan mail in jail, Buck told Curtis bye  
So I'mma break it down for them niggas in the South  
Slow it down but this Rolls Phatom  
grill in my mouth  
Throw the Prada slippers on, when I walk in my house  
P Diddy and Tommy Lee know what I'm talking about  
See, I'm fresh out of jail, you shoulda knew I was back  
Turn up the radio it's a rap

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