

Nas F/ AZ, Foxy Brown, Cormega "Game"

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Game, street lessons, game, game
Chapter one, alright go, yeah yeah, yo yo yo
Haha, one two, this is what is up, nigga (freeze)
Only the survivors survive in the world of survival
Where your rivals always wanna make it seem
like they're gonna do things and always concocting
schemes and plots
You know exactly what it is (you know!)
You know exactly how it's gonna be (ha) haha (you'll
never catch me fool)
What, five lessons, five chapters, I'ma start

How you gonna make a couple dollars
When you roam in zones filled with cowards
Ain't no way to make no real cash nigga
Conceal your canning, all you do is flash nigga
(motherfucker)
I can tell, fool, you'll never get paid
'Cause niggaz like you ain't got no real game
With all them niggaz that you got by your side
You learned by yourself that the only way to ride
I'ma put you up on (game)
This whole world revolves around (game)
Pure indeed game, and let it obtain
I roll with my girl and weeds
All overseas with loot like I'm flipping keys
I heard niggaz gonna catch me on a slipping tip
Come through with the auto's, cock, flip and shit (hell
no)
But I knew from the giddy-up, like EST
And got rid off my fo'-fifty and my G.S.3
I got..

Chorus (2x):

(game) This whole world revolves around
(game) Pure indeed game, and let it obtain
Once you realize you'll never live without (game)
Get paid without, no moves made without (game)

It's the force, the call of the holocaust
Go against the source, end up lost

The portrait of a wild puma
Silent penetration like poison, pinpointing
Isolating hearts, poetical poisonous darts
Puncture like needles, I always take care of my peoples
Verbals vital, no rivals, there's no equals, no sequels
With no one to help us
I'll leave you crying for help and helpless and
healthless, wealthless
Oversellers envious and jealous
Bitches and sneaks, pants and muscles
I saw a view through the eyes
Fake ass, bitch ass niggaz in disguise
Keep calm, release the neutron napalm bomb on young
hawks
Splitting wigs like logs, cloudy visions like fogs
When the pump gets to pumping,
niggaz get to jumping like frogs, smoke like bungs
Get to stepping, stepping with your weapon
Pause, creep crapped and left in the puddle in seconds
Fuck 'em with veterans, with game...

Chorus (2x)

One time, on time
Give it to me all, 'cause I want it all
Give it to me all, 'cause I love to brawl
Give it to me all, 'cause I want it all
One time, yeah I love to brawl
One time (give it up), one time (give it up)
Check it out

It's hard to sustain and maintain through life
With these motherfuckers throwing niggaz three
strikes
The homie big Lou got a fo' on deez
That's the word, came up from flipping birds
Words travel like black talents
The homie's loud at silence, real G's move in silence
How you gonna make it to the next stage
If one second you're broke, the next minute paid
Now you got the police planning
Niggaz on the street scanning, loading up cannons
If it was me, I'd move silently
Prepare warfare, react violently
Lou is too flashy, new clothes
(???) with hoes, and got penetrated
He had too many hoes knowing where he resides
Soon as he got home niggaz was waiting in sight, no
game
Shh...

Know what?

Chorus (3x)

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