

## Soundtrack

# "D-12/50 Cent - Rap Game"

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The Rap Game,  
Hip hop 101,  
The hardest 9 ta 5 you will ever have,  
You can't learn this shit in no history book,  
You ready to rap motherfucker,  
You ready to sell your soul,  
Ha, ha, ha, ha,

The rap game motherfucker...

Verse 1

I'm like this rufted nigga, you made me crazy,  
You should have slaved me as a baby,  
Behavin shadier the Wes Craven,  
And you aint even gotta pay me,  
I take pleasure of layin a nigga down daily,  
You face me, fuck it's over, you think fast,  
I'm never fucked up to where I can't whip your ass,  
Your neck will get snaped with bare hands,  
Fuck you, they say rappin is cool,  
But fool just don't confuse it,  
What happens is you's get rude and then I loose it,  
I'm scatless, I blow your two ears off the atless,  
With a gat that's bigger then godzilla back nigga,  
You are not will'in, in fact, your through to ya factered  
(?),  
A crack dealer, your president sends me smack  
And got a mac 10 with it so I aint gotta rap,  
I'm thankfull for that, don't mistaken me black,  
Or you'll be stinkin in the back of a fuckin cadalak...

(Eminem)

I'm a get snuffed cause I aint said enough to pipe  
down,  
I pipe down when the fuckin (Blanked) whipped out,  
When I see that little chaney dyke get sniped out,  
Lights out bitch, adios, goodnight (Blowe)  
Now put that in your little pipe and whipe down,  
Think for a minute cause the hype had died down,  
That I wont go up in the oval office right now,  
And flip whatever aint tied down upside down,

I'm all for America, fuck the government,  
Tell that seat of laws, tell that slut ta suck a dick,  
Motherfucker ducked, what the fuck, son of a bitch,  
Take away my gun, I'm gonna talk some other shit,  
Can't tell me shit about the tricks of this trade,  
Switch blade with a little switch to switch blades  
And switch from a 6 to a 16 inch blade,  
The shits like a samurai sword, a censay,  
Shit just don't change ta this day,  
I'm this way still tell that ut-slay its-bay,  
I'm a say my ick-day, choose my ick-pay,  
Atin-lay, but uck-fay, ick-kay...

CHORUS  
(50 cent)

This rap game, this rap game,  
I aint sellin my soul for this rap game,  
Now I aint diggin no hole for this rap game,  
But I'm tellin ya no it aint happenin...

This rap game, this rap game,  
I aint sellin my soul for this rap game,  
I aint diggin no hole for this rap game,  
This rap game, this rap game...

Verse 2

I bet ya lovin me (?), drink and drown in my own  
iniquity,  
But fuck that, I'm gonna rap till yall get sick of me,  
And clutch my last sack, it's been all who big on me,  
I'm pickin a rot mix, fuck the dog who single me,  
I'm saying you motherfuckers, don't know'ith, who  
playin,  
If I'm broke, then I'm brakin open the place where you  
layin,  
You know, same she every nigga done in his life,  
I livin this why (?), speak long (?), what I blow when I  
write,  
So why, should I, ever fear another man, if he bleed  
like I bleed,  
Take a piss when he stand, ok you win, you can say we  
can't rap  
But no shots (?), never me (?), you never (?), and I  
don't wanna (?),  
When they say it was wack...  
I walk in the party and just start bustin,  
Right after I hear the last verse of self destruction,  
This liquer makes me wanna blast the chrome,  
To let you know that time without morse dangerom (?),

(nigga)  
I low down and shifty, quickly call swift,  
To do a drive-by on the ten speed with fifty,  
You feelin lucky squeeze, I catch you outside of chucky  
cheese,  
With you see (?) who be unlucky G, my lifestyle is  
unstable,  
A partyin addict, they said no fightin in the club  
So I brought me a matic, coughin the static,  
I jump nigga's call me a rabbit,  
Pop in the tavern and guns are so just irratic...

Believe me, we run this rap shit forchezy,  
Make makin millions look easy,  
Everywhere you turn you see me,  
You hear me...

Believe me, you see my pistol and three dead,  
No time to call the peace treaty,  
Dial 911 cause you need the... ,  
Police to help you, believe me,

Verse 3

I haft to tunnel from the side walk and piss on the  
curve,  
This is obserde, these street nigga's twistin my words,  
We finally could say goodbye to Hollywood,  
Cause boots and shine pants, is nothin in commin,  
The nasty been with gasoline cans (?),  
We never bow down to be a flash in the pan (?),

No one must, fuck this statue dawg,  
Nothin to do with hands when I clap with yall,  
Put your job on the ground (?), then the dog in the  
pound (?),  
Then I'm goin out of town, for the law come around,  
So we can battle with raps, we can battle gats,  
Matter a fact we can battle with placks,

(50 cent)

This rap game

(Bizarre)

I'm too fuckin retarded, I don't give a fuck about my  
dick,  
That's why I'm date'in Lorena Bobbet,  
My crew had a arguement who was the largest,  
Now they all is dead and I roll as a solo artist,

Plus I made the beat to all the raps,  
Well I really didn't but I did according to this contract,  
I was thrown in the snow with no where to go,  
Freezin 20 below forced to join, bail shit, then blow (?),  
My little girl, she should'nt listen to these lyrics,  
That's why I glued here headphones to her ears,  
To make sure she hear it,  
If rap don't work I'm startin a group with Garth Brooks,  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha  
This aint the hook... (?)

#### CHORUS

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