

South Central Cartel "G's Game"

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PRODEJE:

Playin' like a gangsta, you wanna be a G
I told you gangstas boogie, did you listen to the P?
I tell you how it's on if you recognize the real
You ain't the only brother out there fiendin for the kill
Playin' like a gangsta, you niggas better see
I represent my Loc and you represent yo' G
Cause players only prosper as you suckers bite the
dust
And wonder why they died from the millimeter bust
Now you can be my Cuz, homie, I can be yo' Blood
But if you true to self, G, I got to show you love
They wonder if it's Crip but does it matter where I G?
I'm sick of doin' shows for niggas lookin' mad at me
I represent the small percent of real niggas
Never claim the hood even though I pull triggers
Now get directly at me, I'm not trippin' on the fame
I'm talkin' to my niggas playin' in this G's game

Chorus:

You playin' in the G's game
And homie, it's hard to maintain
If you slip in the hood it's never all good
Cause you can get smoked in the hood
You playin' in the G's game
And homie, it's hard to maintain
If I can be your Loc, then you can be my G
It's all to the G

HAVIKK THE RHYME SON:

Now recognize, open yo' eyes as I hit the switch dippin'
Sippin' on that St. in the cut reminiscin'
Cause deep in this game the mentality is devilish
You wanna be a G, but you ain't even ready yet
Went to high school, dropped out, you couldn't handle
it
Hangin' with them brothers had to knew was straight
scandalous
Got it in yo' mind that you gots to pack the .44
Quarter on the hood, to stack a end you slang lleyo
On the run daily, now you're livin' foul
Mom's cryinc1

