

Game, The "240 Bars aka Spider Joke"

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here the breakdown

Spider Joke is a joke, nigga sound like chunk off the goonies

your life is a movie

you aint a factor, you an actor

50 gave you a script

went from running with the bloods to a g-un*t crip

whats a g-un*t crip? not a gang in L.A.

bang on records, but nigga wont bang in L.A.

why the fuck you wake me up, nigga im tired

you a busta so imma light your ass on fire

nigga want my spot, so he runnin with buck

keep tryin to play the game, and you gon get fucked

i heard diss after diss, little nigga you suck

like your baby moma in the third row of my truck

marvelle, i'll whip your ass in your own hood

you so hard, why aint you put out that song about suge?

trapped in the closet, r kelly ass nigga

get swiss cheesed up, ol' deli ass nigga

t-boz and belly ass nigga

better ask around, i been the truth since makaveli passed nigga

and i aint want to have to do this shit

id rather be at home listening to the camron diss

dr.dre said it best - a bitch is a bitch

you a Myspace gangsta, nigga suck my dick

your flow is budweiser, mines is crystal

put the faggot on ice, he gonna be there for a while

now watch me poke my chest out like 10 o g's

i'll order a g-unot shirt to show m.o.p.

i'm gutter motherfucker

tell you fuck you to 50's face and wont st-st-studder motherfucker

and now that i put the kids to bed

i'll tell you a story about a spider caught in his web

marvelle williams, a well known crip

not because he put in work, cuz his brother a snitch

he belong in g-un*t, imma tell you the truth

50, this nigga brother tell more than you

so imma break it down like an ounce of glue

i met the nigga spider at aaliyah video shoot
true true, he had on no blue
dmx start laughing, said this nigga think he better than
you
so i kicked a freestyle, and in the meanwhile
this nigga soaking up game tryin to copy my style
gave em 100 bars, all he did was smile
and dmx named me the fuckin problem child
now back to the future, you got a problem now
snoopin around my hood, you get fucked doggystyle
i'll pull your faggot ass out of them g-un*t sneakers
and let your soul burn in hell on the anniversary to
ether
you g-un*t crip, used to be a piru
your name marvel, all you need now is a spiderman
suit
blackwallstreet bitch, you cant fuck with my crew
my flow blind baby, imma make you do what it do
lets take a ride nigga, imma make room in the coupe
put the shovel in the truck, throw you in it too
bitch in the passenger side said she hear somebody
screamin
turn the music up, baby thats comin from the speakers
she said i aint trippin i hear somebody screamin
had to throw her off, so i start singin

i know you dont love me
you aint the same when 50 cents in town
i know you dont love me
you always talking about how mase get down
i know you dont love me
you scream and holla when spider locs around
got me fucked up with them g-un*t crips
tryin to run game on me you punk bitch

get your ass in the trunk
prodigy know that i aint a punk
keep these rap niggas in check like a pair of ducks
who can flip like i do
spit like nas too
rock a yankee fitted, still throw up piru
rock a dodger fitted in the middle of the bronx
i shine in any hood like paul wall fronts
nigga my flow foolish
sit back while i do this
and watch me manuever through cedar block and end
up in hoover
i spit like a ruger
you spit crap like a rookie dice shooter, snake eyes to
the loser
nigga, im grand puba

gave em somethin grand nubian
created g-unot, 50 tried to sue me an
say he kicked me out of the group, nigga i left
spider you want my spot, nigga clean up my mess
dirty ass nigga, 50 give him a check
and if you sign, put your contract on the internet
i been bangin for 10 years, motherfucker i been a vet
for 500 dollars he claim any set
give him a 1000 dollars, he'll tat it on his hand (damn,
damn, damn)
thats worse than me lyin, saying olivia was a man
your xxi cover look like making of the band
you mad, cuz i got my own shoe?
and my nigga take shots for the game like mj do?
some say its bullshit till i pull quick
empty a full clip get on the horn
tell em to meet me in the bullpit
tony yayo, you old ass coward
36, and you spit your hottest verse on my album
now, i aint saying that you dope nigga
but you better than Spider Joke nigga
50 saw the oppurtunity and thought he could use him
i know he be dont listenin to that wack ass music
you got the west on your back, you a lyin bastard
you the reason niggas press mute when they play
madden
what the hell made you think you could fuck with the
game
when your claim to fame was yukmouths chain
take my advice and lay low
heard you and your uncle yayo got ran the fuck out of
san diego
i give you 5 shots when the 38 blow
leave a hole in your chest the size of a bagel
we can do it when you say so
wait till the lakers on the road, shoot it out at the staple
open your chest, show the world what you made of
my dick hard, i cant wait till the day come
when i can put the infared on em
let billboard rest, don't speak on my dead homie
all you new west coast nigga, chill
the city is mine, eazy left it to me in his will

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