

Game, The "Da Shit"

Visit "[Da Shit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(intro)

(person 1) Now where's the shit?

(person 2) The shit ?

(person 1) The shit!

(person 3) Nigga what's up man, c'mon Kill that noise man. Let's just get the shit.

(person 2) Don't worry, you'll get the shit. You'd be, knee deep in the shit.

(gunshot)

(person 3) Motherfucker!

(chorus)

I'm a G, you can see me,

That must be, why you're talkin'

(shut your mouth bitch)

I'm the shit, and you know,

It never stops, there's no stoppin'

(it don't stop niggaz)

Now you know, blowin' smoke, oh

As I cruise, streets of Compton

Roll out the 6-4, six-tre, glass house 57' Chevrolet, tell 'em niggaz.

(the shit!)

I let the whole world know that I can't be stopped,

Even without Doc, I'm still from the (streets of Compton)

Yeah nigga, I said it and I'mma stay on top,

Like a hoodrat with bomb-ass cops.

Run up in 'em like these rap niggaz,

I ain't gotta clap niggaz,

in your carreer, with one line, like that nigga.

Hit the switch, front back, make it bounce, let it jump,

Californ-i-a is where I'm from.

(the shit) (yes sir, the shit)

Three wheelin' with the ass out,

Smoke chronic 'till I pass out.

On the way to my nigga Daz house,

He always got a thick bad bitch from long beach,

She a know freak and she got a long reach.
She gon touch it, suck it, fuck it,
Never back down, especially when Al Green in the
background.
Now bitch, hit the weed and turn that ass around,
It's time to bring back Chronic and the Doggystyle.
Westcoast niggaz still holding shit down.

I'm a G, you can see me,
That must be, why you're talkin'
(shut your mouth bitch)
I'm the shit, and you know,
It never stops, there's no stoppin'
(it don't stop niggaz)
Now you know, blowin' smoke, oh
As I cruise, streets of Compton
Roll out the 6-4, six-tre, glass house 57' Chevrolet, tell
'em niggaz.
(the shit!)

I'm back on the cover of the Source and the XXL,
Floating all through the (streets of Compton).
I got more bitches, more plaques, more beef and more
straps,
That's what the fuck I call gangster-rap.
I was the Aftermath-remedy, 'till friends turned
enemies,
Streets kept me laced like butt blunts dipped in
hennessy.
You niggaz act like Game can't roll 'em out,
One man show, still sell a motherfucker out.
(this is the realest shit you got) (ah, the shit)
With no dre, still sell a motherfucker out,
'cuz everybody here from the (streets of Compton)
We got cripp niggaz, blood niggaz, Ese's, asians,
Red and blue laces, tattoos on faces.
I kept you niggaz waitin' now to take you back to the
basics.
Switched the impala from gold to chrome Dayton's.
Every time the bitch hears my voice, she masturbating,
I run through hoes like I walk the pavement, on the
daily.
I got your man's bitch swallowing my babies.

I'm a G, you can see me,
That must be, why you're talkin'
(shut your mouth bitch)
I'm the shit, and you know,
It never stops, there's no stoppin'
(it don't stop niggaz)
Now you know, blowin' smoke, oh

As I cruise, streets of Compton
Roll out the 6-4, six-tre, glass house 57' Chevrolet, tell
'em niggaz.
(ain't this some the shit!)

I'm the west coast Rakim,
Got you niggaz blocked in.
Glass house parked sideways on them stock-rims.
New school, old school mentality.
Translation, 4 pumps and 12 batteries.
Hydraulics make the world go round,
You girl go down, chronic make your girl slow down,
Before she end up like superhead, give a super-head,
Every nigga in the industry fucks superhead.
(shit!)
And I just might fuck her too,
If I ever catch her sliding and ridin' through the (streets
of Compton)
Rollin down Creen Leafs, smoking on that green leaf.
With a mac .10 like I was born on Queen street.
Murder MC's like I was born in Queensbridge,
That's how I show you pawn niggas where the king is.
And you don't wanna play chess on a time-clock,
I'm on the hall of fame, next to snoop behind pac.
I got the whole motherfucking world locked.

I'm a G, you can see me,
That must be, why you're talkin'
(shut your mouth bitch)
I'm the shit, and you know,
It never stops, there's no stoppin'
(it don't stop niggaz)
Now you know, blowin' smoke, oh
As I cruise, streets of Compton
Roll out the 6-4, six-tre, glass house 57' Chevrolet, tell
'em niggaz.
(shit!)

Everybody wanted to know what the fuck was going on,
Am I signed to Aftermath/Interscope? What's Up with
Geffen?
I will just say it like this, one day I walked in the
motherfucking house,
And all my shit was gone.

Visit [Game, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.