

## **Game, The "Exclusively"**

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[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Exclusively, ridin on them deuces G  
Talkin 'bout what your gameplan used to be  
They got us choppin up game through the fog and  
smoke  
We came a long way but still we got so far to go

[Verse One]

Yeah I know I got 4 to go, so with these bars I flow  
At a pace for the papes I thank y'all should know  
I lace it properly for property, it really ain't no stoppin  
me  
And plus I'm tryin to get my money on like Monopoly  
Politickin economy, if I could be a made nigga  
Smokin on e'ry nigga, balled out paid nigga  
Keepin it real, I'm still deep in the field  
Deep with the skills for the bills  
I got the million dollar mouthpiece with no gold grill  
I bring the thrill like Will Clark  
I will bust I will spark and flame in the booth  
You blind you shoulda saw it when I came in the booth  
I serve the thunder, that shit that'll brang in the roof

[Verse Two]

My niggaz, stack riches, mack bitches  
Blow fast Swishers with my folks, act vicious with my  
folks  
Sav livin with my vo-cals, Outlaw like my nigga No-ble  
Fuckin bad bitches at the hotel  
There's nothin to a boss, man we live it up  
Smash for the cash and respect so when we mash  
niggaz give it up  
I got no time for that fake shit  
Jersey to the Bay niggaz thuggin even bitches thinkin  
they sick  
So nigga basically the world is a ghetto  
Play a nigga out his scratch, he gon' be twirled in a  
meadow  
I keep it real with niggaz that be true to me  
There's nothin you can do to me  
My crew is deep and real niggaz rule the streets

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: The Game]

Lace your Timbs, polish your gators, we like odds in Vegas

You can't ball then it's probably the haters

Can't breathe then it's probably the desert, if you a gangster or not

I give a fuck dawg, bullets is hot

And every nigga gon' cry when he hit

The more pain the more blood drain, he ain't survivin shit

And your niggaz ain't gon' ride for shit, they know if they came through everybody in the X-5 is hit

Red rag or blue rag, niggaz die for this

The Game the reason all these niggaz on that "Cali Love" shit

Compton niggaz get grimy too, pull you out of that 6

Fuck you up like one time'll do

And I dare y'all to stop on the 'Shaw, and King Boulevard

Pull it hard, Doogie Howser pullin bullets out your jaw

Turn your round trip into a one-way ticket

You can visit, but you can not lie and kick it

[Verse Four]

It's time for me to shine, life on the grind, life on the line

Feelin like I'm runnin out of time

It's now or never, chasin this cheddar 'til things get better

These streets got me hungry as ever

Can't stop can't change, young Sav stuck in the game

Everyday we gotta hustle and slang, struggle and strain

to bubble, weed plus the 'caine to juggle

Organize the brains and muscle

[Chorus]

[Verse Five]

You {?} like Sammy did Gotti, told 'em we kamikaze

Like those whiteboys ain't heed in the robbery

Told 'em we ride around in them cars on them big wheels

In the killing field makin 100 bills on the P-700 Pirelli wheels

Marshall Faulk in to ball again in this day to day scrimmage

'Bout the spinach this game is relentless where we livin

Niggaz'll 32 round ya, kick you on the ground  
After they down ya, sneak ya and plot ya, Heckler &  
Koch ya  
Got ya body bein scrutinized by a flock of doctors  
Still an unsolved mystery, statistically, history  
A Get Low nigga victory by fuckin with my credibility

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