

Game, The "Game Get Live"

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You can catch five or catch me in the C.L.5
Whatever way dog, the game get live
Keepin' it gangsta in a P.D. city velor
Late night, I'm in Dublin's and I got myself a four

The hood love me, hood rats gotta hug me
Pop ex, spark the buba, the shit get ugly
Rock the mic anywhere and I ain't talkin' 'bout a concert
dog
Talkin' 'bout ten niggaz in converse dog

Get it crackin' like we out in the yard and the warden's
watchin'
Only difference is the whores is watchin'
Still love to see a nigga, roll up on 20's
Hop in that six-four, roll up on Bentley's like

I'm a gangsta bay-bee, from the C.P.T.
Run with the pound like I'm from D.P.G.
If it's beef, you C-Murder like it ain't no limit
And I represent the P like Russell Simmons

I'm a neighborhood superstar, get it, right
Got it? Good, okay
It's the black socks and get low we get dough
In the yay they pimp hoes, in Compton we six-fo'

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In the yay they pimp hoes, in Compton we six-fo'

I'm a shinin' star
And I gotta hit the boulevard in that new jaguar
Why he move through traffic like that, Purple Haze
Ralways, The Ojays, the gangsta lean so

Please believe that I keep two G's in my jeans
Two gats in my sleeve, two rats in my beam'
X-5, mami let's ride
Weave in and out of traffic from Compton to Bed-Stuy

It's the kid from the far west I, oh, shit
He know how to do more than flip pies
Get money like them stick up guys
Them "Ocean 11" licks got the young kid rich for life

And I talkin' 'bout a movie or George Clooney
I'm talkin' 'bout, runnin' in your spots with uzis tucked in
the Coogi
Dude me? Naw truly, might lose your lives
They say, "I've, got 2K2 covered like A.I."

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I know ya, love to watch me, 'specially when I'm lookin'
rocky
The trey with the Broccoli with my handles on the
Kawasaki
Handle my jewels with the cuff in my shoes
A.D. jacket on my elbow, 50 coast the jewels

In my neighborhood, I'm young Bill Gates, never
shuffle the cake
So cover my face and run up in the place
I'm a superstar, dick and my chain, glass bezel and
bang
80 karats on my pinky and rang

Crews buzz when you speakin' my name, 'cause I'm
deep in the game
With top cool thangs and million dollar planes
I'm a maniac, young boy gone, like a young Roy Jones
You ought of my zone and ain't nobody home

In my neighborhood, produce stars, stakes is high
Now we soarin' through the spacious skies
Drop yo' body with them cakes and ride, the handle is
up
Switchin' gears with the pedal and ride

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