

## Game, The "Gangsta Music"

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Lyrics to Certified Gangsta :

[Intro: G.A.M.E. (Jim Jones)]

(R.I.P Eazy-E) That Westside (Capo), that city where them  
tec's fly (Dip-set!)

We ride in that Westside (Eastside),  
that no seeds in our stress side (Lets ride)

[Verse 1: G.A.M.E.]

Jim Jones swirvin, I got that purple I'm blowed  
Tight grip on the Escalade pole  
Yeah, Harlem's jus' like Compton, that's jus' how I roll  
Red bandana wrapped around the chrome .44  
Gun smokin' like Suge cigar  
Show me how you stunt you thrown outta movin' car  
If that thing come out, its murder she wrote  
If Doc come out, its 30 Impalas on the boat  
Nigga, we do this everyday  
Llamas under the thermul, waitin' by ya stairs like Mary  
J  
Beat niggaz ride dirty like Jazze Pha, Cassius Clay  
Knock a nigga out on the ave today  
Bring the mack ya way me and Santana  
Blowin' in the crowd like Donnie Hathaway  
Westside blood-gang, niggaz know what I'm about  
And they know I'm ruff ridin' so they knockself out

[Chorus: Bezel]

Now I ride with my vest, .45 and my tech  
Big 4 in the '64, like I'm in the West  
Not petrified to put 5 in ya chest  
Cause, we Certified Gangstas  
Stash the mill' in the house  
And I kill in the drowt  
That's the chill, when I pump, get it crunk in the South  
Icegrill, like a nice meal in my mouth  
Cause, we Certified Gangstas

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