

## Game, The "Haterz"

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[Verse 1]

These rap niggas hate and they smile in my face  
The rabbit niggaz mad cos the turtle won the race  
And, the radio debate what the fuck they going to play  
All the hot shit is my shit; they take what I say.  
play scrabble with my words and put it on the front  
page.

They go find a picture of 50 and Game  
Say it's East vs. West; New York and L.A  
Since I dont' button up, now I'm beefin' with Jay  
Apologize said  
but you niggas is reckless, you're not going to beg me  
to beef with a legend.  
My pride I'm protecting, the streets I'm respected.  
I'm not trying to replace Pac so accept it.  
After 5 million records; the Dr.Dre lectures; and 3 world  
tours,  
West Coast Resurrected  
One fourth of the group to my help was rejected.  
and I felt abandoned so I threw away my necklace.

[Verse 2]

I can hear niggas talking, whispering in the dark  
they're like dogs with no bark.  
When I pull over and park then guns starts to spark and  
the bullets find the mark  
niggas outlined in the chalk and I speak from the heart  
When I say that I'll kill you, it's simple and plain.  
Don't say shit about Dre and don't mention The Game.  
This industry is fake and I can't understand how a  
grown ass man  
sent a bitch to the pen, how you snitched on stan; he's  
a bitch like his man  
He'd of did you for a grand. Eminem called him stan.  
I'm going to say it again,  
If I had one more chance I would've break all of his ribs  
with my bare fuckin' hands.  
I'm a gangsta and a fighter.  
You ain't, you a liar.  
You ain't got no pride, there's a snitch in the wire.  
Your fan base knows that you're gangsta is dying

I won't stop until that wanksta retires,  
I'm gone.

[Verse 3]

After 20 magazines and a couple of awards  
I can close my first chapter; put my plaques on the wall.  
To the top of the billboard,  
Who ever knew that I would sell more than Destiny  
Child and U2?  
Or do a song with Busta, go neck and neck with Usher?  
Went gold in a week, I'm a bad mutherfucka.  
This Gangsta Disciple and vice lord shit  
Brown pride, latin king.  
This is blood, this is crip.  
Hit the M Apollo Switch  
I keep a clip for any nigga that said I fuck his bitch  
or changed cause I'm rich, saying Game used to strip.  
niggas weren't saying shit until I came with a hit.  
Now you want to see me dead, blood stains in his whip.  
Take a father from his son, put my name in cement.  
After I'm gone they're sample my songs  
You can bury my bones but my music lives on.

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