

Game, The "How We Do"

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Chorus -

[50 Cent]

This is how we do

We make a move and act a fool while we up in the club

This is how we do

Nobody do it like we do it so show us some love

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[The Game]

Fresh like, uhh, Impala, uhh

Chrome hydraulics, 808 drums

You don't want, none

Nigga betta, run

When beef is on,

I'll pop that, trunk

Come get, some

Pistol grip, pump

If a nigga step on my white Air, Ones

Since red, rum

Ready here I, come

Compton, uhh

Dre found me in the slums

Sellin' that skunk, one hand on my gun

I was sellin' rocks when Master P was sayin' "Uhh"

Buck pass the blunt

These G-Unit girls just wanna have, fun

Coke and rum

Got weed on the tongue

I'm bangin with my hand up her dress like, uhh

I'll make her cum, purple haze in my lungs

Whole gang in the front in case a nigga wanna stunt

[50 Cent]

I put Lamborghini doors on that Escalade

Low pro's so low look like I'm ridin' on blades

In one year man, a nigga's so paid

I have a straight bitch in the telly goin both ways (Ah!)

Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me

I give it to ya just how you like it, girl
You know I'm rockin' with the best
Trey pound on my hip
Teflon on my chest
They say I'm no good
'Cuz I'm so hood
Rich folks do not want me around
'Cuz shit might pop off and if shit pop off
Somebody gon' get laid the fuck out
They call me new money, say I have no class
I'm from the bottom, I came up too fast
The hell if I care, I'm just here to get my cash
Bougie ass bitches you can kiss my ass

[50 Cent]

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[The Game]

I put gold Daytonas on that Cherry Six-Four
White walls so clean it's like I'm ridin' on vogues
Hit one switch man, that ass so low
Cali got niggaz in New York ridin on hundred spokes
Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me
I give it to ya just how you like it, girl
You know I'm rockin' with the best
Fo' pound on my hip
Gold chain on my chest (Ah!)

[50 Cent]

50, uhh
Bentley, uhh
Em came 'n gotta nigga fresh out the, slum
Automatic, gun
Fuck 'em one-on-one
We wrap up ya punk ass, stunt 'n ya done
Homie, it's Game time

[The Game]

You ready? Here I come
Call Lloyd Banks and get this motherfucker, crunk
It took two, months
But Fifty got it done
Signed with G-unit
Had niggaz like, huh?

Don't try to front
I'll leave yo' ass, slumped
Thinkin I'm a punk
Get your fuckin head, lumped
Fifty got a, gun

[50 Cent]

Ready here he come
Gotta sick ven-detta
To get this, chedda
Meet my Ba-retta
The drama, setta
Sip Ama-retta
My flow sounds, betta
Than average
On tracks I'm a savage
I damage
Any nigga tryin' to front on my clique (G-Unit!)

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