

## Game, The "Infrared"

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[Verse 1]Red Rose, white cellar  
No body, no casket, just blood spillin'  
I aint a dead President but I love millions  
They like "Game, where ya been?"  
Yeh Blood chillin'  
But not on no islands or no villa's  
I've been lost in Compton with some drug dealers  
I bought the Relapse loved it, hit the block hugged it  
Em still spit crack the Aftermath oven is a muthaf-cker  
But I aint seen it in years  
Still survive like niggas threw me off the first tier  
Still the most gutta, spit the most butta  
My album's got more game than niggas at the Rucker  
Who said I'll never go Platinum, never drop a Phantom  
I park my shit at every strip club in Atlanta  
Peace to my nigga T.I. for keeping a level head  
Niggas I know flip after doing bids in the feds  
So peace to C-Murder, come to my hood see murder  
Aint a street in my city that you aint heard of  
Bought up on the block, no love, black glocks, chrome  
slugs  
and we all fit OJ's glove  
And I'ma keep name droppin' long as my name poppin'  
I mean long as the 'cane poppin'  
All white knights, white Range, white pipes, crack in the  
concrete  
Living the ?  
I switch cars like superhead switch stars  
You know why, cause I'm a crook bitch  
F-ck ya book bitch  
I live life like aint no money on my books bitch  
I write the 16, you sing on the hook bitch  
Dickin' em out, foreign cars I'm whippin' em out  
Been gang bangin' since the first Pippen's was out  
[Hook]Me and my infra-red-red  
Yeah thats right, my infra-red-red  
All I need is my inferared-red  
So f-ck the gun as long as its infrared-red  
[Verse 2]Same colour as the big apple  
Its for my New York niggas thats in the hood clappin'  
I done been through Brooklyn, Queens, BX and Harlem

Only chase money, never chase the stardom  
Back to the law, thats how I became a target  
Respected in every hood, bullet proof regardless  
My glock got no feelings, hollows leave you heartless  
Retaliation like tryna swim in the shark pit  
Will I ever go at Nas, hell no  
Will I ever go at Jay, I don't know  
Stay hittin em with pot shots

Ridin' round tryna figure out who got Pac shot  
Cause that got BIG shot, nigga's try to take out LA like  
big shot  
Thats Chauncey Billups, for you niggas who don't  
understand it  
You rap niggas like bitches, pitching underhanded  
It's like throwin soft balls at Derek Jeter  
I keep it hood, never put money in parking meters  
like the f-ck the US government  
I be on some over shit  
28 inch rims rubber shit  
Roll down the window f-ck with this  
Roll up the endo, f-ck with this  
Get it backward, yeah my shit that good  
No more medical weed, back to chronic  
No more Belvedere, Grey Goose and tonic  
Keep a nigga f-cked up with a mind state like  
Dont get ya nigga f-cked up, you know the crime rate  
up  
[Hook]I hit a nigga with the infra-red-red  
Yeah thats right, the infra-red-red  
All I need is the inferared-red  
F-ck the gun as long as its infrared-red  
[Verse 3]And I can pop a nigga from a rooftop  
Or hit 'em up close, let 'em know that I'm a f-cking killer  
like Ghost-face, no trace for the jakes  
When it come to the base in the kitchen I'm a chef like  
Rae  
Nas was like U-God, I'm like "nah you God",  
right next to Rza as I'm lighting up the swisha  
Pourin' out this liquor for my niggas that was bigger  
than the ditches that they living  
That was put in by the triggers, they some niggas with  
some cold hearts  
And you wonder why I walk around like my soul long,  
black hoody on  
Writin' music like Mozart, Denzel, John Travolta, I play  
both parts  
Drive this raggedy ass Bentely like its a go-kart  
Aint been crazy since I learned how to throw dart  
Run up on his muthaf-cking car, you a dead man  
Nah, don't sweat it like Lebron James headband

Empty out the clip on anybody but Redman  
I Blackout and you can Blackout 2  
But I got night vision on this muthaf-ckin infra-red-red  
[Hook]Yeah thats right, the infra-red-red  
All I need is the inferared-red  
F-ck the gun as long as its infrared-red  
[Outro]Niggas know what the f-ck it is everytime we do  
this shit  
We do this shit right, nigga  
Yeah, shout out to Redman for no reason at all  
Cool n Dre them my niggas, my brothers  
Thats my family for life nigga's

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