

## Game, The "Invisible Felon"

Visit "[Invisible Felon](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse 1]

Nigga i lock the whole block up  
See the block what  
You can't stop us or drop us  
Long nose, sluggin the drop what  
We real niggas  
Compton blood runnaz and gunnaz  
The red raiders been on hiatus  
Made it back for the summer  
Fuck rap, it aint about that  
Hip hop is dead  
You whack rappers broke one in the head  
Now I said it he aint regret it  
I talk to him  
Any nigga disagree  
Run up on the passenger side  
And put a spark to him  
Phony ass rap niggas  
Swear they gon clap some  
Talkin out the side of they mouth  
With no dare frontin  
Long as i'm alive, this shit don't stop  
We know who killed BIG and Pac  
He gon' drop

[Talking]

You niggas think you scare me?  
Nigga you don't scare me B  
I'm from Compton mothafucka  
Real lights, real games, real shootouts mothafucka I  
took them shots  
I see you standin there  
So what bitch? Move

[Verse 2]

I'm the west Don  
The next one to kick his fuckin feet up  
Puffin on chiefa  
Niggas give me the chills  
I pick the heat up

Im scared of who, you? Fuck no  
I let the shit blow  
Circle the block, before I duck off  
I stay blunted, stay around pussy  
Stay liquored up wit the finest bitches  
You niggas trickin  
I'm wit the barks like Milwaukee  
I shoot em dead  
Left hand like Michael Red  
Recycle the flow, come back  
I'm dead prez  
Too political  
Guerilla on mass beats  
Leave your careeer in critical condition  
Destroy niggas, my mission is to disposition  
All you faggots  
I ain't beefin with one nigga  
Theres room for all you niggas in this casket  
Get in

[Talking]

All homo ass niggas, B  
Niggas straight fuckin homos nigga  
When you see me in the streets nigga  
You dont say shit  
Niggas dont be doin shit  
Whole bunch of niggas man  
Loud noise makers, fuck yall

[Verse 3]

I stand ova niggas wit a gun  
Let it hum  
Your crew run, run, run, your crew run, run  
I stand ova niggas wit a gun  
Let it hum  
Your crew run, run, run, your crew run, run  
I fuck ova niggas  
Only give props  
To them olda niggas  
Snoop, Cube, Rakim, KRS  
The coldest niggas  
Can't forget nasty Nas  
and that Hova nigga  
Disrespect from ? yet it still how olda niggas  
Pay homage, spray llamas  
Drive Bentleys, roll through any hood  
You don't believe me  
Then ride wit me  
Pray on the soul  
On any nigga that collide wit me  
He bust first, I shot back

The moral is you die wit me

[Talking]

See nigga I don't really give a fuck

About all this G-unit talk and all these punk ass records  
nigga

First of all you don't sell records nigga

Second of all nigga you ain't as handsome as me

Third of all you ain't fuckin as many bitches as I'm  
fuckin

Fourth of all you ain't got enough OG mothafuckin  
homies backin you nigga

Fifth of all, fuck you

Visit [Game, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.