

## **Game, The "Krush Groove"**

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[JT]

We on our third song, we on our third song, heyyeyy  
You understand it, I'm official with mine; I'm double-clutchin  
on the fo'-wheel, pushin quarters like niggaz doin dope deals  
Fo' cut 50 like a verse and a half  
I cut the brick and now we countin the math, we 'bout that birdplay  
My crew's committed, you dudes gon' get it  
Have a seat you through when I'm finished, my troopers is fitted  
Got 'em posted out in Brooklyn, Hollis Queens to the Bridge  
We in the studio the Figgaro done did it again  
We got factors out in the ditch where they smackin a bitch  
I got homies out in the Bronx where they bustin at cops  
It ain't no game with the underground, came from the underground  
Pushin a hundred thousand, we out the trunk, never browsin  
JT, another boss from the Bay  
And rest in peace to my boy Mac Dre, what'chu say nigga?  
JT, another boss from the Bay  
And rest in peace to my boy Mac Dre, motherfucker

[Nina B]

Hey yo it seem to me like e'rybody got they own truth  
Believe me I'm in them sheets like phonebooths  
I play the game I was born to score  
But I'm a lil' too cute for them corner stores  
A little too, known, to stand on the block  
And a lil' too eager to sit in the spot  
Mami, I'm from the Eastside, yup yes that side  
Heads fly if I open ya chest that wide  
Gimme a bad vibe end up on ya backside  
Or you can get your back and side splatted in back of ya ride  
And I can make it happen, if I don't make it rappin

This lump of Satan I'm packin thrash 'em with a major  
passion  
I slash ya face and fracture you flashin in the latest  
fashion  
And have you dashin from Manhattan all the way to  
Aspen  
Your shit is whack, heard your tape and had to take an  
aspirin  
Step ya game up

[instrumental break]

[unknown Get Low male]

Listen, before I get up in the mornin I ask the Lord for  
strength  
Tryin to get my niggaz out the hood, you know how the  
forces get  
It's like the devil got a hold of my neck  
And I'm gettin this change runnin 'round reppin my set  
Momma used to look at me funny; she could tell her  
baby boy changed  
Must be out there gettin some money  
But it's a price for everything, you know how the game  
go  
For them birds niggaz'll cock back the calico  
Now you introduced to the beef, what'chu gon' do now?  
Bitch up, skid in your crib, or pull them tools out?  
A lot of niggaz is real, a lot of niggaz is fake  
A lot of niggaz shake your hand and shake hands with  
Jake

[another Get Low male]

Fuck what'chu heard, I startled your brain  
I hit the spot like a {?} in ballers and jeans  
On some eighty-eight shit, more "Raw" than Kane  
It's not my fault she looked at me - you better talk to  
your dame  
That's just, part of the game and you got served  
Who got nerve cause Lethal hard like Tupac words  
And, why y'all Chucks always actin like tough guys  
You must be trippin or you slippin on mudslides  
And in the hood you see it's different from one time  
What's your bloodline, play the strip to the sunshine  
And I don't even know why I'm wastin my breath  
I oughta be like Makaveli and be fakin my death  
I keep that good shit it's tastin so fresh  
And all y'all sloppy Joe niggaz yo y'all makin a mess  
We on the way to yo' nap, so put your tapes in the deck  
And spit in a hundred bars straight without breakin a  
sweat

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