

Game, The "Lay Low"

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Verse 1 - Techniec

In the rain with the beat, stashed with the heat,
smashed in the seat, sinking and thinking ya'll know
the way I rhyme,
I'm a raw shined up, flossed out rhymed up,
get your wife good and ball it out till your time up.
Want to kill him quick?, put him in a filthy ditch,
rather be filthy rich, over a filthy bitch.
Wasn't for the flows,
wouldn't be no hoes jocking and breaking their necks
to get your's,
so I suppose, rockin' show, knocking hoes,
flockin, I'm clocking dough, I control,
rock-n-roll, with soldiers on lock-n-load,
and they come through shoot it up,
fist fight, threw it up,
terrorize the future, truly number one who was us.
No question we'll bust glocks in fast cars,
blocks in Nascars, couple of bad brahs.
We got a few with us, none 50 trust,
you bitches hit the bus, you niggas ease up.

Chorus - The Game

I heard another nigga from that G-Unit click talking
shit,
she's Tony Yayo,
and they kicked him out the house that's the reason
why he running his lips,
he's on 50's payroll.
You want to die all you gotta do is keep on fucking with
Game,
Mr. Yayo.
You niggas snitches that's the reason I threw out my G-
Unit chain,
I ain't the po-po.

Verse 2 - Techniec

You rap guys better stick to rap,
cause colliding with hood niggas that spit it
will get you so call killas clapped.
And you'll think it's the fans,
but my niggas got the M 1 Sixes, get loose in the
stands,
Technic on the side of the stage with a gauge and
4 4 long deuce-deuce in his pants.
So I'ma just fall back, nigga I could lose you for a
grand,
no gunpowder, residue in the hand.
They want to see Tech fly, they rather see Tech in the
can,
I spit grams, till the check in the hand,
when the Tec in the hand, respect my demand,
or I'll find your set in a jam when the Tec will go blam!

Chorus - The Game

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Verse 3 - The Game

Drive-by, violator in the Bentley coupe,
ghost town outside, ain't nobody to shoot.
They call me Noman for all the heads I shot,
they call you state evidence for all the dime's y'all
dropped.
Real love cause I'm a million dollar killa,
got banana clips for you so called gorillas.
G-Unit cap peeling till I D I E,
you looking for me, Southern Cali is where I be.

Chorus - The Game

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