

## **Game, The "Let Us Live"**

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Yeah, Scott Storch

[The Game]

Yo I'm hoping out a Phantom with a' iced out medallion  
Stallions on both arms, rocks on both charms  
My Dominican chick looking like Scarface sister  
Red and curly and she wake me up early  
Cus hustlers hit the block when police change shifts  
New York, California different toilet, same shit  
In Brooklyn I rock Timberlands  
Still toast cinnamon  
Been gangster way before he dropped many men  
Liquor in my system, voice raspy who I sound like?  
Don't ask me that's my nigga we classy  
Him and Montega Jada our style superior to haters  
You can catch me in the latest Marvin Gaters  
Ralph Lauren suit tape it up fly cause I'm papered up  
Why these niggas keep hating on my Phantom  
I be out in Atlanta and body tapping I'm probably  
strapped  
Toast it up niggas

[Chorus: Chrisette Michelle]

All my hoods on the real dark side of the track  
No sunny sky's just really black  
We live real down here, Lord let us live  
No playing around here, Lord let us live  
Don't hate my hood just hate my shine  
We coming out we on our grind  
We live real down here, Lord let us live  
We coming outta here, Lord let us live

[The Game]

Now who the fuck want war with the human gun store?  
Gangsta rap is where I live just knock on the front door  
Niggas stunt more than Jackie Chan  
What the fuck them faggots saying?  
Nothing when I walk in the club with the gat in hand  
Take 'em back to '94 shooing out a Astro van  
Banging was the blueprint money was the master plan  
Duffel bag full of Grants and Franklins

Rob niggas take they money shoot straight to the bank  
then  
Head to the barbershop to get chopped up  
Hearing war stories who dead and who locked up  
Who snitching, who pitching and who knocked up  
Fuck niggas in Black Wall Street I trust  
Black hoodies and black Asics standing on the  
pavement  
Hustlers don't sleep nigga we work the grave shift  
Fuck that long money nigga get paid quick  
And don't save shit

[Chorus: Chrisette Michelle]  
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Lord knows that money don't matter  
Lord knows that status is badder  
Lord knows about the hood I live in  
He's taking away but he's giving  
Now don't give me these cars  
Don't give me these mansions  
Don't hate me just let me ride, Lord just give me light

[The Game]  
I don't hate Mobb Deep or M.O.P  
That was a phase I was caught up in the beef like a rat  
in a maze  
And my legacy will never be that of a hater  
Lyrical rhyme slayer wack niggas say your prayers  
It's the return of Gandhi  
Criminal minded city behind me  
Put it on my face to remind me  
Of all the shit I been through my physical presence, my  
pen too nice  
My first album sent you life  
I should of put down the mic when Rakim left Dre  
No cleanup hitter so I was stranded on second base  
I had to steal third motherfucker that's my word  
There's some Queens niggas try to put me back on the  
curb  
I was ultimate warrior to you bully ass niggas  
I will come through the hood with the fully axe niggas  
Like Snoop or Suge I'm in the coupe I'm good  
Mothafuckas make way

[Chorus: Chrisette Michelle]

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[The Game]

Is that Michelle Chrisette  
Black Wall, Coollie High, Scott Storch, let's ride  
'08 to infinity  
California, New York  
Scott Storch, Scott Storch...

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