

## **Game, The "Red Bandana"**

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[intro]

not! \*echoing\*

blackwall street

the game

beach boy

charli baltimore (he wears a red bandana)

rockstar

we are the black gang

free shye

mother fuckers! (he wears a red bandana)

[chorus]

on the front of murder talk (he wears a)

on the cover of the source you see (he wears a red  
bandana)

the whole world know (he wears a)

every nigga in the hood know (he wears a red  
bandana)

50 told the nypd (he wears a)

why you snitch on me and tell em that (he wears a red  
bandana)

all the pirus know (he wears a)

even my cripp niggas know (he wears a red bandana)

[verse 1]

chea chea

dear god let me clense my soul/ throw away all the  
rims and the gold/

o no I cant do that/ do I love god? True dat/ but I got a  
gun so move back/

im loco like 5 eses in the side of chevelle ridin on low  
pros/

im a renegade ride with the 44/ been a gangbanger all  
my life, fuck the popo/

I aint never been a cocky kid/ know they could kill me if  
they shot pac and big/

but I let my bandana hang/ in the city of angles we  
gangbang/

I move that chronic and yayo/ way before I met 50,  
banks, buck and yayo/

ask eminem, even dr. dre know/ I put one in last ten in

the range rov/  
used to push that rock like jay hov/ you better lay low  
when the ak blow/  
or get wings and a halo/ run to the hood and tell em im  
the nigga they gotta pray for/  
yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah/  
I said run to the hood and tell em im the nigga they  
gotta pray for, lay low and stay low

[chorus]  
on the front of murder talk (he wears a)  
on the cover of the source you see (he wears a red  
bandana)  
the whole world knows (he wears a)  
every nigga in the hood know (he wears a red  
bandana)  
50 told the nypd (he wears a)  
why you snitch on me and tell em that (he wears a red  
bandana)  
all the pirus know (he wears a)  
even my crip niggas know (he wears a red bandana)

[verse 2]  
chea chea  
im a gangbanger don't get it fucked up/ you aint never  
bang, you aint never laces chucks up/  
so how the fuck you gon criticize me/ I aint the reason  
niggas is bangin the nyc/  
makin bullshit threats on the m.i.c./ I don't wake up in  
cold sweats when I sleep/  
I live comfortably/ with a red rag tied around the 45 in  
case nigga try to come for me/  
mad cause I started my own company/ I don't know  
what the fuck niggas want from me/  
except something for free/ before the documentary  
dropped, you bitch niggas wasn't bumpin me/  
and to some degree/ I gotta keep that 4-5th under me/  
I don't run from beef/  
it's either cock back, squeeze, or be underneath/ cause  
im from the streets of (compton)  
and my grandmother died before I was multi/ wasn't  
raised right cause my parents was both high/  
high off cocaine, my introduction to the dope game  
came in 85 watchin soul train/  
mama told me I was the future, and one day I'd be high  
like soul plane/  
just don't bang/ but back then, I'd do anything for a  
jerri-curl and a gold chain/  
niggas always got something to say/ like they aint  
never bumped n.w.a./  
punk niggas talk shit, but when they need hits they

come runnin to dre/  
niggas come to LA when they need to talk/ cause kanye  
told everybody jesus walks/  
bush killed more niggas in the towers then  
gangbanging ever did, that's why they need new york/

[chorus]

on the front of murder talk (he wears a)  
on the cover of the source you see (he wears a red  
bandana)  
the whole world knows (he wears a)  
every nigga in the hood know (he wears a red  
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all the pirus know (he wears a)  
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[outro]

yeah mother fuckers  
chuck taylor  
o you thought I forgot about that alias huh  
im going back to my roots  
g-unit is dead  
as a staff, a record label, and a mother fuckin group  
your clothes cant sell  
your shoes are straight garbage  
your movies suck!  
chicken little killed you nigga  
hahahaha \*echos\*  
how you like it nigga  
I took yo style  
I aint doin no third verse  
imma just talk to you nigga  
like you do when you get mad at me cause you cant  
fuck with me lyrically mother fucker!!!  
you gon do one of those sing song little clucky poppy  
hooks  
you like the rap linsey lohan you fuckin faggot  
write 8 bars about me nigga  
I do this shit all day 50!  
curtis jackson  
boo boo  
marcusâ€¦snitch  
black wall street c. e. o. mother fuckas!  
hurricanes in stores december 26th  
stop snitchin stop lyin the dvd in stores december 6th  
it's a tell all nigga  
wait till my movie come out  
im glad it aint based on my life

with that knock off 8 mile shit  
you could never be eminem mother fucker  
you aint lyrically inclined enough to be jay-z, nas, b.i.g.  
or pac  
and in the modern day!today, tomorrow, next week  
you cant fuck with the game nigga!  
out

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