

Game, The "Remedy"

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[The Game]

As my, Daytons spin, lowrider sittin low
Hittin corners so hard you can taste my rims
Rag top six-fo', Henny in the passenger side
Smokin chronic just Let Me Ride
You would do it if my name was Dre, second comin
motherfucker
Throw it up for the king of L.A.
I'm known for makin bitches take they clothes off
Long as I'm from Compton, California I could never go
soft
I'm hard as a motherfuckin ounce of raw
Dribble rock like Kobe Bryant bounce the ball
Fuck the law!! Feedin my son is a must
Whip it soft, whip it hard, in crack we trust
Why Andrew Jackson look high as fuck on the 20, G
answer
Cocaine been around for centuries
Since I'm young, black and rich, I'm the public enemy
Ridin the bass drum, Just Blaze got the Remedy

[Chorus]

[scratched:] "Now they got me in a cell" - Chuck D
I got the remedy
[scratched:] "Now they got me in a cell" - Chuck D
Aftermath's got the remedy
[scratched:] "Now they got me in a cell" - Chuck D
Nigga back up (back up) back up (back up)
'Fore you get your punk-ass smoked

[The Game]

I ain't no joke G, so don't provoke me
I'm from the city of angels where that Jacob watch is a
trophy
And starin at that Hollywood sign'll get you straight
jacked
(Where you from fool?) Better say you pro-black
Causin walkin in Roscoe's wit'cha chain hangin
is like Giuliani tryin to get rid of the gangbaners
Now that 'Pac passed, tryin to put us on Death Row
Get ready for the Aftermath

I run through the city like Godzilla
Doin mo' damage than Ice-T when he dropped Cop
Killer
Pull a shotty out the trunk of the Chevy
There go another victim of a one-eight-seven
Who's the grim reaper wit'cha life in his hand
Even the toughest niggaz run when my gun go... blam
So kick back and watch the bitches dance
N.W.A. is back, now let me see your motherfuckin
hands

[Chorus]

[The Game]

I'm back by popular demand and so
All black interior on the cherry red six-fo'
Niggaz endin they careers tryin to shut me up
Actin like I traded in my khakis for a button up
The West Coast still dippin
Game still Bloodin, and Snoop still Crippin
So what you sayin loc? Red and blue bandana
tied in a knot, as I creep through the chronic smoke
They say it ain't good weed if you don't choke
Shit got my head spinnin like the hundred spokes
Three wheelin through the neighborhood
System on blast, as the motherfuckin one-time pass
The key to drivebys is aim steady
Turn that Bape hoody into motherfuckin confetti
When you cross that enemy line
Close your eyes, Parental Discretion Iz Advised

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