

## **Game, The "That's Presidents"**

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Death before dishonor  
Ride with weap' up, 'cause niggaz tryin' to dent my  
armor  
Cold streets, Telly Mac keep the guns on 'em  
They wanna know how that nigga from California  
Could run up on ya on any corner

Put somethin' on ya  
How I stuff bricks in the 6 with no crack aroma  
Dawg, I'm just livin' for the moment  
I'm from Compton homey, but I'm like a center for  
Milwaukee

'Cause I play for the Bucks and I keep the 40 on me  
Gotta keep the chrome-y, gotta keep my back to the  
wall  
Wait for Q to rock me up, like cavi dawg  
Speakin of Ile', I put 8 in, 10 jump back hard  
And watch my money come back like Jordan in charge

I'm like the black Yankees, they don't want me around  
no more  
'Cause I hold the record for the most fiends roamin' the  
boulevard  
And when I'm on the boulevard, catch me behind the  
wheel  
Of that new Escalade with the Foreman grill

Steppin' out of Chevies with heat that's heavy, that's  
president  
Bullets flyin' for them dead guys, that's president  
Lead meltin' inside your wig, that's president  
20's 50's and 100's burnin', it's all president

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It's Telly and young Game, the hustler, ho juggler, coke

smuggler

No matter what the hustle, dough doublin'  
Yale or the rock, give me a day and a spot  
And I bet, I'll come back with 10K in the drop

I'll stay in the spot, wearin' a crop and coppin' ounces  
Telly Mac and Game the hustler, we rock the house  
And plus we the reason that the blocks is out  
So my words to the wise is just watch your mouth

And you don't want it when the stainless out  
What the game about, the bullets is in, your brains is  
out  
All over Frisco and Compton dawg, we ruthless  
And the truth is y'all niggaz can't stop us dawg

So why the fuck you wanna knock us off  
Like we some high-powered cowards  
And y'all really the niggaz that's soft  
Still across the train tracks, we turn 'caine crack  
It's Telly Mac and Game the hustler, you can't change  
that

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