

Game, The "Too Much"

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[Verse 1]

I'm from the old hood somethin' like yo' hood
Where niggas don't know good or no Suge but the blow
good
So we rock it like Tracy McGrady
Send it to Houston in a gray Mercedes
I'm a product of my environment grew up in the 80's
So that mean me Kanyezee and Young Jeezy all crack
babies
And it's evident my flow is heaven sent
First LP on the same shelf as the veterans
Nigga I can't be fucked like a lesbian
I'm the hip hop what Kartoon is to Mexicans
I'm an artist never claimed to be the hardest
Just number 1 since B.I.G. and 'Pac departed
Nate ridin' wit' me Snoop ridin' wit' me
All you other niggas used to be good like Ken Griffey
I'm on fire like the tip of a blunt
On fire like a nigga that let it drip for a month
I'm a blood you can crip if you want just let it bump
Like you got Scott Storch tied up in the trunk
I'm the ice cream truck man guns in the trunk man
Drugs in the trunk man call me the front man

[Chorus - The Game and (Nate Dogg)]

It's too much Cris in the club not to get drunk
Too many bitches in the world not to fuck
Too much chronic in the studio not to roll it up
And too much bass in the trunk so let it bump
(You look like you mad as fuck but who cares?
Grabbin' her by the arm 'cause she stared
Don't know how much attention you paid
Ya better be ready to die at this game)

[Verse 2]

I thought I told y'all I'm done wit' the beef clown
My son 3 now and I been watchin' Dre so long I'm
makin' beats now
Game on the rebound like Ben Wallace in the D-Town
I mean Chi-Town fuck it it can go down
Nigga I spit the whole round fo' plus fo' pounds

Nigga this the wild wild west call it a showdown
And I'm Billy the Kid til they split my wig
I come back from the dead tell 'em "kill me again"
Put my head on the barrel dare a nigga to shoot me
I'm gangsta... took more shots than Tookie
I'm alive so I'mma take a Patron shot for Tookie
Roll a California blunt and keep watchin' a movie
Inspired by this gang bangin' shit since I was 2
I brought the west coast back what the fuck you do
I'm the ice cream truck man guns in the trunk man
Drugs in the trunk man call me the front man

[Chorus - The Game and (Nate Dogg)]

[Bridge - The Game and (Nate Dogg)]
Drive fast both hands on the dash
Close both of ya eyes and hope that you don't crash
It's lyrical homicide both air bags out
Roll the fuckin' windows down let the bass out
Niggas... drop the top of whatever you in
(Drop the top whatever you in)
Bitches... let ya pony tail blow in the wind
(Let 'cha weave blow in the wind)
Inhale the chronic blow out dollar signs
(... pass that shit)
Nigga you can drive a Bentley if homie in ya mind
(I-I-I'm high)

[Verse 3]

Four doors leather and wood
Ride like I got a horse stable under my hood
And I keep a chrome 4-5 under my hood
So if I die nigga bury me under my hood
Who had the hottest bitch in the game wearin' they
chain?
Mr. H to the Izzo, Nas, and Hurricane
Long as my family straight read this at my wake
I gave 'em The Documentary and they scraped the
plate
20 magazine covers nigga look at his face
I can not will not ever be replaced
'Cause I'm the ice cream truck man guns in the trunk
man
Drugs in the trunk man call me the front man

[Chorus - The Game and (Nate Dogg)]

[Nate Dogg]

You wolf in' a lot of shit he look scared
You can't find ya girl she right here
I'm not a bad dream I'm a nightmare

Besides it's way too many hoes in here.

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