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Game, The "We Ain't"

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[Intro]

Ladies and gentleman You are now about to witness the strength Of Aftermath straight out the mothafuckin streets of Compton Put your hands together for Game bitch Hahahaha Yeah mothafuckas Compton's back on the mothafuckin map Aftermath in that ass bitch Game let's go

[Verse 1- The Game]

hits?

Me and Marshall aint start shit, they listen to our shit and talk shit about us but that shit is foul but i'm tryina feed my son drop mulitplatinum albums, make my mother proud that her son made it out but it's hard when they hate us they think Em a racist they say shit, but fuck them, Shady one of the greatest, like Biggie and Pac was we saw the throne was empty and decided to chase it Me, Em and 50 racin this rap shit is basic i followed that Jay shit Think of what I wanna say step in da booth and onehow could i not sell a million when im rappin on Dre

And spit tha classical L.A. and N.W.A. shit The media is bullshittin, we can't even say bitch They accusing Michael of touchin kids in the wrong places At first they embraced him, had a couple of facelifts Now people wanna place him with murderers and rapists
They comin' I can taste this swear to God I erase it
Put the clip in and waste 'em before I go out on that fake shit
I'm so sick and tired this black shit this white shit
So I sit here and write shit,
Em they ain't gon' like this
So they callin us

[Chorus: The Game]
We ain't...goin...nowhere...so fuck you
We ain't...goin...nowhere...so fuck you
[Eminem]
This day the game will never be the same
[Dre]
Things just ain't the same for gangstas
[Eminem]
The game just isn't the same its changing
To new Game
You're now about to witness the power

[Verse 2- Eminem]

Only Dre can, judge me for the mistakes I'm making If I'm faking, I'm Clay Aiken

You ain't 50 and you ain't Game, you lame, you're tame Bitch your mild sauce, you aint ready to make that flame switch

you'll end up in the same situation, same shit Different day, just with different gangstas in your face Which way do you wanna face when your brains hit pavement

Think of what you'll say to Pastor Mase and save it For the day that they got them affidavits waiving in my face

Looking for answers, rap's sensation Eminem battles to ward off accusations

That he had somebody blasted

The Mask of Jason was found at the scene of the task with masking tape

And the victim's penis up his ass, a basket case And they ask him to clean up his act, you bastards wasting too much time

Me no kiss ass, and if that's the case, then we ain't going...

[Chorus: The Game]
We ain't...goin...nowhere so fuck you
We ain't...goin...nowhere so fuck you

[Eminem]

This day the game will never be the same [Dre]

Things just ain't the same for gangstas [Eminem]

The game just isn't the same its changing

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[Verse 3- The Game]

Yo get Dre on the phone quick

Tell him Em just killed me on my own shit

I'm walking through 8 mile, startin' to get home sick

I'ma do Shady numbers, I'm ridin' my own dick

Yeah the chrome sick, the window's tinted

If Eminem is anybody on my under the penalty

These niggas is killing it take a minute to listen

Turn down my Jimmy Hendrix, I'll throw your demo out the window

For tellin me its hott when its not and you got what you got

From them rocks on the block, you can stop tellin Dre you got shot

With a glock that don't phase me,

I'm crazy why the fuck you think I'm rhyming with Shady I don't care if the radio don't play me, I say what I say when I feel like I'm feelin today

And get hard when these bitches see my car in the streets

I can't even take my son to cop them G-Unit sneaks So I'm gone bitch...

[Chorus]

We ain't...goin...nowhere so fuck you

We ain't...goin...nowhere so fuck you

[Eminem]

This day the game will never be the same

[Dre]

Things just ain't the same for gangstas

[Eminem]

The game just isn't the same its changin

To new Game

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