

## Game, The "When... Get Thick"

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Who really the best rapper since 'Pac got killed  
I done answered that question when I copped my deal  
Ask yourself when the Game is comin', after next  
summer  
I predict my shit'll drop before the next Howard  
homecoming

Now who in the runnin', no one, ask the niggaz who  
want it  
I got a four-fifth and it just like me, it stay gunnin'  
Me and my niggaz stay blunted fogged up in the 600  
Guilty as charged, blunts in the air, guns in the doors

It's written, Compton niggaz never run from the law  
Plus we get Monopoly money with hotels and a board  
So I'll never see a jail, and I'm allergic to bars  
Can't sit behind 'em or drink at 'em, so we travel with  
ours

Poppin' Crist' in the 6, like we drivin' through Mardi  
Gras  
Thinkin' 'bout beads and titties as I roll through the city  
And I keep 16 in the clip, and I let 'em all go  
Like the Lakers did Ellie, Atty and Nick, huh

When shit get thick, niggaz start dyin'  
Bodies pop up in dumpsters, mothers start cryin'  
Payback come through violent, nigga  
We hit blocks, bust shots, leave ya whole block silent,  
'cause

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No garbage we smoke molta, move big cocoa  
We off the train tracks like the great space coaster  
We hit real big and consistant like Sam Sosa  
Prepare for war, like United States soldiers

Lock tight and rock right like grey eight oz's  
I'll be hittin' up spots, in them flip Range Rovers  
Before you even try to play, foolish all over  
Empty out yo' pockets, turn everything over

We ball out cursin' yeah we keep it the sickest  
When we roll by the quads in them Z-66's  
Big spittin', grip kitten, that big face greed  
Always dirty never clean but we live like kings

Legendary like Sting, it's a history to follow  
But not known for stingin' known for gettin' off hollows  
Shoot me a glass of Remy, nah fuck it the whole bottle  
And watch me act bad and take off, full throttle

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I'm from a batch where it ain't no cut, we all in  
36 on a triple beam scale for meal  
Duffle bag on my shoulder my route, through the back  
of the jet  
To bag up baguettes and everybody know it

I'm the iceholder makin' the cut, never breakin' 'em up  
My favorite color is rainbowed up  
Ain't a coke dealer, but I got bricks for cheap  
Hit the lab for a fo' day block, we got heat

You niggaz can't compete when I walk in the streets  
We Get Low, and there's no idea with the info  
It's a rule of thumb, let them dudes a come  
I'm cruisin' some, 20 inch shoes and some

I'm in the wide body XM-5, all my snakes is live  
We check your five, the spot where the tec dies  
And everybody gotta Holla, the name  
It's JT from the Fillmore streets to CPT

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