

Game, The "Who The Illest"

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[The Game]

Who the illest hub dawg you know
Peelin slugs at your mug, dealin drugs in front of the
projects
My projects, more scatter, more street
Makin room for more drama, more hustle, more heat
I can show you how to get, American money easy
It's the gangster, all motherfuckers envy
Leave all semi I tote, clips empty
Foes tempt me, I'm seein no penitentiary
Crime scene clean, shells, no prints
Flee the shootout, X-5, no {?}
It's meant for me to survive this gangster shit
Meant for you not to be livin, food for the pigeons
It's rules I'm givin, new lessons for the street
This jungle I'm from B don't breed no weak
Lames that don't know the game please don't speak
You get killed, want me peeled, I'm showin no {?}
nigga

[Chorus: The Game (Sean T)]

Every nigga out there claimin to be the illest
I don't know if y'all know let a nigga know I'm lost in the
stipulations
Niggaz hatin, everybody waitin for the outcome
Whatever happened to just to rappin?
(Mic graspin, freestyle flow flashin)
(Rippin up tracks and, doin the thang)
(What'chu niggaz know about Sean T and the Game?)
(Who's the illest?)

[Sean T]

I'm off the rack like slabs of ribs, I want it big
I ain't fuckin with kids, I'm after six digit things
Fuck the rings and the tribulations, constant playa hatin
This crimin-al lifestyle, keeps me animatin
Let's turf talk before you niggaz thuggin it up
It don't matter if you Crip'n, or Blood'n it up
Dallas Squad blooded it up, smashin on sight
But he hoppin on haters like BMX bikes
Fuck around with the Squad see unbearable sights

We takin gangster shit to the maximum height
But I'm mainly into bubblin, fat grip doublin
Big heads I'm lovin 'em, you feelin me y'all
Leavin the envious in awe cause I tremendously ball
I'm supported by the Game so you know I won't fall
I'ma execute my options, keep wettin my paws
And come out unscathed with no scratches or flaws
Who's the illest

[Chorus]

[The Game]

They say "Game, you rappin like you from the East
coast," meet toast
Gun jammed in your throat, forgot that you spoke
Game got the streets woke young'n, same nigga got
the coke runnin
Introduce the new fiends to smack
Pops told me when I was younger, you can't live like
that
So I don't listen to pops nigga I listen to Kool G. Rap
Went from hustlin sacks to heavy weight, shufflin crack
Kids and preachers know me, young Game the O.G.
Ask the reverend kept the church from fallin,
young'uns from starvin
I'm the project like Marcy or the Nickerson Gardens
Comfortable dawg, Compton to Harlem, any city ghetto
or hood
Kick back, blowin, listen to Marvin
Get head, count dough and just sit in the apartment
AK in the sofa, I'm the illest, who come closer
to the late ones or great ones fightin over a crown
Get shot off that throne, who the illest now, huh?

[Chorus]

[Sean T]

Some say the gangster mentality is dead, imagine that
When fools pullin straps out with infrared
We're livin in a time of plagues and corrupt life
When homies in the circle end up all trife
Tryin to shine bright, but lookin all dim
Meanwhile I stay sharp like a ballpoint pen
I see the smirks and grins but I just laugh
Cause I'm gettin lucrative loot, endless math
If you only knew the half of it, you wouldn't hate
But niggaz just pig and talk shit behind Jake
Man you cain't knock the hustle, I ain't fin' to be greedy
I want an exit out the game kinda like Paul Vitti
I'm tryin to slang CD's in cruise control
Instead of sellin illegal pharmaceuticals

Should I ask for your advice? Like you would know
Fuck it, I'm out to get it, I'm a fool for dough

[Chorus]

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