

Game, The "Why You Hate The Game and Nas)"

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[Chorus Marsha Of FLoetry]

To everybody who knows my story
To all those who came before me
My time is now, i'm gonna do it all over again
Ain't nothin' new, ain't nothin' changed
I'm still gonna do it my way
I still remain, so tell me why you hate the game?
oh no oh no
so tell me why you hate the game?
oh no no no
this time i'll do it better just because

[Nas]

[Verse 1]

Vice behind me on the intersection,
Sex and drugs, my anthology on perfection,
Dress superb, admired by conspirers,
Who wanna try me, but ain't high enough to four-five
me up,
Child of the eighties, y'all niggas is lazy,
Complain about labour pains, n***a show me the baby,
And my nigga Game, light another L, pass the bottle,
Pro-black, I don't take cotton out of aspirin bottles,
Yeah, I learnt my lessons, and heard y'all snitchin',
Witnessin' you rockin' with narcs, confirmed my
suspicion,
Green fatigues on, My niggas I bleed for 'em,
I can show 'em the water, but can't make 'em drink it,
And I can show 'em my fortunes but can't force 'em to
think rich,
And still I don't abort 'emm when and if they sink quick,
Ignore the ignorance, I rep the brilliance of
Queensbridge,
And pray to feds, let Murder Inc. live...

[Chorus Marsha Of FLoetry]

To everybody who knows my story

To all those who came before me
My time is now, i'm gonna do it all over again (some
how)
Ain't nothin' new ain't nothin' changed
I'm still gonna do it my way
I still remain, so tell me why you hate the game?
No love lost, I do it just because
This time I'll do it better just because

[The Game]

I don't talk about my guns, nigga I just blaze....

[Verse 2]

'Pac is watchin', Big is listenin',
While Pun talkin' to us, Jam Jay still spinnin',
To every nigga listenin'
I was supposed to be amongst kings,
my Mom shouted out at my Christening.
And while you still listenin', Shyne locked in a man hole,
And Cam got shot inside his lambo', example, life is a
gamble,
15 years old red rag around my hand,
My sisters used to laugh and call me 'Rambo',
Seen Eazy's legacy melt away like a candle,
I rekindled the flame,
Dre created The Game,
Nigga with a attitude from the cloth I came,
Young homie ate his way up from the bottom of the
food chain.
Keep the crown, clown, I rock an LA Dodger Fitted,
showed my ass at Summer Jam but New York was down
with it,
Now the ball's in my court, never dribble out of bounds
with it.
Behind the back to Nas, he alley oop to Jigga, Nigga

[Chorus Marsha Of FLoetry]

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To all who those came before me
My time is now, I'm gonna do it all over again (some
how)
Ain't nothin' new ain't nothin' changed
I'm still gonna do it my way
I still remain, so tell me why you hate the game?
No love lost, I do it just because
So tell me why you hate the game?

