

I Got The Hook

"up! Movie - What The Game Made Me"

Visit ["up! Movie - What The Game Made Me"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro/Chorus: Jay-Z]

I'm what the game made me

Not what the fame made me

No amount of money can change me

I'm what you lames can't be

Live nigga what? Live as fuck

[repeat 2X]

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

Check, live from the 7-1-8

Either respect the flow or learn your lesson from your weight

I'm wishin arthritis on all writers who, Knock My Hustle

How can y'all understand the struggle?

It's hard to live, when you got greedy niggaz in the mix

Knowin I outclass three-E niggaz in the six

So I outblast til it's empty clips

And I outlast niggaz, survival of the fit

One life, I gotta make sure it's done right

Cause them yet to have a conversation bout reincarnation

Ball out, until I fall out

Stick thick chicks, try to tear they wall out

Hard to think about your future with, nothin to gain

Hard to concentrate on school with stomach pain

Life's harsh, I know y'all runnin from 'caine

but it'll only catch you and track you down

With no deal, who you gonna rap to now?

Start your own record company, that's profound

Live niggaz gonna rumble when you back from the war

Jive niggaz gonna crumble and fall

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Memphis Bleek]

Aiyyo whether in the Pinto, or rollin in the six

I come through cocky, holdin my dick

I never switch shit, cause that's some bitch shit

I get the Bisquick take it to the district

cause I could never get rich, and switch my style

I just cop a little hurt, to the mercantile

I'm tryin to get it though, rhymin with this six digit flow

Gettin fly is the minimal, holdin somethin is the principal

Respect this young nigga that's, holdin the torch

Preachin shit like the crack game, don't take shorts

Throw it down it's a bet, nigga roll hard

til you got somethin icey, round your neck

In this concrete jungle get rich or remain humble

Never speak the biz, at worst I might mumble

Niggaz test it I spit guns, angrily

Til all that remains is me

[Chorus (by Memphis Bleek instead of Jay-Z)]

[Verse Three: Sauce Money]

I went from no dough to show dough to money to blow

From umm, hoe I don't know, to get deez

Never, "Excuse me miss," bitch please, never try to
provoke

Same disrespectful cat I was when I was broke

Ain't nuttin changed baby but the different faces I stop

or maybe some of the places I shop

Now that I run through tracks like cleets with a Air

for some of the hottest beats, still catch me eatin at
Pete's

Fuck the foul cat who screamed out and threatened my
life

It's all good, here I come kid, dead to the hood

til I'm in the dirt, foul cats like termites

come out of the woodworks, if they think you stack
paper

Dead niggaz react later while the cancer spread

Teach a team how to scheme before they answer lead

You know me, I used to shoot hoops in the park, ain't
nothin changed

except now I push Coupe's in the dark

[Chorus (Sauce Money instead of Jay-Z)]

Visit [I Got The Hook](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.