

Jay-Z F/ Mariah Carey

"Loyal to the Game"

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I'm loyal to the game

[2Pac]

Now I've got to ask, on a nigga's ass, tell me will they
blast me?

I think of an alias in case these crooked bitches ask me
Now, it's gettin crazy after dark, these NARC's
be like tryin to shut me down but I'm too smart
Now picture me scared of the penitentiary
I've been movin these things since the days of
elementary

Now tell me what you need when you see me
I'm stackin G's, buyin all the things on TV, believe me
I got some killers on my payroll, and they know
When it's time to handle business, nigga lay low
Although I'm young, I'm still comin up
I'm gettin paid, pullin razors on niggaz when they
runnin up

The first to pull a strap when there's drama - busta you
ain't heard?

I've been slicin motherfuckers since I lost my mama
There ain't a cop that can stop me
My posse is cock D, and they don't quit until they drop
me

I'm loyal to the game

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

I do my thang, respect my hustle, I ain't playin
-- nigga I'm loyal to the game
You get in my way and I'll cock and pop that thang
-- man, I'm loyal to the game
If you know what I know then you know I ain't playin
-- I'm loyal to the game
Nigga get in my way and I'll blow out yo' brain

[Young Buck]

Posessed by the streets, you cain't tell me that this ain't
home
I can't eat if the rest of this shit ain't gone
I'm gettin used to the needles on the bathroom sink
Gotta close my do' because the backroom stinks

See daddy don't work and, mama don't drink but
daddy do dope and, mama can't think so
Look like, I'ma be the man of the house
Gotta have somethin to put in her hand when it's out
Up early in the mornin, the first to get it
They say if you really want it, then come on with it
Sacrifice my life for this ice and these cars
And I only spend 30 days behind bars
I ain't never had a job but my rent got paid
I handled any beef that they sent my way
So send me to the pen but you know I won't change
It's thug in my veins, I'm loyal to the game

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Yeah, it ain't my fault I came up fast
And you're the name niggaz bring up last
And all the dames get a king of ass, ten grand on
every ring I flash
Leap frog, and I'ma have to fling yo' ass
I'm on the block where it's scorchin hot
If you get caught in the crossfire, they'll have to peel
you off the block
I get 'dro by the pickle jar
These broke niggaz wanna get the star, so I don't keep
the four-nickel far
My lips are zipped, I'm loyal to the game
Bring your bitch around me, I'm spoilin her brain
Leave more slugs to boil in your frame
Cause you got rocks and they got aluminum foil for a
chain
The paint's the same color as oil in the Range
I'm stingy, ain't got nuttin for you but some change,
yeah
I'm good now but the fact still remains
that the struggle that I'm from's attached to my name

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

Heh, yeah, 2Pac's in this motherfucker
G-Unit in the motherfuckin house

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