

# Jay-Z, What The Game Made Me

(feat. Memphis Bleek, Sauce Money)

Yeah

[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 icy, 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)]