

Joe Budden, Game Over (G-Unit Diss)

{*Beat to DOC's "Funky Enough" starts*}

[Joe Budden]

Ohh! Oh yeah you fuckin faggot (okay)
(Haha) You fuckin' faggot, Game
You only a replacement till' Yayo come home, nigga
Game Over nigga
This not real, only got 8 months before The 5 Heartbeat run is over nigga
Stop that singin' shit, and you better be over Faggot

[Joe Budden]

Dude wanna be Dre, Ren Ice Cube or Eazy
But, you ain't them aight dude? Believe me
Say I'm tight trash all thanks to ghostwrite
But then you sound like Fab, get a sound like BLAT!
Not real, never heard a sound like that
He's a bitch, probly sleep in a gown and nightcap
Got a big chrome friend that I tuck along with me
And a grown gat since you like +suckin on 50's+
You's not Big and Pac, not East vs. West
Nigga, this is least vs. best
Wack west nigga from a sideblock, meanwhile
Get dude to fill an iPod with just freestyles
Let's do the math
You ain't sold shit, and I sold 500K more than that
Heard your diss track, but I ain't even play on that
Because I just seen dude, and he ain't say all that
In the same hotel, if dude wanted to do me
I'd have been Cassidy, gave him the room key
Got the guns and the vest out that I planted
And Game woulda had his chest out like Janet!
That's what I mean, dude's on that tough shit
Image for the public, believe none of it
Scared to speak street cuz he scared so he dap on some love shit
Then get in the booth on some thug shit (naw)
Go and put you in a verse
Nigga, this 4 will put you in a hearse
Now the ganj will put you in the dirt
Cuz guns is like soap on a rope, it took a fag to start usin' 'em first
A to the K, Jim to the starr
Wanna play God (?) say BLAM! nigga, limp to your car
This fag can't be for real, he gettin' at me?
He 'gone need more than a shield and big Macky
(So) Next time don't be a coward about it
Just get loud with this crowd to show everybody you bout it
Mr G-G-G-G-G, stop that
Homes, you only known for 5 Heartbeat hooks and gettin' popped at
(c'mon") See no evil, I hear the people
They ask and I tell 'em I got your career on TiVo
And if the song sells, and you gone be poppin' them thangs
Maybe you could tell Jimmy he can stop callin scame
I'm just tryin to save your rep
Your not a rapper, you asked, they gat like you gone save the West
I doubt that, not him
You need help, is Dre gone put him on the shelf? Better learn from Rakim
So when I see you also, we can let the glocks blow
Come through Jersey, or I'll meet you as Roscoes
Another fake thugs gets killed
100 red dots on you if you wanna be a blood for real, mu' fucka

[Joe Budden]

Yeah! And that's it man
Game fuckin' over, I ain't gone keep doin this shit back and forth
50 stop sendin' your lil' fuckin wack ass pawns

and come holla at a real nigga man
The nigga's ass, fuck him, fuck Game, fuck Banks, Buck
and any of them other niggaz Curtis tryin' to send over this way
Fuck the whole mother fuckin' G-Unit, a.k.a. the mother fuckin 5 Heartbeats
Fuckin' Banks, Buck, Yayo, Game and fuckin' Curtis, the singin' ass nigga
NICE LIKE THIS! haha
Fuck outta here man
You know where I'm at, and you know where to get at me, nigga
And I heard the lil slick shit in the beginning of your shit
bout you gone punch niggaz in the face and all that
you was real polite when I see you
And tell Mya I say wuddup
I'mma save that lil trick from you tryin' to holla back in this
YEAH!, game over maggot. YES! One

{*music fades*}