

# The Game, 3 Killas

The Game (Chorus)

3 Killas on the rise,  
come through screamin homicide when we ride (when we ride).  
3 Killas on the rise,  
come through screamin homicide when we ride (nigga westside).  
3 Killas on the rise,  
come through screamin homicide when we ride (when we ride).  
3 Killas on the rise,  
come through screamin' homicide when we ride (nigga westside).

Eastwood (Verse 1)

Ha ha, Eastwood nigga check it out.

Yo, I caught'em at the corner liquor store,  
ran'em for his jewels  
Told'em gimme everything you got,  
hat to the shoes.  
You done showed me what it is,  
now show me what it do  
I done jacked a gang of bitch ass niggaz like you.  
My profile suspect,  
i'm wanted for murder  
Investigated by the feds on no shit I ain't heard of.  
In '94 they say the wood was involved wit' a carjackin,  
thats when my phone started trippin, I'm knowin my shits out.  
Tryin' to tell me how I'm livin' like they B.E.T,  
sometimes I feel like it's a camera in my T.V screen.  
Ha ha,  
I am the best ever since my moms left,  
I ain't holdin' my breath,  
I'm prosecured to death.  
It's Eastwood,  
I'm as deadly as terpenine,  
spittin venomous rhymes with more heart then valentine when we ride.

The Game (Chorus)

The Game (Verse 2)

Life is what you make it,  
sometimes I see blatant visions of Satan.  
I been smokin' hella the marijuana vapors,  
wit' dreams of gettin paper on felonious capers  
Rent a car from Avis bangin' the best of Anita Baker,  
Now Is That sacred when niggaz spend money on Jacobs,  
And its that same shit that get blood spilled on the pavement  
I'm patiently waitin' for God to open heaven gates  
& I'll take a knife in my heart before I'll murder my neighbor  
& for that i'm hated,  
'cause most of they rhymin is basic,  
Drop 1 album & left the whole world stuck in amazement,  
started wit' Rakim,  
found him in my moms basement,  
one demo tape & i'm on Em & Dr. Dre shit.

The Game (Chorus)

Techniec (Verse 3)

The hood got me feelin' like my back against the wall,  
but I been here befo',  
Let me fly or give me death,  
Im in here for dough.

My pops used to hustle the corner in lotto kicks,  
attempted to try'em on,  
didnt like that fit.  
Went after a record deal,  
shit I got that supersize,  
niggaz aint fly then Tec at this shit  
Im a natural nigga,  
so its only right we boss up after these figgaz,  
so classical nigga.  
I'll document the avenue,  
study the set back to the O.G's,  
create a new avenue niggaz, so we can ride.  
Rims spinnin off the chrome,  
check the rearview wave spinnin off the dome,  
honey the westcoast is home.

The Game (Chorus)