

The Game, 360 Bars

Hey, Skee, tell 'em I'm goin' away for a while
(A Million) Motherfukka's wanna see me dead
(A Million) Motherfukka's wanna see me in the fed's
(A Million) Bitches wanna give me head
(A Million) Dollars in my bank account
(A Million) Soundscan the first week out
(A Million) Motherfukka's on my dick
(A Million) Motherfukka's talking shyt

Hit a break down...

I'm the king, and you better respect it
All I need is Beyonce, and a Roc-a-fella necklace
Nigga you can "check up on it", I'm a Slim Thug
Cincinnati fitted, wit the red and black brim blood
Gave nigga's 300 bars, two mixtapes, and a DVD
I did it for the C.P.T.
Did it for New York, did it for Chi-town
Ran through hip-hop, and made these nigga's lie down
I'm going away for awhile, call it a California vacation
I call it a Bentley with a smile
GOD bless the child, wit incredible style
Nigga sicker than West Nile, who king of the West now
I'm putting my vest down, nigga's ain't going to kill shit
Shut the f**k up, nigga you ain't going to kill shit
Rappers don't kill rappers, guns kill rappers
And I be wit real crips, real bloods, real clappers
F**k rappin, these nigga's will push ya grill backwards
Faster than Iraqis when Bush attacking
My flow semi-automatic, blhow
Touching pussies is my job, you a bitch, this is sexual harrassment
Nigga get a lawyer, when 'The Game' coming for ya
My jab, like Zab on the chin of De La Hoya
I'm the golden boy, and I'm making Hova noise
Got the whole world clapping, just like the Nolia Boys
Since a juvenile, I had to prove my style
Went from Kayslay to DJ Clue, and blhow
20 Magazine covers, nigga look at me now
You need a hot 16?.. I need 100 thou
Cause half of these rap nigga's just be running they mouth
The other half, in the ATL runnin' the south
10 Mill in the bank, 7 bedroom house
I'm rich, so on my 30th birthday I'm out
Nigga, I'm so ahead of time, and I spit better lines
Better rhymes everytime, nigga's hate on me so much, I feel like I'm Kevin Federline
F**k it im rich, for nothing, tell the media to get off of my dick
You wit me, my next album going to sell like Britney
I beat on these rap nigga's like Bobby do Whitney
No more drama, no more beef wit 50
And if you just tuning in, welcome to the 360 (welcome to the 360, welcome to the 360)
Right back where I started, in Compton, taking out the garbage
Where Crips and Bloods shoot it out like Pearl Harbor
That was '95, when Cube was in his prime
You brought yo Lethal Injection, and I brought mine
Rewind to '89, got my first mixtape
My brother brought it for me, they use to call him Big Face
But now, we ain't brothers, nigga we ain't shit
And you living in my shadow like Marcus Vick
And I heard about yo little rappers talking shit
Stay out my family bidness, or you get a coffin quick

I ain't change, same nigga that got off them bricks
Got signed to Dr.Dre cause his bars is sick
Getting head on the road, cause his cars is sick

And he whop so good, I had to pause this shit
I told 'em bomp, slow down baby
Got to get this shit firm like Foxy, NaS and AZ
She said 'f**k you, pay me
So I left her in AZ
That's what I get for letting her listen to my Jay-Z
F**k a bitch, give me a 40, I'll take that
Dress up for the grammy's, but I still don't drive maybach's
Nigga I'm gangster, and homey don't play dat
Stand way back, or get ya ass clapped ASAP
Nigga this the payback, you want beef.. say that
I'll have a hundred hurricane hoodies where you lay at
Get yo whole clique wet, making up crip sets
Nigga got ran outta New York by Dipset
Then he got ran out of Compton by my set
Banned from Watts, can't even walk through his projects
Nigga so lame, talking he gangbang
Won't bust a shot, and the nigga know where I hang
I'm Big Daddy Kane, and the platinum chain
The fact remains, the game don't rap for fame
Game rap for fun, Game blast his gun
the game gotta rap in tongue, so that bastards done
Be easy, I might give you a pass this once
I'm ready to die, but I don't want a bastard son
Nigga, I rap too good, and I'm back in the hood
On the same couch, I put my demo in a package for Sug
After one meeting, I was right back in the hood
Red bandana hanging, selling crack in the hood
Now it's, Aftermath for good...
Any nigga mention Dre, get a Desert Eagle shoved in his f**king face
How that taste?
Blow yo shit out fa'real,
Call Nelly or Paul Wall, tell 'em make you a grill
I cook beef, like a steak on a grill
Got the clipse on hold, but I ain't Pharrell
Nigga I'm fa'real.. my flow ill, like smoke in ya lungs
I Spit sharp like a razorblade under my tongue
Nigga, I'm number one, motherfukka bar none
Who else kick knowlegde outside of Hova and the God Son
We can go bar for bar, cocksucker drop some(tm)
Watch me Take Flight like Tom Cruise in Top Gun
You might win some, but you just lost one
I beat on these lil nigga's like Dr. Dre drums
Look at these motherfukka's trying to prove theyselves
Thinking beefing wit hurricane going to boost they sales
Never that, motherfukka, I'm a clever cat
Kanye West in slacks, nigga, I'm as fresh as that
Ask Dre, ask Snoop, I'm nice
I'm Cube, I'm Jacob, I put rappers on "Ice"

A skee , let me ask you a question
If you take the 120 bars, put it with the 240 bars
Then add the 360 bars, wit one Kevin Federline, what you get?
(A Million) Haha.. lets get the f**k outta here man..
Go find something to do