

# The Game, I Told You

(Chorus)

I told you not to f\*\*k with my gangsta,  
I swear to God I told him Mase,  
prayin on my downfall since I came up  
Young Buck, Olivia ain't safe  
i'm riding through your neighborhood with my stainless,  
Yayo I'm Outside your place,  
If I can't get you I'm f\*\*king Lloyd Banks up,  
You know nigga look at my face

I told you not to mess with my gangsta  
I swear to God I told him Mase,  
prayin on my downfall since I came up  
Young Buck, Olivia ain't safe,  
you told us that Ja rule was a wanksta  
Yayo I'm Outside your place,  
now the whole G-unit camp is in danger  
It's The Game,nigga look at my face,

(1st verse)

First things first motherf\*\*ka,stop tellin them lies,  
it's easy to stretch the truth now that homo died,  
in front of your grandma's house,right outside,  
nigga ran up on yo' shit and let off nine,  
and fifty knows homicide let off nine,  
you ain't die 'cause you only got shot 3 times,  
1 in the jaw,two in's and out's,  
he was screaming that'shy they knocked his teeth out,  
I've seen your medical reports you phony homie,  
look me in the eye's I tried to warn you homie,  
a coward dies a thousand deaths in his vest,  
i'll give you six more slug,you can add to the rest,  
till' everybody from NY wanna be from the west,  
kiss my converse bitch and take your last breath,  
'cause that G-unit shit ain't gonna last,  
you could sign Jesus Christ,he couldn't save your ass

(chourus 2x)

I took a trip to Connecticut,I was lurking with the Glock,  
Mad 'cause Shot Money had me working with the cops,  
You 5-0 nigga,that your name,  
where I come from 5-0, that's some change,  
We did background , I know you moved back some things,  
but he get low like Bleek when them ratchets bang,  
Mase step inside the confessional booth,  
you turned your back on God,the devil got you spooked,  
You ain't Murder shit,you don't even got your own block,  
Takin orders from a snitch,who sleep with cops,  
and Little Curtis always lookin for a scam to pull,  
you ain't the real Fifty Cent,you Sam the Bull,  
You got shot in the mouth once you still talkin' shit,  
gap teeth in your mouth so my dick has got to fit,  
now my nuts on your tonsils,my little kid is screaming G-UNOT at your concert,

(Chourus)