

The Game, The Game Get Live

(20 seconds of instrumental to open)

(The Game)

You can catch five, or catch me in the CL-5
Whatever way dog, the Game get live
Keepin it gangsta in a P.D. fitted velour
Late night I'm in Dublin's and I got myself a four
The hood love me, hoodrats gotta hug me
Pop ex, spark the buba, the shit get ugly
Rock the mic anywhere, and I ain't talkin 'bout a concert dog
Talkin 'bout ten niggaz in converts dog
Get it crackin like we out in the yard, and the warden's watchin
Only difference is the whores is watchin
Still love to see a nigga, roll up on 20's
Hop in that six-four, roll up on Bentley's like
I'm a gangsta bay-bee from the C-P-T
Run with the +Pound+ like I'm from DPG
If it's beef, you C-Murder like it ain't No Limit
And I represent the P like Russell Simmons

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

I'm a neighborhood superstar, get it, right
Got it? Good, okay
It's the Black Sox and Get Low we get dough
In the Yay they pimp hoes, in Compton we six-fo'

(The Game)

I'm a shining star
And I gotta hit the boulevard in that new Jaguar
Why he move through traffic like that, purple haze
Railways, the Ojays, the gangsta lean so
Please believe that I keep two G's in my jeans
Two gats in my sleeve, two rats in my Beam'
X-5, mami let's ride
Weave in and out of traffic from Compton to Bed-Stuy
It's the kid from the far West I, oh, shit
He know how to do more than flip pies
Get money like them stick up guys
Them "Ocean 11" licks got the young kid rich for life
And I talkin 'bout a movie or George Clooney
I'm talkin 'bout, runnin in your spots with uzis tucked in the Coogi
Dude me? Naw truly, might lose your lives
They say I've, got 2K2 covered like A.I.

(Chorus)

(JT)

I know ya, love to watch me, 'specially when I'm lookin rocky
The trey with the broccoli with my handles on the Kawasaki
Handle my jewels with the cuff in my shoes
AD jacket on my elbow, 50 coast the jewels
In my neighborhood I'm Young Bill Gates, never shuffle the cake
So cover my face, and run up in the place
I'm a superstar, dick and my chain, glass bezel and bang
80 karats on my pinky and rang
Crews buzz when you speakin my name, cause I'm deep in the game
With top cool thangs and million dollar planes
I'm a maniac, young boy gone, like a young Roy Jones
You ought of my zone and ain't nobody home
In my neighborhood, produce stars, stakes is high
Now we soarin through the spacious skies
Drop yo' body with them cakes and ride, the handle is up
Switchin gears with the pedal and ride

(Chorus)