

The Game, Business Never Personal

(The Game)

Yo, when I'm out in Oakland, catch me in the silver and black Coupe
With two Desert Eagles and an ounce of glue
When I'm out in San Fran, the P.D. real nervous
Cause they know I'm packin heat under the Willie Mays jersey
Nigga, it ain't nuttin for me to empty a clip
Or wave my guns in the air and just enter ya strip
I know about gangs, had shootouts with plenty of Crips
I sold crack and been out of town with plenty of bricks
So ain't nuttin you can tell me, about the game
Come with beef and leave here without your brains
And I'ma drive upstate and try to bounce this 'caine
In that Shelby the same color as moutanin rain
And you know I got the South clickin
Cause ain't nuttin like niggaz with gold teeth and them down South chickens
So fuck with my D and get found wit'cha mouth missin
This ain't about you and me it's about business nigga

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

It's business never personal, real live on blocks
If we ain't movin the rocks, then we movin the stocks
Cross a hustler motherfucker you'll arrive in a box
It's the true to life struggle 'til we arrive on top

(JT)

They don't understand me, like the Birdman I got candy
Put the herb in, I got family
I'm doin 85, in the 50-mile-an-hour lane
Tryin to handle my business, the Figgaro stack change
Independent tycoons (tycoons) - yeah
My niggaz puff trees, snort coke and chew shrooms
Bad to the bone (to the bone)
And cain't trust a nigga for shit cause Feds on the phone
My whole crew dirty, fuckin with amphetamines
Catch you slippin blow your whole crew to smitharines
Now the streets knowin (knowin)
And I'ma run this shit back with my foot broke like Terrell Owens
Still blowin
Like Mike Jones of the Swishahouse, gold knock them bitches outs
We take trips out to Houston and D.C.
For the West coast, nigga can you feel me?

(Chorus)