

The Game, Certified Gangsta

[Intro: G.A.M.E. (Jim Jones)]

(R.I.P Eazy-E) That Westside (Capo), that city where them tec's fly (Dip-set!)
We ride in that Westside (Eastside), that no seeds in our stress side (Lets ride)

[Verse 1: G.A.M.E.]

Jim Jones swirvin, I got that purple I'm blowed
Tight grip on the Escalade pole
Yeah, Harlem's jus' like Compton, that's jus' how I roll
Red bandana wrapped around the chrome .44
Gun smokin' like Suge cigar
Show me how you stunt you thrown outta movin' car
If that thing come out, its murder she wrote
If Doc come out, its 30 Impalas on the boat
Nigga, we do this everyday
Llamas under the thermul, waitin' by ya stairs like Mary J
Beat niggaz ride dirty like Jazze Pha, Cassius Clay
Knock a nigga out on the ave today
Bring the mack ya way me and Santana
Blowin' in the crowd like Donnie Hathaway
Westside blood-gang, niggaz know what I'm about
And they know I'm ruff ridin' so they knockself out

[Chorus: Bezel]

Now I ride with my vest, .45 and my tech
Big 4 in the '64, like I'm in the West
Not petrified to put 5 in ya chest
Cause, we Certified Gangstas
Stash the mill' in the house
And I kill in the drowt
That's the chill, when I pump, get it crunk in the South
Icegrill, like a nice meal in my mouth
Cause, we Certified Gangstas