

The Game, Eat Ya Beats Alive

(JT)

Three wheel motion around the corner on these niggaz mayne
Smashin down the block, Charlie O beat in the deck
Game, what it do? (What it do?)

(The Game)

They love the way a nigga hop them six-fours and shit
The way I, push buttons make them Diablo doors lift
The way I, stick and move, when I'm behind the wheel
of that new Escalade with the Foreman grill
The way I, peel back niggaz jerseys
It ain't your life, I'm just not a big fan of James Worthy
So wait 'til I see y'all, I'm real surgical with the Ruger
But you won't catch my face on E.R.
But you might catch them dudes from the ambulance
Squattin on top of ya mans givin 'em each CPR
Tryin to get 'em to "Breathe Again" like Toni Braxton
Told y'all 'bout comin to Cali, with them phony accents
Hollywood got movies, but it ain't no actin
So wear that bling to them awards like it ain't no jackers
We chain snatchers (twenty-fo' seven)

(Chorus: JT)

When you're on the West coast - eat ya beats alive
When ya come to the lab - eat ya beats alive
F**kin with this cash - eat ya beats alive
Cause it's all about math - eat ya beats alive
When you're on the West coast - eat ya beats alive
When ya come to the lab - eat ya beats alive
All about this cash - eat ya beats alive
Nigga all about math - eat ya beats alive

(The Game)

It ain't nuttin to spray you faggots
Or have your moms get you a Burberry suit so you look good in that casket
It's {*reversed*} you faggots, desperado in tact
June, Drago, The Game and D-Mac (holla)
Come through in a grim reaper black Cadillac
Seven-three, ooh-wee, you see, who he
With the ugliest, flows, money hungriest
Oh, the kid got hoes, you ain't know?
Head is never optional, get my whistle, blizzow
Carry pistols, to your Sources and your Grammys
Of course it's that nigga that kick down doors
And leave rooms filled with corpses, Jordan and bloody Air Forces
To get my dough I come back like Air Jordan
Same shot, lil' older, still no nigga can hold him
Stepped back, sold crack let the Compton streets mold him
Big face said I could it, he'll bet you a G

(Chorus)

(JT)

See I'm the nigga with the most flow
Figgaro from killer Cali, reppin Get Low, niggaz know
Independent with my hustle
Couldn't give a f**k money or muscle it's time to bubble
West coast is the place where we holdin it down
Bay area thuggin, they knowin it now
I'm from the home of the Get Low, home of the get dough
Home where they want mo' so niggaz get they pistol
Run up in yo' back do', lookin for the cheddar cheese
Canary wristwatch on celebrities
Diamond bezelled iced out with hella cheese

And every f**kin link is like a masterpiece
Catch 'em slippin comin out the Burger King
Parkin lot project life, we like to spark a lot
Better known as a bandit, niggaz cain't stand it
My whole block gets hard like granite

(Chorus)

(JT) Nigga