

The Game, Krush Groove

(feat. Get Low, JT)

(JT)

We on our third song, we on our third song, heyyeyy

You understand it, I'm official with mine; I'm double-clutchin
on the fo'-wheel, pushin quarters like niggaz doin dope deals
Fo' cut 50 like a verse and a half
I cut the brick and now we countin the math, we 'bout that birdplay
My crew's committed, you dudes gon' get it
Have a seat you through when I'm finished, my troopers is fitted
Got 'em posted out in Brooklyn, Hollis Queens to the Bridge
We in the studio the Figgaro done did it again
We got factors out in the ditch where they smackin a bitch
I got homies out in the Bronx where they bustin at cops
It ain't no game with the underground, came from the underground
Pushin a hundred thousand, we out the trunk, never browsin
JT, another boss from the Bay
And rest in peace to my boy Mac Dre, what'chu say nigga?
JT, another boss from the Bay
And rest in peace to my boy Mac Dre, motherfucker

(Nina B)

Hey yo it seem to me like e'rybody got they own truth
Believe me I'm in them sheets like phonebooths
I play the game I was born to score
But I'm a lil' too cute for them corner stores
A little too, known, to stand on the block
And a lil' too eager to sit in the spot
Mami, I'm from the Eastside, yup yes that side
Heads fly if I open ya chest that wide
Gimme a bad vibe end up on ya backside
Or you can get your back and side splatted in back of ya ride
And I can make it happen, if I don't make it rappin
This lump of Satan I'm packin thrash 'em with a major passion
I slash ya face and fracture you flashin in the latest fashion
And have you dashin from Manhattan all the way to Aspen
Your shit is whack, heard your tape and had to take an aspirin
Step ya game up

(instrumental break)

(unknown Get Low male)

Listen, before I get up in the mornin I ask the Lord for strength
Tryin to get my niggaz out the hood, you know how the forces get
It's like the devil got a hold of my neck
And I'm gettin this change runnin 'round reppin my set
Momma used to look at me funny; she could tell her baby boy changed
Must be out there gettin some money
But it's a price for everything, you know how the game go
For them birds niggaz'll cock back the calico
Now you introduced to the beef, what'chu gon' do now?
Bitch up, skid in your crib, or pull them tools out?
A lot of niggaz is real, a lot of niggaz is fake
A lot of niggaz shake your hand and shake hands with Jake

(another Get Low male)

Fuck what'chu heard, I startled your brain
I hit the spot like a {?} in ballers and jeans
On some eighty-eight shit, more 'Raw' than Kane
It's not my fault she looked at me - you better talk to your dame
That's just, part of the game and you got served
Who got nerve cause Lethal hard like Tupac words
And, why y'all Chucks always actin like tough guys

You must be trippin or you slippin on mudslides
And in the hood you see it's different from one time
What's your bloodline, play the strip to the sunshine
And I don't even know why I'm wastin my breath
I oughta be like Makaveli and be fakin my death
I keep that good shit it's tastin so fresh
And all y'all sloppy Joe niggaz yo y'all makin a mess
We on the way to yo' nap, so put your tapes in the deck
And spit in a hundred bars straight without breakin a sweat