

The Game, Neiborhood Supa Starz

(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. city 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 Converse 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'

(JT the Bigga Figga)

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)

(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
Ralways, 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)

Yeah mayne, I told y'all mayne
Fillmoe California nigga where we launch the best nigga
JT the Bigga Figga, San Quinn, D-Moe the Yungsta, Seff the Gaffla
Introducun the Game
Nigga the first nigga I went and got outside of the Fillmoe district
Y'knahtalkinbout? Yeah mayne

And we gon' pass him on off to Aftermath Records mayne
So they can take him to the T-O-P
Y'knahtalkinbout Dr. Dre and the whole Aftermath staff, y'knahtalkinbout?
But this album right here, this a Get Low, JT the Bigga Figga production
My nigga Charlie-O on the beat, y'knahtalkinbout?
And we keepin it real thuggish mayne, Bay Area style nigga
Black Wall Street, now let's get MONEY!