

The Game, Outro (Red Bandanas)

[Intro:]

Not! [Echoing]
Blackwall Street

The Game

Beach Boy

Charli Baltimore (He Wears A Red Bandana)

Rockstar

We Are The Black Gang

Free Shye

Mother Fuckers! (He Wears A Red Bandana)

[Chorus:]

On The Front Of Murder Dog (He Wears A)

On The Cover Of The Source You See (He Wears A Red Bandana)

The Whole World Know (He Wears A)

Every Nigga In The Hood Know (He Wears A Red Bandana)

50 Told The Nypd (He Wears A)

Why You Snitch On Me And Tell Em That (He Wears A Red Bandana)

All The Pirus Know (He Wears A)

Even My Crip Niggas Know (He Wears A Red Bandana)

[Verse 1:]

Chea Chea

Dear God Let Me Clense My Soul

Throw Away All The Rims And The Gold

O No I Cant Do That

Do I Love God? True Dat

But I Got A Gun So Move Back

Im Loco Like 5 Eses In The Side Of Chevelle Ridin On Low Pros

Im A Renegade Ride With The 44

Been A Gangbanger All My Life, Fuck The Popo

I Aint Never Been A Cocky Kid

Know They Could Kill Me If They Shot Pac And Big

But I Let My Bandana Hang

In The City Of Angles We Gangbang

I Move That Chronic And Yayo

Way Before I Met 50, Banks, Buck And Yayo

Ask Eminem, Even Dr. Dre Know

I Put One In Last Ten In The Range Rov

Used To Push That Rock Like Jay Hov

You Better Lay Low When The Ak Blow

Or Get Wings And A Halo

Run To The Hood And Tell Em Im The Nigga They Gotta Pray For

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah

I Said Run To The Hood And Tell Em Im The Nigga They Gotta Pray For, Lay Low And Stay Low

[Chorus:]

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On The Cover Of The Source You See (He Wears A Red Bandana)

The Whole World Knows (He Wears A)

Every Nigga In The Hood Know (He Wears A Red Bandana)

50 Told The Nypd (He Wears A)

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[Verse 2:]

Chea Chea

Im A Gangbanger Don't Get It Fucked Up

You Aint Never Bang, You Aint Never Laces Chucks Up

So How The Fuck You Gon Criticize Me

I Aint The Reason Niggas Is Bangin The Nyc

Makin Bullshit Threats On The M.I.C.

I Don't Wake Up In Cold Sweats When I Sleep

I Live Comfortably

With A Red Rag Tied Around The 45 In Case Nigga Try To Come For Me

Mad Cause I Started My Own Company

I Don't Know What The Fuck Niggas Want From Me

Except Something For Free
Before The Documentary Dropped, You Bitch Niggas Wasn't Bumpin Me
And To Some Degree
I Gotta Keep That 4-5th Under Me
I Don't Run From Beef
It's Either Cock Back, Squeeze, Or Be Underneath
Cause Im From The Streets Of (Compton)
And My Grandmother Died Before I Was Multi
Wasn't Raised Right Cause My Parents Was Both High
High Off Cocaine, My Introduction To The Dope Game Came In 85 Watchin Soul Train
Mama Told Me I Was The Future, And One Day I'll Be Fly Like Soul Plane
Just Don't Bang
But Back Then, I'd Do Anything For A Jerri-Curl And A Gold Chain
Niggas Always Got Something To Say
Like They Aint Never Bumped N.W.A.
Punk Niggas Talk Shit, But When They Need Hits They Swallow Their Fucking Pride And Come R
Niggas Come To La When They Need To Talk
Cause Kanye Told Everybody Jesus Walks
Bush Killed More Niggas In The Towers Then Gangbanging Ever Did, That's Why They Need New
[Chorus:]
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[Outro:]
Yeah Mother Fuckers
Chuck Taylor
O You Thought I Forgot About That Alias Huh
Im Going Back To My Roots
G-Unit Is Dead
As A Staff, A Record Label, And A Mother Fuckin Group
Your Clothes Cant Sell
Your Shoes Are Straight Garbage
Your Movies Suck!
Chicken Little Killed You Nigga
Hahahaha [Echos]
How You Like It Nigga
I Took Yo Style
I Aint Doin No Third Verse
Imma Just Talk To You Nigga
Like You Do When You Get Mad At Me Cause You Cant Fuck With Me Lyrically Mother Fucker!!!
You Gon Do One Of Those Sing Song Little Clucky Poppy Hooks
You Like The Rap Linsey Lohan You Fuckin Faggot
Write 8 Balls About Me Nigga
I Do This Shit All Day 50!
Curtis Jackson
Boo Boo
Marcus-snitch
Black Wall Street C. E. O. Mother Fuckas!
Hurricanes In Stores December 26th
Stop Snitchin Stop Lyin The Dvd In Stores December 6th
It's A Tell All Nigga
Wait Till My Movie Come Out
Im Glad It Aint Based On My Life
With That Knock Off 8 Mile Shit
You Could Never Be Eminem Mother Fucker
You Aint Lyrically Inclined Enough To Be Jay-Z, Nas, B.I.G. Or Pac
And In The Modern Day-today, Tomorrow, Next Week
You Cant Fuck With The Game Nigga!
Out