

The Game, Play The Game

(Intro)

You niggas is soldiers man
Fuckin' toy soldiers
Yeah get in line cadet
Aten Hut!

Yayo you punk ass bitch.
I know you cant wait to get off house arrest nigga.
So you can run the fuck outta New York, you faggot

(Chorus)

Niggas tryna play the game with 50 Cent, 50 Cent, 50 Cent
Why you tryna play the game with 50 Cent, 50 Cent, 50 Cent
Can't play the game with only 50 Cent, 50 Cent, 50 Cent
So why you tryna play the game with only 50 Cent
Come back when you got a couple dollars holla.

(Verse 1)

You gonna need more than 50 Cent to play this game
Nigga hating on me cause I'm doin my own thang
I aint Lloyd Banks, bitch. I dont share your brain
I was in the fast lane before the G-Unit chain
You was hatin on Ja cause him and Irv went pop now your ass run around singing the Candy Shop
After 'Westside Story' I took your fans
I sing it for myself that bitch Olivia's a man.
I got word from the wise nigga you dead wrong
stole the real 50's name and wouldn't pay for his headstone
Nigga got mad when 'How We Do' start climbin, acting like a bitch cause he Got Rich and Stop Tryin
Got niggas locked up you a snitch in Queens
Told them Touch shot Pac then ratted out Supreme
But on the rizeal im talkin about you and me
Toe to toe 5-0 C-E-N-T, faggot

Banks is a bitch, 50 is a bitch, Yayo is a bitch, Buck is a bitch, Olivia's a bitch... no Olivia's a man, h

(Verse 2)

You reported more names than the evening news
I guess now Reebok making cement shoes
Yayo the only real mutha fucka from the street
You swinging on me like you want 5 heartbeats
Ok. One. Two. Three. Four, flat line
If you say you wrote my shit one more time
You ain't a hood nigga, you Got Rich and Stop Tryin
Jimmy scared Chris Lighty and he start lying
Lil' snitch what you know about movin' in silence?
Even NYPD can't deny it
The life of your story is fuckin' Vivica
But your baby mama left you cause you couldn't get it up, bitch

Yayo went to jail, Banks sold a mil, then Buck sold a mil, then 50 gave a deal to a bitch named Oliv
Now they all hiding behind the police shield

(Chorus)

(Outro)

G-G-G-G-you niggas aint shit, bitch ass niggas
I told you this shit was real, nigga
This is Fat Rat nigga, mutha fucka
All you get up on there is sing a few hooks
Nigga you wanna claim a niggas fame, nigga
You was our Ashanti, you bitch ass nigga
What the fuck is you talkin about you wrote something nigga
The Real is the real, nigga
Black Wallstreet, nigga

The Black Wallstreet, nigga
Gonna tell your bitch ass nigga
I aint gunna get up on this mic and play them games, nigga
I told my nigga lemme get that last 16, nigga
Im Rapping right now, nigga
But im spitting it real nigga
You know who im talkin to nigga
50, nigga
Bitch ass nigga
Black Wallstreet, nigga
Brasil and Wimelton
What block you on, nigga?
We'll be there!
What block you on?
Scary ass nigga
Fuck this shit man
Niggas woke me up with that bullshit, nigga.