

# The Game, This Is How We Do (Fresh '83)

(Hook - 50 Cent)

This is how we do

We make a move and act a fool while we up in the club

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Nobody do it like we do it so show us some love

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(Verse I - Game)

Fresh like, unhh; Impala, unnh

Crome hyrdolics, 808 drums

You don't want, none

Nigga betta, run

When beef is on, I'll pop that, drum

Come get, some

Pistol grip, pump

If a nigga step on my white air 1s

Since red, rum

Ready here I, come

Compton, unh

Dre found me in the, slums

Sellin that skunk, one hand on my gun

I was sellin rocks when Master P was sayin "Unnnh"

Buck pass the blunt

These G-Unit girls just wanna have, fun

Coke and rum

Got weed on the ton

I'm bangin with my hand up her dress like, unh

I'll make her cum, purple haze in my lungs

Whole gang in the front in case a nigga wanna, stunt

(Verse II - 50 Cent)

I put Lamborghini doors on that Es-co-lade

Low pro so low look like I'm riding on blades

In one year mang, a nigga's so paid

I have a straight bitch in the telly goin both ways (Ah!)

Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me

I give it to ya just how you like it, girl

You know I'm rockin with the best tre pound on my hip

Teflon on my chest

They say I'm no good

'cause I'm so hood

Rich folks do not want me around

'cause sh\*\* might pop off, and if sh\*\* pop off

Somebody gon' get laid the fu\*\* out

They call me new money, say I have no class

I'm from no bottom, I came up too fast

The hell if I care, I'm just here to get my cash

Bougie ass bitch, you can kiss my ass

(Hook)

(Verse III - Game)

I put gold Daytonas on that Cherry Six-Four

White walls so clean it's like I'm ridin on bulbs

Hit one switch mang, that a\*\* so low

Cali got niggaz in New York ridin on hundred spokes

Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me

I give it to ya just how you like it, girl

You know I'm rockin with the best fo' pound on my hip

Gold chain on my chest (Ah!)

(Verse IV - Game and 50 Cent)

(50 Cent)

50, unh  
Bentley, unh  
Em came 'n gotta nigga fresh out the, slum  
Automatic, gun  
Fu\*\* 'em one-on-one  
We wrap up ya punk a\*\*, stunt 'n ya done  
Homie, it's Game time

(Game)

You ready? Here I come  
Call Lloyd Banks and get this motherf\*\*ka, crunk  
It took two, months  
But Fifty got it done  
Signed with G-unit  
Had niggaz like, "huh?"  
Don't try to front  
I'll leave yo' ass, slumped  
Thinkin I'm a punk  
Get your f\*\*kin head, lumped  
Fifty got a, gun

(50 Cent)

Ready here he come  
Gotta sick, vendetta  
To get this, chedda  
Meet my Ba, Retta  
The dra-ma, setta  
Sip Am-a, retta  
My flow sounds, betta  
Than average  
On tracks I'm a savage  
I damage  
Any nigga tryin' to front on they clique (G-Unot!)