The Game, Troublesome

(Chorus 2X: The Game)
Real gangstas stand up, hold they dick
Bitch niggaz sit down to piss - what type of nigga is you?
I'm the type to pack a gat or few
Pull out and pop, simply cause I'm mad at you

(The Game)
Y'all niggaz see me when I'm come through; and ain't no denyin
that them big motherfuckers is twenty-five
Swayin in and out of white line, six double-oh
Deuce zeroes, I'm feelin like the streets is mine
Mines hustle, mucho dinero, heat's confined
See more fall guys than Foreman/Ali combined
If there's beef, I'm releasin mine
And I won't stop bustin 'til them Escalade seats recline
The kid roll with a greasy nine, come through and blast
I return shots like Arthur Ashe
You do the math, ten shots, ten dead bodies
Fuck bein sorry, it ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
And I'll make sure ain't a nigga survivin
Shoot up the ambulance, make sure it ain't a nigga there to revive him
And the Game ain't tryin to win, fuck the awards
So keep that little-ass horn, and that Neil Armstrong nigga

(Chorus)

(The Game)
Trust me dog, ain't shit you can put in your rap
that'll make you a gangsta, you a bitch and that's that
Niggaz thinkin I retired my Chuck, put the gun back in the holsters
Cause I weave through traffic in a roaster
But that don't stop the heater from bangin, or me comin through
Droppin all y'all niggaz with three in the chamber
Keep two mac-10's when I'm rollin, one in the changer
One when I push the button's right next to the cupholder
Dog we can get this shit over, I got ten on the Game
Let's say that Lee Harvey crack ya brain
Ain't gotta look over my shoulder, I'm good with the aim
Good with the handle and the bullet's good with the bloodstains
And the coroner's real good with that pickup
A1 good with the carpet cleaning, they can get the rest of that shit up
Cause I kill like the hiccups, two at a time
Put you niggaz next to each other how I do 'em in line

(Chorus)

(The Game)
Come through in a big boy, leave the bullshit at home
If beef cook then I'm bringin the chrome
If I die then I'm leavin a clone; but if I live
through the drama one mo' time then them boys gotta dig
When I think about who shot me, I listen to Big
When I'm rhymin on the road, I listen to Jig
Bump Nas off that purple, sittin on the block
And when I'm loadin up them clips, I listen to 'Pac
A semi with me like Eddie Murphy, got mo' guns
than F-A, B-O, L-O, U-S got jerseys
And you might get 'em all in the face when shit get thick
Make the back of your head look like Jerome Kearsey
And ain't nuttin to do a driveby in the hood
We ain't even got survival, but I'ma still take that ride
Bet my drink on it, bet my main squeeze mink on it
Think this shit a joke? Bet the S-5 pink on it

(Chorus)