The Game, When Shit Get Thick

(feat. JT the Bigga Figga, Sean T)

(20 second instrumental to open)

(The Game)
Who really the best rapper since 'Pac got killed
I done answered that question when I copped my deal
Ask yourself when the Game is comin, after next summer
I predict my shit'll drop before the next Howard homecoming
Now who in the runnin, no one, ask the niggaz who want it
I got a four-fifth and it just like me, it stay gunnin
Me and my niggaz stay blunted fogged up in the 600
Guilty as charged, blunts in the air, guns in the doors
It's written, Compton niggaz never run from the law
Plus we get Monopoly money with hotels and a board
So I'll never see a jail, and I'm allergic to bars
Can't sit behind 'em or drink at 'em, so we travel with ours
Poppin Crist' in the 6, like we drivin through Mardi Gras
Thinkin 'bout beads and titties as I roll through the city
And I keep 16 in the clip, and I let 'em all go
like the Lakers did Ellie, Atty and Nick, huh

(Chorus)
When shit get thick, niggaz start dyin
Bodies pop up in dumpsters, mothers start cryin
Payback come through violent, nigga
We hit blocks, bust shots, leave ya whole block silent, cause
When shit get thick, niggaz start dyin
Bodies pop up in dumpsters, mothers start cryin
Payback come through violent, nigga
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(Sean T)
No garbage we smoke molta, move big cocoa
We off the train tracks like the great space coaster
We hit real big and consistant like Sam Sosa
Prepare for war, like United States soldiers
Lock tight and rock right like grey eight oz's
I'll be hittin up spots, in them flip Range Rovers
Before you even try to play, foolish all over
Empty out yo' pockets, turn everything over
We ball out cursin yeah we keep it the sickest
When we roll by the quads in them Z-66's
Big spittin, grip kitten, that big face greed
Always dirty never clean but we live like kings
Legendary like Sting, it's a history to follow
But not known for stingin known for gettin off hollows
Shoot me a glass of Remy, nah fuck it the whole bottle
And watch me act bad and take off, full throttle

(Chorus)

(JT the Bigga Figga)
I'm from a batch where it ain't no cut, we all in
36 on a triple beam scale for meal
Duffle bag on my shoulder my route, through the back of the jet
To bag up baguettes and everybody know it
I'm the iceholder makin the cut, never breakin 'em up
My favorite color is rainbowed up
Ain't a coke dealer, but I got bricks for cheap
Hit the lab for a fo' day block, we got heat
You niggaz can't compete when I walk in the streets
We Get Low, and there's no idea with the info
It's a rule of thumb, let them dudes a come

I'm cruisin some, 20 inch shoes and some
I'm in the widebody XM-5, all my snakes is live
We check your five, the spot where the tec dies
And everybody gotta holla the name
It's JT from the Fillmoe streets to CPT