

# The Game, Who The Illest

Who the illest hub dawg you know  
Peelin slugs at your mug  
dealin drugs in front of the projects  
My projects, more scatter, more street

Makin room for more drama, more hustle, more heat  
I can show you how to get, American money easy  
It's the gangster, all motherf\*\*kers envy

Leave all semi I tote, clips empty  
Foes tempt me, I'm seein no penitentiary  
Crime scene clean, shells, no prints  
Flee the shootout, X-5, no {?}

It's meant for me to survive this gangster shit  
Meant for you not to be livin', food for the pigeons  
It's rules I'm givin, new lessons for the street  
This jungle I'm from B don't breed no weak  
Lames that don't know the game please don't speak  
You get killed, want me peeled, I'm showin no {?} nigga

Every nigga out there claimin to be the illest  
I don't know if y'all know let a nigga know I'm lost in the stipulations  
Niggaz hatin', everybody waitin for the outcome  
Whatever happened to just to rappin?  
(Mic graspin, freestyle flow flashin)  
(Rippin up tracks and, doin the thang)  
(What'chu niggaz know about Sean T and the Game?)  
(Who's the illest?)

(Sean T)  
I'm off the rack like slabs of ribs, I want it big  
I ain't f\*\*kin with kids, I'm after six digit things  
F\*\*k the rings and the tribulations, constant playa hatin  
This crimin-al lifestyle, keeps me animatin  
Let's turf talk before you niggaz thuggin it up  
It don't matter if you Crip'n, or Blood'n it up  
Dallas Squad blooded it up, smashin on sight  
But he hoppin on haters like BMX bikes  
F\*\*k around with the Squad see unbearable sights  
We takin gangster shit to the maximum height  
But I'm mainly into bubblin, fat grip doublin  
Big heads I'm lovin 'em, you feelin me y'all  
Leavin the envious in awe cause I tremendously ball  
I'm supported by the Game so you know I won't fall

I'ma execute my options, keep wettin my paws  
And come out unscathed with no scratches or flaws  
Who's the illest

(Chorus)

(The Game)  
They say "Game, you rappin like you from the East coast," meet toast  
Gun jammed in your throat, forgot that you spoke  
Game got the streets woke young'n, same nigga got the coke runnin  
Introduce the new fiends to smack  
Pops told me when I was younger, you can't live like that  
So I don't listen to pops nigga I listen to Kool G. Rap  
Went from hustlin sacks to heavy weight, shufflin crack  
Kids and preachers know me, young Game the O.G.  
Ask the reverend kept the church from fallin, young'uns from starvin  
I'm the project like Marcy or the Nickerson Gardens

Comfortable dawg, Compton to Harlem, any city ghetto or hood  
Kick back, blowin, listen to Marvin  
Get head, count dough and just sit in the apartment  
AK in the sofa, I'm the illest, who come closer  
to the late ones or great ones fightin over a crown  
Get shot off that throne, who the illest now, huh?

(Chorus)

(Sean T)

Some say the gangster mentality is dead, imagine that  
When fools pullin straps out with infrared  
We're livin in a time of plagues and corrupt life  
When homies in the circle end up all trife  
Tryin to shine bright, but lookin all dim  
Meanwhile I stay sharp like a ballpoint pen  
I see the smirks and grins but I just laugh  
Cause I'm gettin lucrative loot, endless math  
If you only knew the half of it, you wouldn't hate  
But niggaz just pig and talk shit behind Jake  
Man you cain't knock the hustle, I ain't fin' to be greedy  
I want an exit out the game kinda like Paul Vitti  
I'm tryin to slang CD's in cruise control  
Instead of sellin illegal pharmaceuticals  
Should I ask for your advice? Like you would know  
F\*\*k it, I'm out to get it, I'm a fool for dough