

# Beanie Sigel, Think It's A Game - Jay-Z

(Chorus: Saint Nick)

Think it's a game 'til them thangs come out  
I bang out 'til your brains hang out..  
.. cause you're f\*\*kin with a gangsta nigga, a gangsta nigga  
Think it's a game 'til them thangs come out  
I bang out 'til your brains hang out..  
.. cause you're f\*\*kin with a gangsta nigga, a gangsta nigga

(Beanie Sigel)

It was a, full moon in the beginnin of March  
Bout the end of Winter '74  
The gangsta was born, introduced to sinnin and spinnin women  
Cats with big hats slammin Cadillac doors  
Who choosin hoes, you losin hoes, you niggaz loose witcha hoes  
You motherf\*\*ker y'all ain't used to no hoes  
Niggaz wanna LoJack, track your bitches, shack your bitches  
I pimps up, smack my bitches  
You wanna f\*\*k trick your bitches  
I duck flip my bitches, get that cash with that extra ass bitch  
Plus I keep a gat at arm reach  
You ain't no hustler youse a car thief, nigga where your car keys?  
Crack topic, back block it  
Thirty-one long black top it, you can't stop it, gat top it  
Black Mack, black glock it, blast rocket  
Sit your faggot-ass on your back pocket (bitch)  
It's not a game, prick

(Chorus)

(Jay-Z)

Straight gangsta nigga.. uhh, uh-huh-UHH-UHH  
Straight gangsta nigga.. yeah  
They call me, Hov' the hustler, dough doubler  
Drove customers crazy in the late 80's, early 90's  
Now you can find me, girlie behind me, holdin my mink up  
Ice pinkie ring in the air, drinkin my drink up  
Top down, 'dro in the air, blowin that stink up  
It's seldom that I smoke, but it helps my thinker  
Makes me a, mathematician about my math  
Get celebrity ass, I'm a statistician - rap with precision  
Nigga, your hoe chose Hov', that's rapid division  
Now divide yourself and slide  
I, young Vito, voice of the young people  
Mouthpiece for hustlers, ventriloquist for jugglers  
Took it where few went, made a few cents  
Don't call me Hov' no more, call me The Blueprint  
Sold dope (and) sold crack (and) sold soap (and) sold rap (and)

bought Bentley's, bought 'em back, nigga can you buy that??

(Chorus)

(Freeway)

Purpose for man - worship Allah, then you die  
Purpose of my gun - run in yo' shop and take pies  
Purpose of my son - raise him to do the same  
Clip blazin it through your brains  
Strip, use it 'til it's burned out  
Benz Coupes, Jags and trucks when we roll out  
Man it ain't no lie, it's real as this four-five  
And real as these five salaats, whether we Deen or not  
Our kids gotta eat, red Beamer stops  
where your connects gotta meet, interrupt your cop

Dependin on the dope size, we slide it from (?) size  
With hammers with hollows you feel we follow we're both risin  
They killed your cousin you strapped and you won't ride and  
don't think cause I rap that I won't (?)  
Play O-Dog in Menace and drive-by men  
Real gangsters keep a bitch in the wheel, workin the gas tank  
Hoes on the strip, bringin that cash in

(Chorus)

(Lil Chris)

It's C the young gunner, they call me the boy wonder  
Without that caped crusader, that cake is major, uhh  
Nickel plate stay with it, except for in school  
Metal detectors in school, for every last nickel get moved  
F\*\*ked every bad little bitch in the school  
Good with math but I skipped it in school  
Ankle to shop but I'm sick with them tools  
Shit, that's why I'm kicked out of school  
F\*\*k J's by da locker, come and holla, uhh  
Out on my own, movin out with the chrome  
And can't nobody take me out of that zone, not even A.I.  
It ain't even a business, it's just the way I  
get it consistantly, flip it until the day I'm gone  
Scream beef any day and it's on  
The same Chris dangerous with a eight in my palm  
And been paid since the day I was born  
But these lames think it's a game 'til them thangs is drawn, uhh

(Chorus)