

# The Game, 120 Bars

[Intro: 50 Cent]

Baby this is real shit

my record sell slow I'm show you my dick [x7]

[The Game:]

Hit a breakdown

No 400 bars yet, I don't need that

I'm gas, your whole click is ass, I mean that

G-U-not cocksucker, better believe that

I say it one time, watch the whole world scream back

G-U-N-O-T, now thats for Billboard, rest in peace

And since my nigga died, I been stress no sleep

Contemplating suicide in my Lexus jeep

I tried twice but I couldn't make my death complete

I guess you could say Mya got the best of me

Came back from the dead to address the beef

Kiss my converse bitch and accept defeat

Cause I hate it when bullies try to test the weak

Thats when I go bishop and juice and start flexin heat

You could get it in the stomach just like Raheem

Cause running with a snitch is not quite my thing

I tried to take Buck with me, but he stayed on the scene

Guess all I can do now is pray for Supreme

While I finish my next album, 5 million and countin

Anticipating, tellin the world I did it without him

If Aftermath was a family that didn't have a mother

I'd be Dre's newborn, you'd be the jealous older brother

Yea, daddy love us but in the meanwhile

You talkin behind his back and in his face you smile

You moved out the house, You a failure now

And lil' Game grew up to be a problem child

I whip yo head boy, that's for Kanye West

I whip yo head boy, with the back of my tech

Yeap, your fuckin group fell flat without me

You mad, what you gonna do rap about me?

Your bars is park garbage, hooks is mediocre

And your new shoes look like Reebok pennyloafers

Try to walk in my shoes a block

Hurricanes in stores the day after Christmas, nigga fuck Reeboks

You a steroid addict, you need Detox

Hopefully you make it out in time to be on Detox

Cause BlackWallstreet expandin, yea I bought 3 blocks

My \*CL\* so \*Smooth\*, it should of came with Pete Rock

And lets not forget who made me hot

It was Dr. Dre that took me out the weed spot.

You want credit, forget it, I did it on my own

Gave you 300 bars, then said I'm gone

But I'm back, this is rap and a fact is a fact

They say once you turn snitch, you never go back

Heres a picture of Ja Rule, motherfucker hold that

What goes around comes around, get used to the gold plaques

Homie got cheese, but he don't feed no rats

I show the world my dick if Lloyd Banks go plat

I'm lyrically insane, Lloyd Banks know that

He told me I was like a Big Daddy Kane throwback

Started with 1 brick, built my own company

And don't spread news about it unless it come from me

Guess whos the boss, nigga my squad deep

But Glasses Malone is not signed to BlackWallstreet

Nigga don't, don't, don't, don't, don't believe the hype

Hear that Mike?

And don't be alarmed, this is not a diss

But missusing my logo kinda got me pissed

And I got enough beef, now Lil' Eazy dissin

He don't write his own raps, so I gotta forgive him

I got love for ya pops and I always will  
So on behalf of Eric Wright, my nigga you gotta chill  
I'm the reason you new westcoast nigga's got a deal  
While I was doin mixtapes, they was watching College Hill  
For real, you motherfuck's ain't got half my skill  
I run this shit like OJ and pass for the bills  
Trying so hard to be a gangsta, nigga you seethrough  
Posing like 50 on the cover of the GQ  
Button up shirt with the cut off sleeves  
I got twin desert eagles, nigga suck on these  
I got that CEO flow, yeah my bars are sweet  
Like Hova in Takeover, chewin out Mobb Deep  
Like Pac on Hit Em Up, chewin out Mobb Deep  
Don't one of you niggas got sickas cell, fuck your talk is cheap  
When I see you, and I'm gonna see you  
I'm strip you down asshole naked and thats how I'm leave you  
Then I'm find Havoc, make him walk through Queens nude  
With Black Wallstreet tattooed on his back  
Nigga's signed to G-unit, now they bustin guns  
But last week it was: "My nigga Game, what up dun?"  
See thats what the fuck I mean, you can't trust these rap niggas  
And you wonder why I always say fuck these rap niggas  
So I'm break it down for MC's and friends  
If you don't hear your name, let the beef begin  
Ain't got shit against Hov, I like the nigga style  
Nas is my nigga, I been bangin him for a while  
I fuck with Fat Joe, he got the streets locked  
And thats the same reason I fuck with Kiss and D-Block  
Place Eminem in the number 3 spot  
And Snoop is like my big brother, we both raised by the Doc.  
Young Jeezy you hot, we both new to this  
While I'm in the ATL, shout out to Ludacris  
Cause your uncle Scarface show me that crime pays  
Just like Paul Wall got me "sittin sideways"  
And I can't forget about the homie Mike Jones  
Who? Mike Jones, Skeet screw the fuckin song  
I fuck with Slim Thug and my nigga Bun B  
Can't do that without saying free pimp c  
And thats the reason why 50 try to pimp me  
So I went window shoppin and bought 2 Bentleys  
I'm in the drivers seat, motherfucker don't tempt me  
Turnin Spider Loc against me, cause your scared to come get me  
Cuz know whats up, Bloods still got love for em'  
Come to the block, I'll shake off the rub for em'  
Ask for G-Unit, motherfucker its a rap  
Ma\$e made it out alive, thank God for that  
If Dipset don't get you, Jesse Jackson will  
And if all else fails, I'll see you in hell  
Wear that G-Unit spinner when you come to L.A.  
I have a nigga parkin cars, dressed up like valet  
He gonna turn back pastor when the gun in his face  
The real chain still in Chicago when I'm takin the fake  
You can call who you want, I ain't givin back shit  
Unless Olivia show the whole world she got a dick  
Can't seem to save her life, but she talk a lot of shit  
And I want my 10 G's cause Yayo caught a brick  
I guess my G-Unot tattoo was a smart move  
Cause in the end you lost a 100 Mil. to a cartoon  
3 years after you got tatted by cartoon  
The beef is over, G-Unit is gonna fall apart soon  
[Outro:]  
Hahahahaha  
Faggot ass niggas  
I guess I win nigga  
Life is a game of chess nigga...

Some King, Some Queens  
Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo, Young Buck, Pastor fuckin Ma\$e  
You niggas is pawns  
50, or Boo Boo, or Curtis, or Chicken Little, Hahaha  
Stop Snitchin, Stop Lying!, In Stores December 6th  
The DVD, Its a tell all motherfuckers  
Yea, my documentaries be better than your movies nigga, Hahaha  
I drove by your house nigga  
Go buy the DVD, \$16,99 nigga  
At your local record store, Blockbuster, Sam Goody, Warehouse  
Shout out to the moms and pops, for helping me slay dem faggots.  
G-gu-g-g-gu, G-gu-g-g-gu, G-gu-g-g-gu, G-UNOT! Hahahaha  
Pop off nigga, Hahahaha, Pop off  
It's me, The G-A-M-E, gone