

# The Game, 360 Degrees

Hey, Skee, tell 'em I'm goin' away for a while  
muf\*\*ka's wanna see me dead  
muf\*\*ka's wanna see me in tha feds  
bitches wanna give me head  
dollas in my bank account  
Soundscan the first week out  
muf\*\*ka's on my dick  
muf\*\*ka's talkin' shit  
hit a breakdown, I'm the king, and you better respect it  
all i need is Beyonce, AND A Rockafella necklace  
Nigga, you can check up on it I'm a slim thug Cincinatti fitted with the red and black rim, blood  
gave niggas 300 bars, 2 mixtapes, and a DVD  
I did it for the CPT  
Did it for New York  
Did it for Chi-town  
ran through hip hop and made these nigga's lie down  
I'm goin' away for a while, call it a California vacation  
I call it a Bentley with a smile =)  
God Bless the child with incredible style, nigga sicka than the West Nile  
Who's king of the West now?  
I'm puttin' my vest down, niggas ain't gonna kill shit  
Shut the f\*\*k up, nigga, you ain't gon' kill shit  
Rappers don't kill rappers, guns kill rappers  
And I be with real crips, real bloods, real clappers  
f\*\*k rappin', these niggas'll push ya grill backwards  
faster than Iraqi's when Bush attacked'em  
My flow semi-automatic  
Touch'n pussies is my job, you a bitch, this is sexual harrassment  
nigga get a lawyer when The Game comin' for ya  
My jab like zab on a chin of Da Lahoya  
I'm tha golden boy, and I'm makin' Hova noise  
got tha whole world clappin just like them Noya Boys  
Since a juvenile, i had to prove my style  
Went from Kay Slay to DJ Clue then blaw(  
20 magazine covers, nigga look at me now  
You need a hot 16? I need a hot hundred thou  
'causez half of these rap niggas just be runnin' they mouth  
The other half in the ATL runnin' the South  
10 mil in the bank, 7 bedroom house, i'm rich, so on my 30th birthday, I'm out  
Nigga, i'm so ahead'a time, and i spit betta lines, betta rhymes  
Every time niggas hate on me so much, I feel like I'm Kevin Federline  
&quot;f\*\*k it I'm rich, for nothin', tell the media, get off'a my dick  
You with me? my next album gon' sell like Britney  
I beat on these rap niggas like Bobby do Whitney  
No more drama, no more beef wit 50  
And if ya just tunin' in, welcome to the 360, welcome to the 360, welcome to the 360  
Right back where I started, in Compton, takin' out the garbage  
Where Crips and Bloods shoot it out like Pearl Harbor  
That was '95, when Cube was in his prime  
You bought ya Lethal Injection, and I bought mine  
Rewind to '89, got my first mixtape  
My brotha bought it for me, they used to call him Big Fa\$e  
But now, we ain't brothers, nigga, we ain't shit  
And you livin' in my shadow like Marcus Vick  
And I heard about ya little rappers talkin' shit  
Stay out my family business or you get a coffin quick  
I ain't changed, same Nigga that got off them bricks  
Got signed to Dr. Dre because his bars are sick  
Gettin' head on tha road 'cause his cars are sick  
And he rymed so good I had to pause the shit  
I tell her boomp, slow down baby, I gotta get this shit firm like Foxy, Nas, and AZ  
She said f\*\*k you pay me, so I left her in A.Z.  
That's what i get for lettin' her listen to my Jay-Z  
f\*\*k a bitch, give me a 40, I'll take that

Dress up for the Grammys, but i still don't drive Maybachs  
Nigga, I'm a gangsta, and homie don't play dat  
Stand way back, and get your ass clapped ASAP  
Nigga, this the payback  
You want beef, say that  
I'll have a hundred Hurricane hoodies where you lay at  
Get ya whole click wet, makin' up Crip sets, nigga got ran outta New York by Dipset  
Then he got ran outta Compton by my set  
Banned from Watts, can't even walk through his projects  
Nigga so lame, talkin' he gang bang  
Won't bust a shot, and tha nigga know where i hang  
I'm Big Daddy Kane in the platinum chain, the fact remains, The Game dont' rap for fame  
Game rap for fun, Game blast his gun, 'n Game got a rappin' tongue, so that bastard's done  
Be easy, I might give you a pass this once  
I'm Ready To Die, but I don't wanna basterd son  
Nigga, I rap too good, and I'm back in the hood  
On the same couch I put my demo and the package for Suge  
After one meeting I was right back in the hood  
Red bandana hangin' sellin' crack in the hood  
Now it's Aftermath for good  
Any nigga mention Dre get a Desert Eagle shoved in his face  
How that taste? Blow ya shit out fa real  
Call Nelly or Paul Wall, tell 'em make you a grill  
I cook beef like a steak on the grill  
Got tha clips on hold, but I ain't pharrel  
Nigga I'm for real , my flow ill like smoke in ya lungs  
I spit sharp, like a razor blade under my tongue  
Nigga, I'm number one, motha f\*\*ka  
Bar none, who else kick knowledge outside'a Hoa"n the God Son  
'N we can bar for bar, cocksucker, drop some  
Watch me take flight like Tom Cruise in Top Gun  
You might win some, but you just lost one  
I beat on these lil' niggas like Doctor Dre's drums  
Look at these muf\*\*ka's tryin'a prove theyselves  
Thinkin' beefin' wit Hurricane gon' boost they sells  
Never that, muthaf\*\*ka, I'm a clever cat  
Kanye West and slacks, nigga, I'm as fresh as that  
Ask Dre, ask Snoop, I'm nice  
I'm Cube, I'm Jacob, I put rapper's on ice  
&quot;Hey, Skee, let me ask you a question-If you take the 120 bars, put it with the 240 bars, then