

The Game, Blacksox

[JT]

Another G-Man Stan production

The originator of this 808 shit in the Bay area

You got your boy JT the Bigga Figga

thuggin it out with my young nigga the Game, and my homey Bluechip

Blacksox, oh boy! Hooked up with Get Low Records

Puttin this shit together, my nigga

It ain't a nigga in the game that could hold me down

I've been independent forever so they know me now

And I'm the cat they gotta find when they wanna get signed

You wanna get your paper right you gotta study my grind

I'm like Rush in "Krush Groove," a nigga that bust moves

right out, and tuck tools, bullets that bust dudes

Ain't no beef in the briefcase, just beef for Pete's sake

We round up cats, to beat 'em in a street race

We count paper up, to make a nigga change his plans

They under weight so they ain't gettin off they gram

You mad at my boys, cause we choppin 'em in

They make twenty then the Fig want 10

That's the rules that the Get Low, play by

The block boys stay high, California stock with K-5

It's the rules that the Get Low play by

Them block boys stay high, the California K-5

[Chorus: The Game]

Huh, it's the Blacksox doin a joint together

The whole world stoppin to listen, ol' breakers poplockin to this

And white boys headboppin in 6's, niggaz boxin in prison

Shit bang hard like a conjugal visit

And the game ain't big enough for niggaz so move over

Matter fact, move out, we takin over

Them boys is comin, and they aimin straight for the neck

The B-L-A, C-K, S-O-X

[Bluechip]

Yo, yo, well it's the B dot L dot, you know the rest

Wanted by the feds, hated by the ATF

You can catch me at the DuPont Inn, two dykes swallowin gin

Shorty sucked me out of my Timbs

My bad, that's your wife? Fuck your life

Anyway I heard you workin for vice

You ain't real man you hide behind ice

Youse a impostor, snatch him off the roster

Always live by the rule, get dough, or die tryin

Hardcoded into shinin

Pass the bucket now I'm back on bet it

If, beef was erased man my tool gon' finish

Never been the loudmouth type

Sugar Shane of this rap shit, southpaw when the mac spit

Listen rookie, don't make me mad boy

Or you gon' be like Big, a dead (Bad Boy)

[Chorus]

[The Game]

Huh, niggaz think they got the game sewed, yeah right

I'm air tight, fresh in them Air Nikes

If the Navi outside, I might be there

Black hoodie, black 9, black wifey airs

Rock guns like Caddy trunks, keep a spare

You see the lump under the Iceberg fleece and gear

And when the beef cook, I'ma put the piece to your head

And if you see a white truck that mean yo' sheets is dead

Then I'm goin goin, back back

to the block to dump the bucket and jump in the drop

Niggaz know I'm good with the glock, they call me Chick Hearn

Cause if the game on knot, I'm callin the shots

I'll wear a shiny suit for a minute like I'm The LOX

Then get gangster with a swap meet bag and a Jordan box
And when I die, bury me with the glock, and a bucket of shells
In case niggaz want drama in hell
[Chorus]