

# The Game, Documentary

(Boy talks to lady to start the song)

(Verse 1 - Game (DRE))

What happened in hip hop  
That got pac and big shot  
The thicks blocks  
Now every rapper claim  
He let his clique pop  
But even myself tote a gun  
To know the run then get shot  
Ive been there before  
Now im f\*\*kin with doc  
(Gotta do the cala-rodas numbers)  
If not i push rocks  
Intisipatin my incarceration  
Media think im fakin like mason  
But when it comes to mase  
F\*\*k r kelly i dont take it in the face  
I find out who sprayed it  
And im putting you under the pavement  
No buddhist priest, catholic, or babtist pastor can save him  
Im far from religious  
But i got beliefs, so i put  
Cannary yellow diamonds  
On my jesus peace  
I came back from the dead  
Without a part of my chest  
Layed in a hospital bed on cardiac arrest  
I waited for 3 years  
While everyone else dropped  
Now i understand why NAS  
Did a song with his pop

(Chorus x2)

Im ready to die  
Without a reasonable doubt  
Smoke chronic and hit it  
Doggy style before i go out  
Until they sign my death certificate  
All eyez on me  
Im still at it, illmatic  
And thats THE DOCUMENTARY

(Verse 2)

If i die my niggas, f\*\*k it  
I did a song with Mary Blige, my niggas  
Got a hook from faith  
No verse from Jay  
I guess on westside story  
He thought i spit in his face  
I told am lovin only luv  
I was talkin to Ja  
With that mayback line  
It was payback time  
Keep f\*\*kin with me nigga  
Ill put you under me  
Take your car and trade it in  
For eight 3 hundred C's  
If you cross my T  
I dot your eyes  
You'd do life in a cementary  
Ill do mine with shyne  
Come home sit in the thrown  
With my legs crossed

And my air force

Middle finger up  
F\*\*k the world  
Cause im feelin like puff  
When life after death hit  
Mo' money, mo' problems  
And i lost my best friend  
Im the second dopest nigga  
From compton u'll ever hear  
The first nigga only put out albums  
Every 7 years (haha)

(Game (Commentator))  
(You know what speakin of Jay  
That just makes me roll down  
Now your song westside story)  
Ohh Ohh  
(You got a line that says  
Dont wear throwbacks  
Or drive, ride in maybacks,  
Is that a shot at Jay?)  
Naa, i was talkin about Ja Rule  
Yeah, So, Yeah, i got a lot of  
Respect for Jay  
You know what im saying  
I never take shots at legends  
Thats just something i dont do

(Verse 3 - Game (Busta))  
Let me tell you why i do this shit  
Im a son of a gun  
Cause moms was a hoover crip  
First day i got signed  
I had to prove i spit  
Freestyle with Busta Rhymes  
(son dude is sick)  
Told to Jay and Doc Dre.  
I could finally put the shoes on  
Now that the room was a rock cave  
The q gone  
They say truth hurts  
Chunk, like quick sand  
Dont stop me in traffic  
And ask about hitman  
I gotta restore the feelin  
It crawled from under the rock  
After the dog pound  
Crushed the buildings  
I got a family to feed  
Im the middle of 9 children  
We can talk about a loan  
After i sell 5 million  
If i tell you i aint game  
And i dont know Dre.  
You gonn do me like xzibit  
And cut half of my face?  
I take all the credit  
For putting the west  
Back on the map  
If you aint feelin that  
Go sign Gorilla Black!!!

(Chorus x2)

(DOCUMENTARY)