

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 encarceration
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)