

# The Game feat. Mac Minister, Lookin' At You

[Chorus: sung by Tracey Nelson]

Walkin down the street, in my All Stars

In my, khaki suit, doin what +I+ do

Walkin down the street, smokin, chronic

In my black locs, lookin, +AT+ you

[The Game:]

Guess who's back on the West coast tracks

It's the motherfuckin messiah of gangsta rap

Still dip in the six-fo', still puffin on the same chronic

Haters mad cause I still got it

I never fall off, even without the Doc

You niggaz sellin your soul tryin to stay on top

Bitch nigga check your Kotex, you niggaz ain't movin shit

like the hand on a fake-ass Rolex

I'm five million sold, the cover of my last album

the only time you see me sittin on gold

I'm the most anticipated, most celebrated

Most loved and the motherfuckin most hated

Keep rollin like gold Daytons

Niggaz got the game fucked up like Hennessy with a Coke chaser

You gotta deal with me, I'm the West coast saviour

Niggaz think of me everytime they six-fo' scraper

[Mac Minister:]

What do you call a nigga who's overbearin

Belligerent, foul, defiant and very disrespectful

You call that nigga the Doctor's Advocate

He's a reflection of Dr. Dre in his heyday in the worst way

The five star surgeon general

Took Jayceon to the Aftermath research department

And gave him a blood test

It came back G-A-M-E positive

The nigga's infected with the Game virus

His oratorical skills are so impeccable

That niggaz in the streets call him Cyrus

The young don who is down with violence

cause in his heart he's a tyrant

It's not a game, it's just called The Game

There'll be no referees, no halftime reports

When the game is over, The Game is over

You can't put a quarter in the machine and get three mo' men

THAT'S, the end

[Chorus]

[The Game:]

I done been to hell and back

Left for dead, you know who to thank for that

Finished my second LP without a Dr. Dre track

You can take my soul but can't take my plaques

I'm the motherfuckin snare when it touch the beat

I'm the 808 drum that got you movin your feet

I'm the heir to the throne after the D-R-E

Product of my environment, you old-ass niggaz

get ready for your early retirement

Before I let hip-hop burn down I run in the building like a fireman

Who can outspit me when I'm high off sticky

Throwin back Patron shots in some creased up dickies

I'm D.O.C. certified, Ice Cube +Lynch'd+ me

Snoop stamped me and the good Doc handpicked me

You still with me? Me and my mic

can't be seperated like Interscope and - hahaha

Ohhh shit

This some good ass motherfuckin weed

California sticky green!

This is the aftermath for the Aftermath

West, coast!

