

The Game feat. Swizz Beatz, Scream On 'em

[Swizz Beatz:]

Yeah... y'all really want this to happen? (Game time!)

C'mon! ... ARRRRRRRRGH!

[The Game:]

Honey it's hard not to kill niggaz; it's like a full time job

not to pull out the steel and shove it in your grill

Young California got that mass appeal

I summons the hood, they get up in yo' ass for real

Knockout flow, Winky Wright jab for real

And all you niggaz pussy, need Massengil

See I'm the gun-cocker, one-shotter, lift 'em off the ground

Chop 'em down, like a cantaloupe, my flow the antidote

Sick flow, it's so, motherfuckin six-fo'

Your bitch know, hop in the back when you see Swizz hoe

Diss that, all you niggaz get up off my dick so

I can cook crack on the track and watch it mix slow

Cocaine, my flow fire, call it propane

Every nigga know Game, five shots no pain

And that's the reason why I'm shittin on you niggaz

Shut me in the looney bin, I'm sicker than you niggaz

[Chorus: x2]

(ARRRRRRRRGH!)

This is that disrespectful, motherfuckin West coast

Hip-hop death blow, Swizz Beatz, let's go!

[The Game:]

Where I'm from, I seen the most stand up niggaz lay down

Where skinny niggaz make buff niggaz victims of that trey-pound

And gangbangers is the sharpshooters, we don't need no rooftops

Just knock his ass down and take the money out his tube socks

West coast niggaz is back on the map

If only for now until the next time I body a track

From the first clap I hurt rap, now watch the earth crack

Bring the hearse back, and take a lyrical dirt nap

I roll with the hardest niggaz, make money with the smartest niggaz

I ain't got time for you fuckin artist niggaz

Better shut your trap before you become a target nigga

Y'all army brats I'm the motherfuckin sargeant nigga

Beauty pageant-ass niggaz on the runway

+Boyz N The Hood+ 'til they see the nigga in that red Hyundai

Blow his fuckin back out, cause I'm the rap Stackhouse

Black Wall Street bitch, the hip-hop crackhouse, what?

[Chorus]

[The Game:]

My flow opposite of handsome, it's ugly

Hip hop tantrum, sick, call the shit cancer

One man show cause I fucked all the dancers

Let the critics ask questions, my album be the answer

These niggaz let the rumors sit in they head like tumors

So I had to take 'em back, to toothbrush on the Pumas

Clean... mean... rappin machine

Red rag hangin low in the back of my jeans

I black out like February, back out what's necessary

Oh-seven Bugatti with Jimmy Iovine's secretary

I'm runnin the buildin, don't make me run in the buildin

No this ain't the first time I had my gun in the buildin

Walkin past offices I see my son in the buildin

Last album on the wall I'm number one in the buildin

They should build me an office up under the buildin

My elevator goin down, I am done in the buildin nigga

[Chorus]

[Swizz Beatz:]

We in the motherfuckin buildin man

You ain't got your motherfuckin mind right?

You gon' get your mind blown out your motherfuckin mind right nigga

It is what the fuck it is man
How y'all wanna cut the cake?
You touch this you get your hands cut off, nigga
Swizz Beatz the motherfuckin monster
Game is in the motherfuckin buildin
We could turn this whole motherfuckin world red nigga
Bitch!