

The Game, Feelin' It

Most of these rap niggas be fakin
Im talkin the throng chases
I diss em on any basis
Throw patrons and steal my faces
Stay blunted like jamaicans
The Marleys puffing the finest chifa
Fuckin the finest divas
If I have it, Id like to meet cha
Show you how I light the streets up
Kill niggas that never speak up
You my fans
Sit in the stands and watch me rip these beats up
Like a legend, feel my presence like the dead ones
If I die, my only wish is my face on some And-1s
My soils curled, my baby mamas they drive sixes
As for my bitches
Theres other rappers out there thats trickin
My only mission was to sell a couple records
Buy a bentley and drive reckless
A big medallion on my necklace
I seen Daddy Kane and Rakim do it
So much respect kid
Hip Hop is dead because you new niggas dont get the message
I used to call names out
You niggas dont deserve it
So lame out
Die from these bullets outta Game's mouth
Chorus
My flow polished, I studied the legends
Hip Hop scholar kick knowledge
Get dollars, you got some work then holla
Im on the block pitchin
Most of us got riches, not trippin
Work hydrolics and fuck the hot bitches
Youngins dont stop wishin
If you got a block then flip it
Just because im blood dont mean my niggas should stop crippin
We from the ghetto
We came up without a pot to piss in
We gettin money stayin blunted
Cuz the clock is tickin
You got a rock then pitch it
You got a glock then lift it
Them G-unot t-shirts make them niggas stop snitchin
Forever ballin' Im jim jones
With rims on that blue aston martin
Interior like my skin tone
Most of these rappers want me dead
Shit I been goin'
Two classic, move rapid, my jewish black kid
The first 8letters and everything that I stand for
Colder than a New York block
Shut the damn door
Chorus
Niggas callin me back for an encore
Like im eminem
I disappear niggas like spinnin rims
Who the fuck want a war?
Meet us at the corner store
Call it the hot spot
Where gangbangers throw hot rocks
The boys comin, so what, they pop cops
Push them hot drops
How bout them shirts on that say we got rocks

High school dropout stayed to air the block out
Stack paper like the old G's told us
We only chirp on Nextels
Dont talk on the Motorolas
Gotta feel that, so kick back
And scope what im sayin
Picture me parlaying
Im flippin bricks while you eatin pussy
You chicken shit
I fuck bitches on Natime
I chow on Nadime
Gettin head under the table
Everybody stay calm