

# The Game, G.A.M.E

Live now, die later, flood or clock the shit out of haters  
Got niggaz tryin to "Kiss the Game Goodbye" like Jada  
Get your shit pushed back like Jada's CD  
I'll put your brains on that Kenwood TV  
So you can see hell in 3D, it's right there dog  
And the Game behind the Desert is a nightmare dog  
If it's pussy, I might share it dog, beef I'm right here dog  
I'm on the block, white Nike Airs on  
Gucci check, Coogi sweat, they wanna know  
if 22's on the truck, give me coochie yet  
But I come through in the new GS with two, three teecs  
Got niggaz Harlem Shakin like the new G. Dep  
Tryin to read my whole script, but ain't seen the movie yet  
Better have that Glock stuffed tonight  
I'm comin through with Young Noble, and we, gon', make, it  
A block bust tonight

[Chorus 2X: The Game]

Getting American Money Easy, all I know  
The Gangsta All Motherfuckers Envy, all my dough  
It's a West coast knot, watch, let it bang out  
Shots range out, for all the gangsta hangouts

[The Game]

Lace your tips, polish your gators, we like odds in Vegas  
You can't ball? Then it's probably the haters  
Can't breathe then it's probably the Desert, if you a gangsta or not  
I give a fuck dog, bullets is hot  
And every nigga gon' cry when he hit, the more pain  
the more blood drain, he ain't survivin shit  
And your niggaz ain't gon' ride for shit, they know  
if they came through everybody in the X-5 is hit  
Red rag or blue rag, niggaz die for this  
The Game the reason all these niggaz on that "Cali Love" shit  
Compton niggaz get grimy too, pull you out of that 6  
Fuck you up like one time'll do  
And I dare y'all to stop on the 'Shaw, and King Boulevard  
Comin hard, Doogie Howser pullin bullets out your jaw  
Turn your round trip into a one-way ticket  
You can visit, but you can not lie and kick it

[Chorus]

[Young Noble]

Aiyyo, we left a stain on your block, you came with a cop  
Pointin fingers at them niggaz, that kept shit hot  
Next to 'Pac, I'm the hottest thang out, homey we can bang out  
Outlaw air it out, box 'em in, square it out  
Learn about your whereabouts and we right there  
Me and Game have you left right there  
N-O-B-L-E, O-U-T-L-A-W-Z  
We bubble with ease, and I double my cheese  
I got niggaz out in Compton that'll find yo' ass  
I got niggaz out in Jersey, that'll hide yo' ass  
for a long time if you ever fuckin with mine  
It's a thin line dog between the real and the fraud  
We killin your squad, my homeboy still in the yard  
You the type of motherfucker standin next to the God  
The Game is deep, you motherfuckers ain't the streets  
Young Noble and the homey Game flamin heat, c'mon  
[Chorus]