

The Game, Invisible Felon

(Verse 1)

Nigga i lock the whole block up
See the block what
You can't stop us or drop us
Long nose, slugin the drop what
We real niggas
Compton blood runnaz and gunnaz
The red raiders been on hiatus
Made it back for the summer
F**k rap, it aint about that
Hip hop is dead
You whack rappers broke one in the head
NaS said it he aint regret it
I talk to him
Any nigga disagree
Run up on the passenger side
And put a spark to him
Phony ass rap niggas
Swear they gon clap some
Talkin out the side of they mouth
With no gat frontin
Long as i'm alive, this shit don't stop
We know who killed BIG and Pac
He gon' drop

(Talking)

You niggas think you scare me?
Nigga you don't scare me B
I'm from Compton mothaf**ka
Real life, real gangs, real shootouts mothaf**ka I took them shots
I see you standin there
So what bitch? Move!

(Verse 2)

I'm the west Don
The next one to kick his f**kin feet up
Puffin on cheeba
Niggas give me the chills
I pick the heat up
Im scared of who, you? F**k naw
I let the shit blow
Circle the block, before I duck off
I stay blunted, stay around pussy
Stay liquored up wit the finest bitches
You niggas trickin
I'm wit the bucks like Milwaukee
I shoot em dead
Left hand like Michael Redd
Recycle the flow, come back
I'm dead prez

Too political
Guerilla on mass beats
Leave your career in critical condition
Destroy niggas, my mission is to disposition
All you faggots
I ain't beefin with one nigga
Theres room for all you niggas in this casket
Get in

(Talking)

All homo ass niggas, B

Niggas straight f**kin homos nigga
When you see me in the streets nigga
You dont say shit
Niggas dont be doin shit
Whole bunch of niggas man
Loud noise makers, f**k yall

(Verse 3)

I stand ova niggas wit a gun
Let it hum
Your crew run, run, run, your crew run, run
I stand ova niggas wit a gun
Let it hum
Your crew run, run, run, your crew run, run
I f**k ova niggas
Only give props
To them olda niggas
Snoop, Cube, Rakim, KRS
The coldest niggas
Can't forget nasty Nas
and that Hova nigga
Disrespectful tongue ? yet it still i owe them niggas
Pay homage, spray llamas
Drive Bentleys, roll through any hood
You don't believe me
Then ride wit me
Pray on the soul
On any nigga that collide wit me
He bust first, I shot back
The moral is you die wit me

(Talking)

See nigga I don't really give a f**k
About all this G-unit talk and all these punk ass records nigga
First of all you don't sell records nigga
Second of all nigga you ain't as handsome as me
Third of all you ain't f**kin as many bitches as I'm f**kin
Fourth of all you ain't got enough OG mothaf**kin homies backin you nigga
Fifth of all, f**k you