

The Game, Red Bandana

not! *echoing*
blackwall street
the game
beach boy
charli baltimore (he wears a red bandana)
rockstar
we are the black gang
free shye
mother f**kers! (he wears a red bandana)

(chorus)
on the front of murder dog (he wears a)
on the cover of the source you see (he wears a red bandana)
the whole world know (he wears a)
every nigga in the hood know (he wears a red bandana)
50 told the nypd (he wears a)
why you snitch on me and tell em that (he wears a red bandana)
all the pirus know (he wears a)
even my crip niggas know (he wears a red bandana)

(verse 1)
chea chea
dear god let me clense my soul/ throw away all the rims and the gold/
o no I cant do that/ do I love god? True dat/ but I got a gun so move back/
im loco like 5 eses in the side of chevelle ridin on low pros/
im a renegade ride with the 44/ been a gangbanger all my life, f**k the popo/
I aint never been a cocky kid/ know they could kill me if they shot pac and big/
but I let my bandana hang/ in the city of angles we gangbang/
I move that chronic and yayo/ way before I met 50, banks, buck and yayo/
ask eminem, even dr. dre know/ I put one in last ten in the range rov/
used to push that rock like jay hov/ you better lay low when the ak blow/
or get wings and a halo/ run to the hood and tell em im the nigga they gotta pray for/
yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah/
I said run to the hood and tell em im the nigga they gotta pray for, lay low and stay low

(chorus)
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(verse 2)
chea chea
im a gangbanger don't get it f**ked up/ you aint never bang, you aint never laces chucks up/
so how the f**k you gon criticize me/ I aint the reason niggas is bangin the nyc/
makin bullshit threats on the m.i.c./ I don't wake up in cold sweats when I sleep/
I live comfortably/ with a red rag tied around the 45 in case nigga try to come for me/
mad cause I started my own company/ I don't know what the f**k niggas want from me/
except something for free/ before the documentary dropped, you bitch niggas wasn't bumpin me/
and to some degree/ I gotta keep that 4-5th under me/ I don't run from beef/
it's either cock back, squeeze, or be underneath/ cause im from the streets of (compton)

and my grandmother died before I was multi/ wasn't raised right cause my parents was both high/
high off cocaine, my introduction to the dope game came in 85 watchin soul train/
mama told me I was the future, and one day I'll be fly like soul plane/
just don't bang/ but back then, I'd do anything for a jerri-curl and a gold chain/
niggas always got something to say/ like they aint never bumped n.w.a./
punk niggas talk shit, but when they need hits they swallow their f**king pride and come runnin to o
niggas come to LA when they need to talk/ cause kanye told everybody jesus walks/

bush killed more niggas in the towers then gangbangin ever did, that's why they need new york/

(chorus)

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(outro)

yeah mother f**kers
chuck taylor
o you thought I forgot about that alias huh
im going back to my roots
g-unit is dead
as a staff, a record label, and a mother f**kin group
your clothes cant sell
your shoes are straight garbage
your movies suck!
chicken little killed you nigga
hahahaha *echos*
how you like it nigga
I took yo style
I aint doin no third verse
imma just talk to you nigga
like you do when you get mad at me cause you cant f**k with me lyrically mother f**ker!!!
you gon do one of those sing song little clucky poppy hooks
you like the rap linsey lohan you f**kin faggot
write 8 bars about me nigga
I do this shit all day 50!
curtis jackson
boo boo
marcussnitch
black wall street c. e. o. mother f**kas!
hurricanes in stores december 26th
stop snitchin stop lyin the dvd in stores december 6th
it's a tell all nigga
wait till my movie come out
im glad it aint based on my life
with that knock off 8 mile shit
you could never be eminem mother f**ker
you aint lyrically inclined enough to be jay-z, nas, b.i.g. or pac
and in the modern daytoday, tomorrow, next week
you cant f**k with the game nigga!
out