

The Game, Remedy

(Verse 1)

As my Daytons spin low-rider sittin low
Hittin corners so hard you can taste my rims
Ragtop 6-4, Henny in the passenger side
Smokin chronic just let me ride
You would do it if my name was Dre
Second comin mothafucker
Throw it up for the king of LA
I'm known for makin bitches take they clothes off
Long as I'm from Compton, California I could never go soft
I'm hard as a mothafuckin ounce of raw
Dribble rock like Kobe Bryant bounced the ball
Fuck the law
Feedin my son is a must
Whip it soft, whip it hard
In crack we trust
Why Andrew Jackson look high as fuck on the twenty?
G Answer: cocaine been around for centuries
Since I'm young, black and rich I'm the public enemy
Ridin the bass drum, Just Blaze got the remedy

(Chorus)

scratching

I got the remedy

scratching

Aftermath got the remedy

scratching

Nigga back up, back up, back up, back up

'Fore you get your punk ass smoked

(Verse 2)

I ain't no joke, G

So don't provoke me

I'm from the city of angels where that Jacob watch is a trophy

An' starin' at that Hollywood sign'll get you straight jacked

"Where you from fool?"

Better say you pro-black

'Cause walkin in Roscoe's with your chain hangin

Is like Giuliani tryin to get rid of the gang-bangers

Now that 'Pac passed

Tryin to put us on death row

Get ready for the aftermath

I run through the city like Godzilla

Doin more damage than Ice-T when he dropped Cop Killer

Pull a shotty out the trunk of the Chevy

There go another victim of a 1-8-7

Who's the grim reaper with your life in his hand?

Even the toughest niggas run when my gun go blam

So kick back and watch the bitches dance

N.W.A. is back, now let me see your mothafuckin hands

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

I'm back by popular demand

And so all black interior on a cherry red 6-4

Niggas endin they careers tryin to shut me up

Actin like I traded in my khakis for a button up

The West coast still pimpin

Game still bloodin, and Snoop still crippin

So what you sayin lo (?)

Red and blue bandana tied in a knot

As I creep through the chronic smoke

They say it ain't good weed if you don't choke

Shit got my head spinnin like the hundred spokes
Three-wheelin' through the neighborhood, system on blast
As the motherfuckin one-time passed (?)
The key to drive-bys is to aim steady
Turn that fake (?) into confetti
When you cross that enemy line, close your eyes
Parental discretion is advised