

The Game, Remedy

(Verse 1)

As my Dayton's 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 their 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' their 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