

The Game, State Your Name

[The Game]

(State your name gangsta)

The Game

(Where you from nigga?)

Westcoast

(You gon' hold it down?)

We always do around this time

[The Game]

I ain't leaving motherfucker, I'm back

You've been away to long, I can't do nothin' bout that

The hood askin' me Why I do Bleek a tragedy?

Than drive over Brooklyn Bridge with Cassidy

I rode down flushin', in a Rove down flushin'

The hood show me love like I was Hova down flushin'

Compton's Most, where the Yonkers flow

And I got love for Queens and the Bronx fo' sho'

Got squares blowing that Cali Drove muahfucker

And I off shot like Aly Mo at the rucker

Yeah the bird Flipper in Houston with the surve sipper

I'm nice around Mikes words in pimpin'

Got a mean knuckle game, I learn my dipppin'

In '87, when Tommy Hearn's was stickin'

I hear niggas dissin', why you have to use Jay?

Let that man retire

Motherfucka its a new day

[Lil' Flip]

(State your name gangsta)

Lil' Flipper

(Where you representin'?)

Houston all day

(You gon' hold it down?)

You damn right

[Lil' Flip]

I take it back to the block, them automaitcs'll pop

You try to snatch my watch, yo dumbass gettin' shot

I got the block on lock, and when the shit get hot

Ima switch up spots, I'm your boy

I'm breakin' bread with my homies, I'm bustin' lead at you phonies

I fuck your bitch when she lonely

That's every other night

I flip your wife for the green

They call me Hustle Man

Nigga, my money too big for a rubber man

I'm a veteran giving fiends they medicine

I'm in Compton with Game bumpin' Let Me In

My nigga Will in the pen, he bout to come home

Hey tell these niggas I made a million of a ring tones

I got a spring home down in Tampa Bay

And I was raised out of Scarface and UGK

Now its my turn, I want that puff money

Matter 'fact that ain't even enough money

[Cassidy]

Yeah

(State your name gangsta)

Cassidy, nigga

(Where you representin'?)

Philly, Pennsylvania

(You gon' hold it down?)

You already know

[Cassidy]

The streets wave their head cast, cause they know the industry fear Cass

I got these chicks cryin' like tear gas

Used to sell dirt weed, couldn't even put it in clear bags

but years passed now my dubs puffy like air bags

You might see me out in Houston on Flip Block
With a ?? old school drop with the ripped top
Forget it I got shit locked, admit it my shit hot
I'm the bestest nigga since BIG, Pac
Out in tha Westcoast with Game, I let the toaster bang ya
Cut you more times than the cards in a pocker game
Cause most you lames when and saw my battle with Free
Now all you wanna battle for free
You see if you ain't got millions to bet, or put your deal on the desk
You ain't real and I don't feel you a threat
So I suggest you get off my dick and go vote or somethin'
'Fore you get the sawed off and tossed out a boat or somethin' (nigga)