## The Game, Street Muzik

(feat. Sheek Louch)

(Sheek Louch) + (The Game)
There comes a time, in every man's life
When he gon' have to decide, who he fuckin with
(You know what it is motherfucker)
Who you fuckin with
Them niggaz don't care about you
Them niggaz don't give a fuck about you
Why you rappin like that? This street music!

Yo, let's, talk about it what Sheek'll throw the fiend on a nigga guarantee he won't walk up out it ("DJ Ski!") With my nickel plated; kinda old But the muzzle that I use'll make this motherfucker updated Puh, nigga please; if a nigga had your son and had him lookin down the gun you wouldn't need to squeeze Uh uh I don't know, don't wanna hear about the money that you had, or what you did a long time ago Yo yo the hood is mine; I don't gotta sell a lot I just live off more points than the porcupines Fuh-fuh feel me cousin? Sheek been a problem before this D-Block shit started buzzin Some'll say no he wasn't, he turned sick With that women in your family can suck my dick And I been red hot e'ry since I ain't sayin I'm the best muh'fucker, I'm just workin with {?}

(Chorus: Sheek Louch - repeat 2X)
This is that Blood, Crip, Latin King shit
Every hustler pushin a whip
(Street music) What? (Street music) What?
(Street music) What? (Street music)

(The Game)

Nigga let's (Nu Jersey) talk about it what Banks say he bustin his gun, but I never seen a spark come out it Now now who's the wanksta? At Hot 97 you called police then called for peace D-d-dear Mr. Interscope, I'll put you in a scope Burst rounds, you the first down like a {?} Eh eh nigga choke, now the talk of New York is Yayo die with 50's dick in his throat G-G-Shit a joke; Olivia's a man And hot damn there's a fuckin lump in his throat Spit brrrap in my sight If I don't catch you, I'ma catch James Cruz or Chris Lighty Now that that that's for snitchin You don't run through Queens, you call 911 or Supreme I'll put you on to Game, pull a gun on your team This for Compton, that's for Queens, cause

(Chorus)