

# The Game, The Funeral

I'm Back....

Haha! Niggaz can't f\*\*k with me man....

Niggaz is crazy, dogg. I run this underground rap shit, and the mainstream nigga

I'ma do like Boo-Boo...

Diss niggaz right when they f\*\*king album come out... and kill 'em!

Hear the breakdown,

Time to separate the men from the boys,

Take it straight to the bank, call it Christopher Lloyd,

Call it momma's little boy, or 50's little bitch,

The Rotten Apple or the protg of a snitch,

The protg of a bitch, nigga softer than a TaYBO Kick,

You Billy Blanks on them porno flicks,

With no porno chicks, only porno dicks,

You Taladamore whore with them g-string drawers,

And so therefore, I declare war,

Outside violator, meet me at four ,

Young Buck stay back, Banks put this autograph

A Jorge posada glove on and let's play catch!

(Gunshot) That's for your one platinum plaque

(Gunshot) That's for the niggaz riding in the back

(Gunshot) Tryna reach for the shit on your lap

(Gunshot) That's for your boss sayin' he write my raps (Gunshot)

I'ma killa, Blackwall Gorilla,

That pine-box sealer, G-Unit cap peeler,

I'm realer, 40 oz. spiller,

40 glock killer, 40 GLOCC KILLER!

Ask Spider, I be creepin' and crawlin', spinning webs around you niggaz,

Stacking bread around you niggaz.

Every time you roll up, the feds around you niggaz,

I used to watch everything I said around you niggaz.

Twenty niggaz on the squad, that's twenty niggaz in the can,

That's twenty witnesses, twenty niggaz on the stand,

God damn, can someone tell them the street code,

The Game is to be sold, and not to be told

This ain't Dre and Suge or Beans and Hov

This is one bullet, one head, and one lost soul.

Wipe my fingerprints off, and the gun is tossed in with the fishes

Like you and Juice, I'm coming for Bishop, I'm gunning for Bishop,

I'm the king of this L.A. shit,

Tell me homie, is you Blood or Crip? Is you thug or bitch?

Cos the ese's say,

They don't never see holmes running round L.A..

Fake ass ghostwriter, get your lil' flow tighter

'For I put you in the trunk of this f\*\*king low-rider.

Nigga you ain't nuttin' but Hittman in quicksand,

Got a deal cos you sucked a couple dicks, and

Turned your back on Delany and Jimmy Henchman,

Just take this as a warning, don't flinch, man.

Wear your rag, you from 1-9-0? No!

You know Pap, do you bang east coast? No!

Have you ever hopped 1-6-4? No!

Do the hood feel your wackass flow? No!

So sit your lil' ass down somewhere,

'For I have them niggaz sit yo' ass down somewhere,

In the ground somewhere, outta town somewhere,

Breakin news, body has been found somewhere,

Now back to the video, look at these silly muh'f\*\*kers,

Y'all some silly muh'f\*\*kers; "I say Hands Up,

Shorty wanna kick it with me"

Get that wack shit of BET,

Turn the channel, all Black Lambo,

Red and black flannel, speakers in the trunk,

With more humps then a camel,

Man, I'm sayin, I ain't playin, I'm sprayin',  
Any nigga in your clique that ever yelled that shit  
(Gunshot) Muh'f\*\*ker, that's for Yayo and Buck  
(Gunshot) That's for Hot Rod promotional truck  
(Gunshot) That's for Kanye, and beefin' with Puff  
(Gunshot) Tell the nigga that's behind you, Duck!

Gunshot) I'ma killa, Blackwall Gorilla,  
Any clip filler, Mobb Deep cap peeler.  
I'm realer, the hollow-tip driller,  
The rap Godzilla, the Lloyd Banks killer! (Gunshot)

In the diablo, under the tent,  
Nigga I'm about a dollar, what the f\*\*k is 50 Cent?  
When Jay said it, I didn't know what it meant,  
Now I understand, it's starting to make sense.  
Now the whole world know why I took the 'I' out of G-Unit,  
And replaced it with a muthaf\*\*kin 'O'  
Remember when you told me "Meet you on the top" nigga?  
Check the soundscan, guess who on top, nigga!  
Fake-ass king of New York, you need to stop, nigga,  
Cos you not Big, not Nas, not Jigga,  
Take your steroids, show me what you got, nigga!  
You ain't had a bitch since Vivica Fox, nigga,  
Last I heard you sucking on cocks, nigga,  
Nobody know cos they don't see you on the blocks, nigga  
Cos you be in the pre-sync with the cops, nigga  
Your whole staff, with a badge and a glock nigga  
Mid-town Manhattan, tryna stop niggas,  
On the subway, chasing down shop-lifters,  
All in the streets, talkin 'bout you shot niggas,  
Then you went in New York Times, takin cop pictures,  
I exposed you niggas and put out Stop Snitchin',  
When the last time you seen 'em with some hot bitches?  
See what he say when you ask him, "Where the hot bitches?"  
Check the Adam's Apple, nigga them is not bitches,  
You're reign on the top was shorter than the legs on a leprechaun,  
Just bow down nigga, accept the Don,  
Nobody wanna be a hero when the Tech is strong,  
Their transformers folding up like decepticons,  
Niggaz bust like pipes when the pressure on,  
See that light flash when the desert eagle at your dome,  
Every rapper know from now, I'ma set the tone,  
Niggaz real hard body 'til they head is gone,  
Here come the demons, cos they know that you dead and gone,  
Some niggaz just don't get it, 'til you at the throne.  
Niggaz can't f\*\*k with me nigga!  
100 Bars, nigga! I do 100 bars every muthaf\*\*kin day of the week, nigga!  
That's 700 bars a week, nigga! On this f\*\*king underground rap shit, nigga.  
I can't be f\*\*kin stopped. Period, nigga.  
The Game, nigga. West Coast Don. Black Wallstreet, nigga.  
I'm ready to get down when you ready to get down, muthaf\*\*kas!  
I'm talkin to all you niggas!  
I can't be faded, nigga. Niggaz don't want it with me, nigga.  
It's just me, muthaf\*\*kas!  
And I'm pissed off.  
Got me all on the front of the muthaf\*\*kin mixtape.  
In a f\*\*kin stripper outfit, nigga, with some g-strings on.  
That ain't me, muthaf\*\*kas! This is me, muthaf\*\*kas!  
Yeah! Doctor's Advocate, in stores November 7th.  
Cop it when I drop it, nigga.  
G-G-G-G-G

G-G-G-G-G-G-Unit!

G-Unit is now officialy over. You can mail back your CD's, apparel, headbands, G-Unit spinner repl