The Game, We Ain't

(Intro)
Ladies and gentleman
You are now about to witness the strength
Of Aftermath straight out the mothafuckin streets of Compton
Put your hands together for Game b!tch
Hahahaha
Yeah mothafuckas
Compton's back on the mothafuckin map
Aftermath in that ass bitch
Game let's go

(Verse 1 - The Game)
Me and Marshall ain't start shit they listen to our shit
They talk shit about us but that shit is foul when
I'm tryna feed my son and drop multi-platinum albums
Make my mother proud that her son made it out
But its hard when they hate us and think 'Em a racist
They say shit but fuck them,
Shady one of the greatest like Biggie n' Pac was
We started throwin cinthi and decided to chase 'em
Me, him and 50 racin' this rap shit is basic I followed that Jay shit
Thinkin what I wanna say, step in the booth in one take and
How could I not sell a million when I'm rappin' on Dre hits
Then spit that classical LA, NWA shit
The media is bullshit now we can't even say bitch
They accusin Michael of touchin kids in the wrong places
At first they embraced him, had a couple of face lifts
Now people wanna place him with murderers and rapists
They comin' I can taste this swear to God I ain't racin'
Put the clip in and wast 'em before I go out on that fake shit
I'm so sick and tired this black shit this white shit
So I sit here and write shit, Em they ain't gon' like this

(Chorus:)
(The Game)
So they callin us
We ain't goin no where so fuck you
We ain't goin no where so fuck you.
(Dr. Dre)
Things just ain't the same for gangstas. (x2)

(Verse 2 - The Game)
Low get Dr. Dre on the phone quick
Tell him Eminem just killed me on my own shit
I'm walking through 8 mile, startin' to get home sick
I'ma do Shady numbers, I'm ridin' my own dick
Yeah the chrome sick, the window's tinted
If Eminem is anybody on my under the pennalton
These niggas is killing it take a minute to listen
Turn down my Jimmy Hendrix, I'll throw your demo out the window
For tellin me its hot when its not and you got what you got
From them rocks on the block, you can stop tellin Dre you got shot
With a glock that don't phase me,
I'm crazy why you think I'm rhyming with Shady ?
I don't care if the radio don't play me, I say what I say when I feel like I'm feelin today
And get hard when these bitches see my car in the streets
I can't even take my son to cop them G-Unit sneaks

(Chorus)
So I'm gone bitch
We ain't goin no where so fuck you
We ain't goin no where so fuck you.
(Dr. Dre)
Things just ain't the same for gangstas.