

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.

