

The Game, Why You Hate

(Chorus Marsha Of FLoetry)

To everybody who knows my story
To all those who came before me
My time is now, i'm gonna do it all over again
Ain't nothin' new, but the changed
I'm still gonna do it my way
I still remain, so tell me why you hate the game?
oh no oh no
so tell me why you hate the game?
oh no no no
this time ill do it better just because

(Nas)

Y'all know who it is...
The streets named me Illmatic, for that I'm still at it..
Can't hate us....
Felling...
(Verse 1)
Vice behind me on the intersection,
Sex and drugs, my anthology on perfection,
Dress superb, admired by conspirers,
Who wanna try me, but ain't high enough to four-five me up,
Child of the eighties, y'all niggas is lazy,
Complain about labour pains, n***a show me the baby,
And my nigga Game, light another L, pass the bottle,
Pro-black, I don't take cotton out of aspirin bottles,
Yeah, I learnt my lessons, and heard y'all snitchin',
Witnessin' you rockin' with NaS, confirmed my suspicion,
Green fatigues on, My niggas I bleed for 'em,
I can show 'em the water, but can't make 'em drink it,
And I can show 'em my fortunes but can't force 'em to think rich,
And still at on bottom wondering if they sink quick,
Ignore the ignorance, I rep the brilliance of Queensbridge,
And pray to feds, let Murder Inc. live...

(Chorus Marsha Of FLoetry)

To everybody who knows my story
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My time is now, i'm gonna do it all over again (some how)
Ain't nothin' new but the changed
I'm still gonna do it my way
I still remain, so tell me why you hate the game?

(The Game)

I don't talk about my guns, nigga I just blaze....

(Verse 2)

'Pac is watchin', Big is listenin',
While Pun talkin' to us, Jam Jay still spinnin',
To every nigga listenin'
I was supposed to be amongst kings, my Mom shouted out at my Christening.
And while you still listenin', Shyne locked in a man hole,
Cam got shot inside his lambo', example, life is a gamble,
15 years old red rag around my hand, My sisters used to laugh and call me 'Rambo',
Seen Eazy's legacy melt away like a candle,
I rekindled the flame,
Dre created The Game,
Nigga with attitude from the cloth I came,
Young homie ate his way up from the bottom of the food chain.
Keep the crown, clown, I rock an LA Dodger Fitted, showed my ass at Summer Jam but New York
Now the ball's in my court, never dribble out of bounds with it.
Behind the back to Nas, he alley oop to Jigga, Nigga

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(The Game Verse 3)

Check it, Me and nasty puffin', this a classic, trust me,
I even pas the dutchie to them niggas that don't love me,
I'm talkin' niggas that never wanted to see me on top,
Same niggas that never wanted to see the Doctor's Advocate drop, flop, I think not,
I'll f**k you rap niggas like virgins,
Dre took my training wheels off his curtains.
I don't need no encore, no claps, no cheers,
The Game ain't over, this the beginning of my career,
The ending of yours, the endin of his,
Like Flavor Flav's clock, I'm back to handle my biz,
Nigga, it's Game Time, that was Dre's favorite line,
Back when proof was in the booth and I recited his lines,
And I still think about my nigga from time to time,
Make me wanna call 50, and let him know what's on my mind,
But I just hold back 'cause we ain't beefin' like that,
He ain't Big, and I ain't Pac, and we just eatin off rap.
One love.(echoe)

(Chorus Marsha Of FLoetry)

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(Background singing)

(Just Blaze talking)

it ain't over
Ladies and gentleman,
I go by the name of the one and only,
Just Blaze...,
I got a couple of people in tha house with me,
Usually we do this at the beginning,
But we gonna do it in the end this time,
I wanna take them to church real quick,
So i need some help, i need some people of,
I need 1500 enough to appair up with me,
The wonderful talenty Marsha Ambrosius of Floetry,
Aight yeah there we go,
It's time to shine down them, we feel real good,
Yo gonna do it to,
So feel good, sing allong, clap allong, stomp along
Catch along holy ghost.
If you ain't feelin' good, GOD willin'
By the end of this record we'll gonna change all that,
Ayyoo, you ready?..(there it is),
Pass me them drum sticks(?),
Ay everybody please join in,
If your life ain't good, you need to get it right,
take this opportunity to do so.
and hmm
But let it do, what it do,
Rest in Peace, George Elliot,
HERE WE GO!,
(Stil continue background singing)

(The Game)

I wanna thank everybody for coming out,
God bless you,
One love,
Goodnight, or good day,
If you on the other side of the glode,
Yo Just we r on the move with this shit,
Doctor's Advocate,
See you on the third album,
Hate it or love it.....

(Continue until background stops)