

The Game, Ya Heard

[The Game]

You see that cherry red Phantom on them big ass wheels,
You see I be playing with them cars, I'm like a big ass kid,
Crazy with that cap gun, so if we play cops and robbers,
I'll show you how to pop revolvers,
Fitted cap too big, so it cover my eyes,
That lambo? That ain't shit, just a public disguise,
And that top model chick, she for the diamond lane,
And I be driving all crazy cuz my diamond chain is (bright),
As them Las Vegas lights,
it be the same in California when I'm riding at night,
In New York, I be in Midtown, up and down Broadway,
Having meetings all day, baby my future is (bright)
As Lebron's, take off on anybody
Tyra Banks on my arm, and we'll crash any party,
Yeah, making it rain, ain't got shit on me.
The way I ball, the fuckin owner should come sit on me.
Yeah, I'm fresh out of jail, you shoulda knew I was back
Turn on the radio it's a rap.

[Ludacris]

[Talking]

Just touched down at L.A.X. LUDA! What up Game? Fresh out huh?

Don't you hear it? That nigga named Luda,
Slicker than Rick the Ruler, whoop ass like Lex Luger,
My money long, your shit is shorter than Oompa Loompas,
And I'll superman, yuuuh, that ass like Lex Luther,
Shoot you then say me gusta, I'll take you to meet ya maker,
My dick's the Staples Center, I'll take you to see the Lakers,
Swoosh! On that Cali kush, smoking like a muffler,
So many red flags I coulda swore I was in Russia,
Game! I got the fame and the fortune, Compton is scorchin,
Get rid of bullets, my gun keeps havin' abortions,
I ain't havin' it, see em in the dead zone,
Fake dope boys is more bass up in my head phones,
Adjust your treble, I'm heavier than metal,
My verses are hot as shit like I recorded with the devil,
I'm on another level, they stuck on the elevator,
And I'm about to blow this bitch, Game press the detonator, like
Fresh out of Georgia, ya heard I was back, turn on the radio, it's a rap.

[The Game]

See I'm come from the bottom and they call me The Game,
But I'm just happy that Beyonce know my name,
I took that Dr Dre money and I bought me chain,
Then I bought me a house, then I bought me a Range,
Then I bought me a pussy, then I bought me some brains,
But I ain't buyin' that the best rappers is Kanye and Wayne,
See both of them niggas spit, but yall act like you don't hear me spit,
Like sellin' 7 million records ain't the shit,
I don't win no Grammies, nigga I'm too gangsta,
And poppin crystal with Irv don't make me a wanksta,
See I'm California certified, my niggas make the murder rise,
Readin my fan mail in jail, Buck told Curtis bye,
So I'mma break it down for them niggas in the South,
Slow it down but this Rolls Phatom grill in my mouth,
Throw the Prada slippers on, when I walk in my house,
P Diddy and Tommy Lee know what I'm talking about,
I'm fresh out of jail, you shoulda knew I was back
Turn on the radio it's a rap.

