

Tupac, Loyal To The Game

(feat. G-Unit)

[Tupac:] I'm loyal to the game

[Verse 1: Tupac]

Now I've got task on a nigga's ass
Tell me will they blast me
I think of an alias in case these crooked bitches ask me, now
It's gettin crazy after dark,
These narcs be like tryin to shut me down but I'm too smart
Now picture me scared of the penitentiary
I've been movin these things since the days of elementary
Now tell me what ya need when ya see me
I'm stackin Gs buyin all the things on TV, believe me
I got some killas on my payroll and they know
When its time to handle business nigga lay low
Although I'm young I'm still comin up
I'm gettin paid pullin razors on niggas when they runnin up
The first to pull the strap when theres drama
Buster you ain't heard?
I been slicin motherfuckers since I lost my mama
There ain't a cop that can stop me
My posse is cocky and they don't wait until they drop me
I'm loyal to the game

[CHORUS: 50 Cent]

I do my thing respect my hustle I ain't playin
(Nigga I'm loyal to the game)
You get in my way and I cock and pop that thing
(Man I'm loyal to the game)
If you know what I know then you know I ain't playin
(I'm loyal to the game)
Nigga get in my way and I'll blow out your brain

[Verse 2: Young Buck]

Possessed by the streets you can't tell me that this ain't home
I can't eat if the rest of this shit ain't gone
I'm gettin used to the needles on the bathroom sink
Gotta close my door because the bathroom stink
See, daddy don't work, and mama don't drink
But daddy do dope, and mama can't think
So look like I'ma be the man of the house
Gotta have somethin to put in the air when it's out
Up early in the mornin the first to get it
They say if you really want it then come on wit it
Sacrifice my life for this ice and these cars
And I only spent 30 days behind bars
I ain't never had a job but my rent got paid
I handled any beef that they sent my way
So send me to the pen but you know I won't change
It's thug in my veins
I'm loyal to the game

[CHORUS: 50 Cent]

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[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]

Yeah

It ain't my fault I came up fast
And your the name niggas bring up last
And all the dames get a king up ass
10 grand on every ring I flash
Deep frog--and I'ma have to fling your ass
I'm on the block where its scorchin hot
If you get caught in the crossfire they have to throw you off the block
I get 'dro by the pickle jar
These broke niggas wanna get the star
So I don't keep the four-nickel far
My lips is zipped I'm loyal to the game
Bring your bitch around me I'm spoilin her brain
Get more slugs to boil in your frame
Cause you got rocks and they got aluminum foil for a chain
The paints the same color as oil in the Range
I'm stingy ain't got nothin for you but some change
I'm good now but the fact still remains
That the struggle that I'm from is attached to my name

[CHORUS: 50 Cent]

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[Outro...fading out]

heh
YA!
Tupac's in this motherfucker!
Uh!
G-Unit in the motherfuckin house
50!
Banks!
Buck!