Recognize Game

Spice 1

Well alright, Spice 1 in the hiddouse
And Short Dawgs in the house, bitch
With the L.A. Players, soldiers to the game you know? Yeah
Peep Game fool, Ant Banks at the crack house
Ha ha ha, better recognize Game when it's in your face, bitchIt's obvious mad cash got me gassed
Shark tanks and views millionaire cruise buying cars in twos
Never lose, my motto since birth
Double up knots and crack spots
Snitches lead out by silence gun shotsMap the area I wanted to, cut the fuckin' cops a deal
If they don't kneel, they get peeled
Bitches recognize, I never have no drama with death
Bustas always try I leavin' 'em gagging spittin' up flemTake a pen, make a mil and if this shit don't sell
I still got the street powder back to flippin' flower
South Central nigga what? The representer
Damn, your girl seen me comin' and ranYoung enough to be my daughter
My posse use to flip her like a quarter
To state to my man for man slaughter
Caught her in the stairway took her out the fairway
Trunked the punk bitch, that's fair playYou've got the gangstas that I have tangled, baby
Bitch recognize game when it's in your face
Well, alright ch'all, ha ha haYou think the town rid of Short?
You must be crazy, that silly shit you talkin' just don't faze me
I could make a phone call and just like that
A bunch of niggas from Oakland, all on your backI've never been a shot caller just a nigga in a crew
They call me Too Short but I'm still bigger than you, bitch
I been around, you can take a turn but don't get burned
I've seen the tables turnMarks turn into killers, rich niggas go broke
Used to be a wanna but now, I'm old school Short
In the game never had the stacks since age 14
I been spittin' these raps soakin' up the game upAnd even when I came up, I fucked with same folks
Still did the same stuff, bitch Short Dawgs in the house
I know you want my dick 'cause it's all in your mouthYou've got the gangstas that I have tangled, baby
Bitch recognize game when it's in your face
Well, alright ch'all, ha ha haPicture the game as a quarter toss it up in the air
Heads or tails, win or lose, broke niggas are players
Picture the game as a quarter toss it up in the air
Heads or tails, win or lose, broke niggas are playersSay what up to the S P crooked I C E
Ra rolling with the strap on the side of me
Potna don't get it twisted up, I got hollow tips, extended clips

Major chips lookin' at Eclipse Jacussi dipsNiggas step back, I don't know you, don't get to close to me
Some niggas ain't really the motherfucker they suppose to be
Cloud killers don't aim until you shoot in the air
Better put it down and break some hoes off like a true playerPhoney as three dollar bills niggas ain't recognizin'
Fell in the relapse besides, I'm a trauma, a nigga
Look in the eyes and when you see me, I be hardcore
What the fuck a real nigga gotta lie to kick it for?I'm tired of these bubblegum ass niggas
Throwin' monkey wrenches into the game
And all the players and pimps feel my pain
Hustlers maintainin' riches and keepin' presidentals
Not artificial with fishin', niggas know I'm packin' missilesGet me two Bentleys, some houses, Johnson jet skis
Ballin' till I die, nigga, don't fuck with S P IYou've got the gangstas that I have tangled, baby
Bitch recognize game when it's in your face
You've got the gangstas that I have tangled, baby

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