G's Game

South Central Cartel

PRODEJE:Playin' like a gangsta, you want to be a G
I told you gangstas boogie, did you listen to the P?
I tell you how it's on if you recognize the real
You ain't the only brother out there fiendin for the kill
Playin' like a gangsta, you niggas better see
I represent my Loc and you represent yo' G
Cause players only prosper as you suckers bite the dust
And wonder why they died from the millimeter bust
Now you can be my 'cause, homie, I can be yo' Blood
But if you true to self, G, I got to show you love
They wonder if it's Crip but does it matter where I G?
I'm sick of doin' shows for niggas lookin' mad at me
I represent the small percent of real niggas
Never claim the hood even though I pull triggers
Now get directly at me, I'm not trippin' on the fame
I'm talkin' to my niggas playin' in this G's gameChorus:You playin' in the G's game
And homie, it's hard to maintain
If you slip in the hood it's never all good
Cause you can get smoked in the hood
You playin' in the G's game
And homie, it's hard to maintain
If I can be your Loc, then you can be my G
It's all to the GHAVIKK THE RHYME SON:Now recognize, open yo' eyes as I hit the switch dippin'
Sippin' on that St. in the cut reminiscin'
Cause deep in this game the mentality is devilish
You want to be a G, but you ain't even ready yet
Went to high school, dropped out, you couldn't handle it
Hangin' with them brothers had to knew was straight scandalous
Got it in yo' mind that you gots to pack the .44
Quarter on the hood, to stack a end you slang lleyo
On the run daily, now you're livin' foul
Mom's cryin' nightly, so she throwin' in the towel
I used to be a G-sta of em all, but bullets don't have bites
So it made a brother realize
I can be a G rockin shows
Clockin, stackin' ends, droppin' tracks in studio
Yeah, but jealousy plays the part cause these fools want to maddog, loc
When I'm dippin' on 'em hundred spokesChorus...PRODEJE:Now back up in the days
They used to settle beef just from the shoulder

But now they want the funk and I can smell the fuckin odor
It's mandatory, brothas gots to pick a strap up
The gangstas move in town to built the ghetto back up
And all the bustas sweatin' Prodeje because I'm clockin'
I used to buck a fool, say "fuck a fool", but now I'm rockin'
The other dialect to put my G into perspective
And all that's bound to scare should come to get their ass collectedHAVIKK THE RHYME SON:And now you on the run, you caught a case
You want to get your stripes, so you shot a Baby Loc in his face
Now face the fact retaliation, is a must, G
And if you slip, yo' enemies are gonna bust, G
And if you make it home, you're lucky
Cause ghetto warfare is leavin' niggas' minds twisted like Chuckie
Rhyme Son say it's crucial, black G'z need to wake up then
And recognize the fuckin' games that you play with meChorus...

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