

# 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 game

Chorus: 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 know 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 spokes

Chorus...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 collected  
HAVIKK 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's need to wake up then  
And recognize the fuckin' games that you play with me  
Chorus...

Songwriters

AUSTIN PATTERSON, BRIAN WEST, LIONEL RICHIE, PATRICK PITTSPublished by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>