

# No More Fun And Games

## The Game

Three minutes my nigga, y'all know what it is  
Just blaze! ("No more fun and games!")

"Gangsta Gangsta," that's already evident  
Nigga Witta Attitude, check check my residence  
Whether I'm Crip or Blood, homey that's irrelevant  
I went to D.O.C., there's nobody better than  
The West coast felon when he on that lowrider bike pedallin'  
Somebody tell Eazy they still yellin' it  
I'm wit'cha homey Doc Dre on the television  
While these niggaz movin' peanuts like a elephant  
I move cars like spinnin' rims  
I'm in a class all by myself like the brown M&M  
Not to down Eminem, I fuck black bitches  
Fuck white bitches, nigga I like bitches  
Them half-and-half Alicia dyke bitches  
If the head right I might Air Nike bitches  
Or put 'em on the track like Just Blaze  
I look down on hoes and look up to Dre  
'Cause ain't ("No more fun and games!")

[Chorus]

Gangsta, gangsta! ("That's what they're yellin")  
("It's not about a salary, it's all about reality")  
("I ain't gotta tell you this but one mo' time..")  
("Leroy!") (" now pay attention")

I'm like Dre, Eazy, Cube, King Tee and Ren rolled in one  
Used to move birdies 'til I put a hole in one  
Nigga that thought I wasn't holdin' a gun  
And tried to ride up on me like Afeni Shakur's only son  
Dre told me he ain't doin "Detox," this his only run  
Ma\$e comin' back, and Hovi done  
I'm surrounded by legends, sittin' at the round table  
I am The Game, and still niggaz tryin' to play dude  
I'm +Ruthless+, I ain't talkin' 'bout the label  
I'll hook niggaz up, and I don't mean free cable  
I mean I'll hook niggaz up to them IV's  
The same way Dre hooked me up to Iovine

I'm from the gutter, grew up in public housing  
On the same block with a +Shaq+ like Yao Ming  
So if a nigga every try to Jerry Heller me  
Tell Dre put up a mill', cause that's what my bail'll be

Gangsta, gangsta! ("That's what they're yellin'")  
("It's not about a salary, it's all about reality")  
("Nigga I just came out the hole, I done did my time")  
("Nigga what you know about time?")

I've been rappin for one year, one month, seventeen days  
Thirteen hours, twenty eight minutes, then I met Dre  
Thirty minutes after I bought the new Em  
That was November 18th, 3:09 PM  
Around the same time, "Wanksta" got it's first spin  
That was thirty two weeks before they signed Rakim  
Eight months, thirteen days before I knew where Mike lived  
And three years after Mason Betha turned his mic in  
I started writin twenty two months and twenty weeks prior  
To LeBron shakin Adidas for Nikes  
I'm right here, six years after Randy Moss  
Caught his first touchdown for them Vikings  
Just one day, seven hours, 14 minutes  
Twenty one seconds before SoundScan got printed  
Two platinum records 'fore I'm classified with Biggie  
And two seconds before the song finish, yeah

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