

# What The Game Made Me

Jay-z

Yeah I'm what the game made me  
Not what the fame made me  
No amount of money can change me  
I'm what you lames can't be  
Live nigga what? Live as fuck I'm what the game made me  
Not what the fame made me  
No amount of money can change me  
I'm what you lames can't be  
Live nigga what? Live as fuck Check, live from the 7-1-8  
Either respect the flow or learn your lesson from your weight  
I'm wishin' arthritis on all writers who, knock my hustle  
How can y'all understand the struggle?  
It's hard to live, when you got greedy niggaz in the mix  
Knowin' I outclass three-E niggaz in the six So I outblast till it's empty clips  
And I outlast niggaz, survival of the fit  
One life, I gotta make sure it's done right  
'Cause them yet to have a conversation  
'Bout reincarnation ball out, until I fall out  
Stick thick chicks, try to tear they wall out Hard to think about your future with, nothin' to gain  
Hard to concentrate on school with stomach pain  
Life's harsh, I know y'all runnin' from 'caine But it'll only catch you and track you down  
With no deal, who you gonna rap to now?  
Start your own record company, that's profound  
Live niggaz gonna rumble when you back from the war  
Jive niggaz gonna crumble and fall I'm what the game made me  
Not what the fame made me  
No amount of money can change me  
I'm what you lames can't be  
Live nigga what? Live as fuck Ayyo, whether in the Pinto, or rollin' in the six  
I come through cocky, holdin' my dick  
I never switch shit, 'cause that's some bitch shit  
I get the Bisquick take it to the district 'Cause I could never get rich and switch my style  
I just cop a little hurt to the mercantile  
I'm tryin' to get it though, rhymin' with this six digit flow  
Gettin' fly is the minimal, holdin' somethin' is the principal Respect this young nigga that's, holdin' the torch  
Preachin' shit like the crack game, don't take shorts  
Throw it down it's a bet, nigga roll hard  
Till you got somethin' icy, round your neck In this concrete jungle get rich or remain humble  
Never speak the biz, at worst I might mumble

Niggaz test it I spit guns, angrily  
Till all that remains is me I'm what the game made me  
Not what the fame made me  
No amount of money can change me  
I'm what you lames can't be  
Live nigga what? Live as fuck I went from no dough to show dough to money to blow  
From umm, hoe I don't know, to get deez  
Never, 'Excuse me miss', bitch please, never try to provoke  
Same disrespectful cat I was when I was broke Ain't nuttin' changed baby but the different faces I stop  
Or maybe some of the places I shop  
Now that I run through tracks like cleets with a Air  
For some of the hottest beats, still catch me eatin' at Pete's Fuck the foul cat who screamed out and threatened  
my life  
It's all good, here I come kid, dead to the hood  
Till I'm in the dirt, foul cats like termites  
Come out of the woodworks, if they think you stack paper Dead niggaz react later while the cancer spread  
Teach a team how to scheme before they answer lead  
You know me, I used to shoot hoops in the park  
Ain't nothin' changed except now I push Coupe's in the dark I'm what the game made me  
Not what the fame made me  
No amount of money can change me  
I'm what you lames can't be  
Live nigga what? Live as fuck

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