# Play the Game

## Centerfold

[Intro]
You niggas is soldiers man
Fuckin' toy soldiers
Yeah get in line cadet
Aten Hut!

Yayo you punk ass bitch.
I know you can't wait to get off house arrest nigga.
So you can run the fuck outta New York, you faggot

[Chorus]
Niggas tryna play the game with 50 Cent, 50 Cent, 50 Cent
Why you tryna play the game with 50 Cent, 50 Cent, 50 Cent
Can't play the game with only 50 Cent, 50 Cent, 50 Cent
So why you tryna play the game with only 50 Cent
Come back when you got a couple dollars holla.

[Verse 1]
You gonna need more than 50 Cent to play this game
Nigga hating on me cause I'm doin my own thang
I ain't Lloyd Banks, bitch. I don't share your brain
I was in the fast lane before the G-Unit chain
You was hatin on Ja cause him and Irv went pop
now your ass run around singing the Candy Shop
After 'Westside Story' I took your fans
I sing it for myself that bitch Olivia's a man.
I got word from the wise nigga you dead wrong
stole the real 50's name and wouldn't pay for his headstone
Nigga got mad when 'How We Do' start climbin
acting like a bitch cause he Got Rich and Stop Tryin'
Got niggas locked up you a snitch in Queens
Told them Touch shot Pac then ratted out Supreme
But on the rizeal I'm talkin about you and me
Toe to toe 5-0 see-E-N-T, faggot

Banks is a bitch
50 is a bitch
Yayo is a bitch
Buck is a bitch
Olivia's a bitch... no Olivia's a man, haha

God damn

[Verse 2]
You reported more names than the evening news
I guess now Reebok making cement shoes
Yayo the only real mutha fucka from the street
You swinging on me like you want 5 heartbeats
Ok. One. Two. Three. Four, flat line
If you say you wrote my shit one more time
You ain't a hood nigga, you Got Rich and Stop Tryin
Jimmy scared Chris Lighty and he start lying
Lil' snitch what you know about movin' in silence?
Even NYPD can't deny it
The life of your story is fuckin' Vivica
But your baby mama left you cause you couldn't get it up, bitch

Yayo went to jail
Banks sold a mil
then Buck sold a mil
then 50 gave a deal
to a bitch named Oliviawhose titties ain't real
Now they all hiding behind the police shield

[Chorus]
[Outro]
G-G-G-G-you niggas ain't shit, bitch ass niggas
I told you this shit was real, nigga
This is Fat Rat nigga, mutha fucka
All you get up on there is sing a few hooks
Nigga you want to claim a niggas fame, nigga
You was our Ashanti, you bitch ass nigga
What the fuck is you talkin about you wrote something nigga
The Real is the real, nigga
Black Wallstreet, nigga
The Black Wallstreet, nigga
Gonna tell your bitch ass nigga
I ain't gunna get up on this mic and play them games, nigga
I told my nigga lemme get that last 16, nigga
I'm Rapping right now, nigga
But I'm spitting it real nigga
You know who I'm talkin to nigga
50, nigga
Bitch ass nigga
Black Wallstreet, nigga
Brasil and Wimelton

What block you on, nigga?
We'll be there!
What block you on?
Scary ass nigga
Fuck this shit man
Niggas woke me up with that bullshit, nigga
---
Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by MERCURY, FREDDIE
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/