

# Play the Game

## Beach House

[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

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