

# How We Do (feat. 50 Cent)

## The Game

DJ SteveAw yeah, let's take a trip  
Just sit back and light a spliff  
With this and don't slip  
On a funky dope track, jump back  
Strapped with the fat Buddha sac  
And a '78 lacOh clean, gangsta lean  
I got green, bud, I serve dubs  
Like it ain't no thang  
I hang with OG  
Playas don't set trip  
Or you might get  
What we call a rat packI don't slack when it come to streets  
I get real G funk to a gangsta beat  
It's so sweet when you got money to spend  
I got a proper big tilt 'n a fly big Benz  
I make endsSpend my dough, oh no fo  
That's how it is and that's how it go  
Act like you know when I creep real slow  
Givin' love to the playas that I know is realEver since a nigga was a seed  
Only thing promised to me was the penitentiary  
Still ballin', ridin on these niggaz 'cause they lame  
In a '61 Chevy, still heavy in this game  
Can you feel me?Blame it on my momma, I'm a thug nigga  
Up before the sun rise, quicker than the drug dealers  
Tell me if it's on, nigga then we first to bomb  
Bust on these bitch, made niggaz hit 'em upWestside  
Ain't nobody love me as a broke nigga  
Finger on the trigger, Lord, forgive me if I smoke niggaz  
I love my females strapped, love fuckin' from the back  
I get my currency in stacks, California's where I'm at ridin'Passed by while these niggaz wonder why  
I got shot and didn't die, let 'em see who's next to try  
Did I cry? Hell nah, nigga tear shedFor all my homies in the pen  
Many peers dead, niggaz still ballin"This is how we do  
We make a move and act a fool  
While we up in the club  
This is how we do  
Nobody do it like we do it  
So show us some loveThis is how we do  
We make a move and act a fool

While we up in the club  
This is how we do  
Nobody do it like we do it  
So show us some love Now everybody wanna see us dead  
Two murdered on the front page  
Shot to death, bullets to the head Niggaz holla out my name  
And it's similar to rain  
Mothafuckas know I'm comin'  
So they runnin' to they graves Watch, swoop down  
With my nigga from the pound  
Don't give a fuck  
Would you coward niggaz now blast? Keep pumpin'  
Ain't worried bout nuttin'  
Busters thought we was frontin'  
So reload and keep dumpin' Dump on fools with a quickness  
And they got no cure for this sickness  
I get payed for the way that I kick this  
Like a G'sta, an OG'sta  
(A whos dat?) A real playa named Eazy  
And I live my life straight crazy  
Don't need no punk fools payin' me  
And broke groupies and hoochies don't faze me I take two steps back and release myself  
To put platinum and gold on a record shelf  
I don't brag but I tell 'em like it straight up is  
Before you do a record, partna, handle the bizness And don't get caught slippin' on the under  
Or you might wonda whats up on them ends G  
I call a spade, a spade and get payed  
G showed the way so I give love to 'em I put gold Daytonas on that Cherry 64  
White walls so clean, looks like I'm ridin' on blobs  
Hit one switch, mayne, that ass so low  
Cali got niggas in New York ridin' on hundred spokes Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me  
I give it to ya just how you like it girl  
Your now rockin' with the best fo' pound on my hip  
Gold chain on my chest  
(Ah) 50 uh, Bentley uh  
'Em came 'n gotta nigga fresh out the slum  
Automatic gun, fuck 'em one on one  
We wrap up ya punk ass, stunt ya done  
Homie, its Game time Ready? Here I come  
Call Lloyd Banks and get this motherfucker crunk  
It took two months but Fifty got it done  
Signed with G-unit, had niggas like 'Huh' Don't try to front, I'll leave yo ass slumped  
Thinkin' I'm a punk  
Get your fucking head lumped  
Fifty got a gun Ready, here he come

Gotta sick vendetta to get this chedda  
Wit' my Beretta, the dramasetta Sip Amaretto  
My flow sounds betta than average  
On tracks I'm a savage, I damage  
Any nigga tryin' to front on my clique  
(G-Unit)

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