

# Game Face

## DJ Hero

I don't fuck around I'll break you down in the hours of h

All these 1.a times motherfucka's keepin the pace

No need to pull strings things still get done

To have you yellin at the top of yo lungs

So xzibit never speak wit a false tounge

Slid off like a handgun

Tryin to build an empire to pass to my grandson

I never like to talk business over the phone

So either have love for the game or leave it alone

Plus action speak louder than words

And pussy move faster than birds

So I gotta keep a gameface

On the street you slip, and you might catch a hot one

Xzibit stay low and kick back like a shotgun

I keep it bangin to the end of the line

When a rapper think his saggin style is fuckin with mine, it's divine

'cause my family is harder than bricks

Anything to keep it movin 'cause it's harder to hit

Chorus:

(ras kass)

Only right I fuck wit you when you fuckin' wit mine

Keep it movin to the end of the line

And action speak louder than words

And pussy move faster than birds

Gotta keep a gameface

(xzibit)

Only right I fuck wit you when you fuckin' wit mine

Keep it movin to the end of the line

And action speak louder than words

And pussy move faster than birds

Gotta keep a gameface

Verse 2: ras kass

Men must be either tramp or the crutch

To regulate, relegate, delegate power, nigga touch something

Trust no one and die dumping

Drained ya battery you barely talking like teddy ruxpin

See that's wassup, nigga I don't give a fuck

Say some shit so nasty, it'll make little kim blush

As if, a 98 bentley didn't tempt me  
To lay bullshit over this empty  
But consequently my conscience wouldn't permit me  
I'm one-third black man, one-third jackie chan  
One-third sand, shiftin across the surface of the land  
Golden state warrior let my nuts hang like niggas in nooses  
While you givin groupies all your loochie  
I'm known for fucking hoochies in suskis  
And slippin ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
Loved and feared, severe yet loved  
The full time titan fighting three million over night thugs  
So keep your, hand out your rectum 'cause you can't stop shit  
Don't rock shit, studio hustlers  
Claimin' they got more keys than a locksmith  
What part of the game is this  
Bonus round, give me the mic, the money  
The pussy in that order, the mortar over populated  
Get fucked and orally copulated  
And all you chumps on some you owe me an apology shit  
Can suck yo apology out my dick  
Chorus:  
Verse 3:  
(ras kass)  
This is for the black niggas, the yak sippers  
The part time strippers, slash full time student, and fifty buck slippers  
I got athletes feet, we run these contrete streets  
Sporting cleets, ain't nothing sweet  
(xzibit)  
I'm making rappers get they shit together  
Still smokin, still drinkin, still maintain clear thinkin  
Everyday is the weekend, mashin thru in a lincoln  
And style so sick, the whole car start stinking  
Chorus:

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