

No More Fun and Games

The Game

Three minutes my nigga, y'all know what it is
Just blaze! ("No more fun and games!")

"Gangsta Gangsta," that's already evident
Nigga Witta Attitude, check check my residence
Whether I'm Crip or Blood, homey that's irrelevant
I went to D.O.C., there's nobody better than
The West coast felon when he on that lowrider bike pedallin'
Somebody tell Eazy they still yellin' it
I'm wit'cha homey Doc Dre on the television
While these niggaz movin' peanuts like a elephant
I move cars like spinnin' rims
I'm in a class all by myself like the brown M&M
Not to down Eminem, I fuck black bitches
Fuck white bitches, nigga I like bitches
Them half-and-half Alicia dyke bitches
If the head right I might Air Nike bitches
Or put 'em on the track like Just Blaze
I look down on hoes and look up to Dre
'Cause ain't ("No more fun and games!")

[Chorus]

Gangsta, gangsta! ("That's what they're yellin")
("It's not about a salary, it's all about reality")
("I ain't gotta tell you this but one mo' time..")
("Leroy!") (" now pay attention")

I'm like Dre, Eazy, Cube, King Tee and Ren rolled in one
Used to move birdies 'til I put a hole in one
Nigga that thought I wasn't holdin' a gun
And tried to ride up on me like Afeni Shakur's only son
Dre told me he ain't doin "Detox," this his only run
Ma\$e comin' back, and Hovi done
I'm surrounded by legends, sittin' at the round table
I am The Game, and still niggaz tryin' to play dude
I'm +Ruthless+, I ain't talkin' 'bout the label
I'll hook niggaz up, and I don't mean free cable
I mean I'll hook niggaz up to them IV's
The same way Dre hooked me up to Iovine

I'm from the gutter, grew up in public housing
On the same block with a +Shaq+ like Yao Ming
So if a nigga every try to Jerry Heller me
Tell Dre put up a mill', cause that's what my bail'll be

Gangsta, gangsta! ("That's what they're yellin'")
("It's not about a salary, it's all about reality")
("Nigga I just came out the hole, I done did my time")
("Nigga what you know about time?")

I've been rappin for one year, one month, seventeen days
Thirteen hours, twenty eight minutes, then I met Dre
Thirty minutes after I bought the new Em
That was November 18th, 3:09 PM
Around the same time, "Wanksta" got it's first spin
That was thirty two weeks before they signed Rakim
Eight months, thirteen days before I knew where Mike lived
And three years after Mason Betha turned his mic in
I started writin twenty two months and twenty weeks prior
To LeBron shakin Adidas for Nikes
I'm right here, six years after Randy Moss
Caught his first touchdown for them Vikings
Just one day, seven hours, 14 minutes
Twenty one seconds before SoundScan got printed
Two platinum records 'fore I'm classified with Biggie
And two seconds before the song finish, yeah

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by BROWN, JAMES / COLLINS, LEWIS JR. / BONNER, LEROY / JONES, MARSHALL /
MIDDLEBROOKS, RALPH / MORRISON, WALTER / NAPIER, NORMAN / NOLAND, ANDREW /
PIERCE, MARVIN / WEBSTER GREGORY, ALLEN / ARRINGTON, STEVEN R. / CARTER, CHARLES
CEDEL / HANK, BUDDY L / PARKER, ROGER / DE VAUGHN, WILLIAM / WRIGHT, ERIC / YOUNG,
ANDRE / PATTERSON, LORENZO / JACKSON, O'SHEA / TAYLOR, JAYCEON / SMITH, JUSTIN
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>