Big Dreams

The Game

Cool & Dre
Back on the motherfuckin' Westside,
L.A.X niggas... yeahhh...

Y'all know who the fuck I am...

I'm free as a motherfuckin' bird I swear,
Disappear in thin air, there go Game, nigga where?
Posted on the block in them black Airs,
In that all black Phantom, hug the block like a bear,
Yeah, that V12 is roarin',
Flyin' through the city with the pedal to the floor then -
I put them 26 inches on the curb, tell the hood I'm back,
Give me a corner - let me serve,
Swerve, I'm still dope that's my word,
All I did was the switch the kitchens,
Did some tracks on the birds...
Irv - Gotti know I'ma murderer,
Half these niggas beefin' with me,
I never heard of them,
If I was the old me I would murda them
Matter fact, if I was the old me - I would Curtis them,
Courtesy of my Smith & Wesson,
I kill tracks like aids, nigga get infected,

The whole world been waitin' on him,
Here I come, droptop Phantom,
I'm skatin' on 'em, look around,
All the bitch niggas hatin' on him,
Mad cos I'm Chronic 2008tin' on them,
Big cars, big wheels, big chains,
Big pimpin', big money,
Big Dreams...Dreams, Dreams,
Big Dreams...Dreams, Dreams,
Big Dreams...Dreams...

I get money like Junior Mafia used to,
On my way to school 10.000 in my FUBU,
Lunchtime I was sellin' behind the bungalows,
baggin' up rocks the size of melons,

That's when the fiends start tellin' you can
catch 'em on the couch everyday at 4 o'clock,
Like Ellen!
Prime-time nigga, it's my time nigga,
Jacob ain't got shit to do with my shine nigga!
Cos when the sun come up - from behind the sea,
Niggas see me behind the B,
Ent. don't stand for entertainment,
Stands for 0 to 60, anybody see where Game went?
To the hood, parked crooked behind that chained fence,
And I'm going down behind my dogs, but I ain't Vick!
Tell me one album I put out that ain't sick?
No I'm not the Doctor, but I produce the same shit!

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Yo Jay what it do nigga?
I done rocked enough fellas to be you nigga,
I got the 40/40 made by two jiggas,
I make you "Holla, Holla", I Ja Rule niggas!
The lion's in the room, waddup Fat Joe?
I'm Curtis' kryptonite and the nigga Joey Crack know,
Whoever said "Game Over" musta had a hangover,
Get money, my driveway sponsered by Range Rover,
I got blood diamonds straight outta Angola,
Wave my red rag in the air, signal Lil' Wayne over,
Yeah, that's when the Crys start poppin',
The pills start droppin' and the haters start watchin',
The DJ starts spinnin', the panties get the droppin' -
For album number three, it goin' platinum's not an option,

I'm back with Cool & Dre a.k.a. the monsters
And I got one word for you motherfuckers -
COMPTON!

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Lyrics submitted by jessica.

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