

Da Shit

The Game

I'm a G, you can't see, me
That must be, why you're talkin'
(Shut your mouth bitch)
I'm the shit, and you know, it
Never stops, there's no stoppin'
(It don't stop niggas)
Ridin' low, blowin' smoke, oh
As I cruise, the streets of Compton
(Roll out the '6-4), ('6-trey)
(Glasshouse), ('5-7 Chevrolet)
(And tell them niggas)

I'll let the whole world know that I can't be stopped
Even without Doc I'm still from the (Streets of Compton)
Yeah nigga I said it, and I'ma stay on top
Like a hoodrat with bomb ass cop
Run up on 'em like these rap niggas, I ain't gotta clap niggas
End your career with one line, like that nigga
Hit the switch (front and back), make it bounce (let it jump)
Killafoam-I-A is where I'm from
Three-wheelin' with the ass out
Smoke chronic 'til I pass out
Holdin' weight at my nigga Daz house
He always got a thick bad bitch from Long Beach
She a known freak and she got a long reach
She gon' touch it, suck it, fuck it
Never back down, especially when Al Green in the background
Now bitch, hit the weed and turn that ass 'round
It's time to bring back "Chronic" and the "Doggystyle"
West Coast niggas still holdin' shit down

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I'm back on the cover of The Source and the XXL
Floatin' all through the (Streets of Compton)
I got more bitches, more plaques
More beef and more straps
That's what the fuck I call gangsta rap
I was the Aftermath remedy 'til friends turned enemies
Streets kept me laced like blunts dipped in Hennessy
You niggas act like The Game can't roll 'em out
One man show, still sell a motherfucker out
With no Dre still sell the motherfucker out
'Cause everybody here from the (Streets of Compton)
We got Crip niggas, Blood niggas, ese's, Asians
Red and blue laces, tattoos on faces
I kept you niggas waitin', had to take you back to the basics
Switch the Impala from gold to chrome Dayton's
Everytime your bitch hear my voice she masturbatin'
I run through hoes like Walter Payton, on the daily
I got your main bitch swallowin' my babies

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I'm the West Coast Rakim, got you niggas blocked in
Glasshouse parked sideways on the stock rims
New-school, old-school mentality
Translation fours pumps and twelve batteries
Hydraulics make the world go round, your girl go down
Chronic make your girl slow down
Before she end up like Superhead (uh), givin' super head (uh)
Every nigga in the industry done fucked Super Head
(Shit) And I just might fuck her too
If I ever catch her slidin' or ridin' through the (Streets of Compton)

Rollin' down Green Leaf, smokin' on that green leaf
With a Mack 10 like was born on Queens St
Murder MC's like I was born in Queensbridge
That's how I show you pa niggas what a king is
And you don't wanna play chess on a time clock
I'm in the Hall of Fame, next to Snoop behind Pac
I got the whole motherfuckin' world locked

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Everybody wanna know what the fuck is goin' on
Am I signed to Aftermath, Interscope
What's up with Geffen
I'ma just say it like this
One day I walked in the motherfuckin' house
And all my shit was gone

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