

# Game

Kurupt

Game, street lessons, game, game  
Chapter one, alright go, yeah yeah, yo yo yo  
Haha, one two, this is what is up, nigga (freeze)  
Only the survivors survive in the world of survival  
Where your rivals always wanna make it seem  
like they're gonna do things and always concocting schemes and plots  
You know exactly what it is (you know!)  
You know exactly how it's gonna be (ha) haha (you'll never catch me fool)  
What, five lessons, five chapters, I'ma start

How you gonna make a couple dollars  
When you roam in zones filled with cowards  
Ain't no way to make no real cash nigga  
Conceal your canning, all you do is flash nigga (motherfucker)  
I can tell, fool, you'll never get paid  
'Cause niggaz like you ain't got no real game  
With all them niggaz that you got by your side  
You learned by yourself that the only way to ride  
I'ma put you up on (game)  
This whole world revolves around (game)  
Pure indeed game, and let it obtain  
I roll with my girl and weeds  
All oversees with loot like I'm flipping keys  
I heard niggaz gonna catch me on a slipping tip  
Come through with the auto's, cock, flip and shit (hell no)  
But I knew from the giddy-up, like EST  
And got rid off my fo'-fifty and my G.S.3  
I got...

(game) This whole world revolves around  
(game) Pure indeed game, and let it obtain  
Once you realize you'll never live without (game)  
Get paid without, no moves made without (game)

It's the force, the call of the holocaust  
Go against the source, end up lost  
The portrait of a wild puma  
Silent penetration like poison, pinpointing  
Isolating hearts, poetical poisonous darts  
Puncture like needles, I always take care of my peoples  
Verbals vital, no rivals, there's no equals, no sequels  
With no one to help us  
I'll leave you crying for help and helpless and healthless, wealthless  
Oversellers envious and jealous  
Bitches and sneaks, pants and muscles  
I saw a view through the eyes  
Fake ass, bitch ass niggaz in disguise  
Keep calm, release the neutron napalm bomb on young hawks  
Splitting wigs like logs, cloudy visions like fogs  
When the pump gets to pumping,  
niggaz get to jumping like frogs, smoke like bungs  
Get to stepping, stepping with your weapon  
Pause, creep crapped and left in the puddle in seconds  
Fuck 'em with veterans, with game...

One time, on time  
Give it to me all, 'cause I want it all

Give it to me all, 'cause I love to brawl  
Give it to me all, 'cause I want it all  
One time, yeah I love to brawl  
One time (give it up), one time (give it up)  
Check it out

It's hard to sustain and maintain through life  
With these motherfuckers throwing niggaz three strikes  
The homie big Lou got a fo' on deez  
That's the word, came up from flipping birds  
Words travel like black talents  
The homie's loud at silence, real G's move in silence  
How you gonna make it to the next stage  
If one second you're broke, the next minute paid  
Now you got the police planning  
Niggaz on the street scanning, loading up cannons  
If it was me, I'd move silently  
Prepare warfare, react violently  
Lou is too flashy, new clothes  
(??) with hoes, and got penetrated  
He had too many hoes knowing where he resides  
Soon as he got home niggaz was waiting in sight, no game  
Shh...

Know what?