

# Game Over

Scarface

Man, what's up with these niggaz out here  
Mad at us cause we on top  
I love to see niggaz gettin money  
Better get it while the gettin is good  
Get it while you can, man  
And stop hatin me, fuckin with my shit cuz I got more hustle than you  
Get yours, get yours baby

I'm seeing millions, niggaz dont understand  
know what? Im makin moves, puttin cash behind plans  
to blow up, will he style like this  
everyday I parlay, sip Henne and Tanqueray  
stay in the mix like Alezay  
V.I.P., my shit parked valet  
on the prowl again to get honies familiar with the smile again  
some try to assault Dre, its still cavi  
Im eatin steak while they struggle to break the slave mentality  
I givin livin definition long as my hearts tickin  
I fought and made the world listen  
Whatever fly Dr. Dre invented  
turn on the box and let my son watch these studio clowns on 60 inches  
I push a rover, shit platinum before the sessions over  
rap master with the Houston heat holder  
these playas best to get they shit in check  
cuz when I get my hustle on aint no playin with a full deck

Lord please, murda my enemies (Yeah)  
Burn em at a thousand degrees  
And lord please let me make mo cheese  
Cuz I aint quite ready to leave (No)

Buck the whole world  
meant that, gotta stay strapped  
cuz 99.9 a niggaz, carry they gats  
Super fist fightin shit might come down to dyin  
When the time comes down for the tryin I got nine  
reasons why niggaz shouldnt step in my face  
with the nonsense, cause I'm always heated and you can taste this  
Audi little something out the seams a my trousers  
with no hesitation I got a team to come clown ya  
I down ya, so let your people know what they face  
with the type of individual thatll bomb a sub-station  
Kaboom! and everybody dies outside  
there aint no escapin the Reaper so dont try  
Go ahead, close ya eyes, who the next to step?  
Face down, hit, bleedin on the steps a death  
Check yo self, you just been invaded by true soldiers  
December 31st, 96 (the game is over)

(I've got all my life to live, plus with all my love to give)

Smokin weed I never trail, I lead  
spendin dough, tripped the cost of a ride like it was pocket money, Gs  
but these are the things real playas do  
talkin shit is real things that the hatas do  
I'm namin you  
shit's thick, its time to run for shelter

I kept the word, things could happen to marks like it was helter skelter

Dear diary, I'm runnin outta pages  
Fadin, in and out, takin purple hazes  
The dazes, Revelations in the last stages  
Red skys institute, the silent horns playin  
Im prayin with tears in my eyes  
Cuz I'm tryin to make it into eternal peace without dyin  
But they eyein my bank account with beams on my rover  
the killa failed to launch his attack (the game is over)