## The Game

(Johnny Juliano) (Cardo got ranks) Real nigga shit Other night at your crib It was like me, Black, 40, OB We just sittin' there talkin' 'bout life Play some beats, but I forgot to tell you one thing Niggas called me to set you up Want me to come and wet you up Cause you were out of town Nigga like Biggie heard about the shit with Diddy So I came through to vest you up And I got a vest for 40, a vest for Hush A vest for every nigga with an owl on his chest and what I got LA unified, you're better off committing suicide Teachers ain't testin' us See I know how it feel to be platinum plus Niggas is jealous of you so they try to wrap you up Tat you up, but it's OVO blood money Nigga catch these bullets like he catchin' the bus Dark fame is a mothafucka Do a nigga four favors, when you can't do the fifth How soon they forget? Run up on you at your granny's house Leave you lyin' like Fif' How a nigga supposed to love you niggas? Heart beatin' fast when I dap and when I hug you niggas Drake told me not to trust you niggas Your energy off, you're finicky, I rush you niggas Just walk around the crib like .. Why a nigga can't live? Get this money, fuck these bitches Thinkin' 'bout the beef like We can pass these motherfuckin' straps like a physical This my city, nigga everybody know it Ridin' 'round town, just me and my four pounds Tucked in my Tom Fords, hope I ain't gotta show it LA niggas be the craziest, these niggas do some shady shit Niggas'll run up on your car, catch you off guard Like the Lil Wayne and Baby shit Yo 40 I'm fucked up Y'all better not come to my studio wit' that fake shit Y'all better not come to my funeral wit' that fake shit Y'all better off realizing there's nothin' that y'all could do wit' me All I ever ask is keep it 8 more than 92 with me, 100, yeah, 100 All I ever ask is 100, yeah, 100 All I ever ask is 100 Thank me later, thanks for nothin' Thanks for bluffin' Thank you so, so much for wearing your true colors to every single fuckin' f unction Had niggas tell me to my face how we were family And how they love me while they was skimmin' off the budget Now, when I see 'em, they the ones that's actin' funny People been reachin' out to me

And I'm on some straight unresponsive shit I would have so many friends If I didn't have money, respect and accomplishments I would have so many friends If I held back the truth and I just gave out compliments I would have all of your fans if I didn't go pop And I stayed on some conscious shit I would have so many more friends If I lost my success and my confidence I'm in the club every time that they play the competition If they even play the competition and I seen the response they get Nobody's even hearin' it on top of the pyramid Might go to Jamaica, disappear again My circle got so small that it's a period, sayin' to myself Y'all better not come to my studio wit' that fake shit Y'all better not come to my funeral wit' that fake shit Y'all better off realizing there's nothin' that y'all could do wit' me All I ever ask is keep it 8 more than 92 with me, 100, yeah, 100 All I ever ask is 100, yeah, 100 All I ever ask is 100 Miss 4 Cent, that was my real nigga Held a nigga down since he was a lil' nigga If he was still alive, he would kill niggas He was Lil Snupe, I was Meek Mill, nigga Know how it feel when you're missin' your nigga though Can't think so you roll up that indigo Stressin' while drivin' down Figueroa Blowin' kush clouds until his ghost is in my Ghost Make a real nigga wanna give his life to God like, "Here it go" Screamin' Frog's name at the clouds, they don't hear me though Guess they too busy with 2Pac and Biggie though You niggas don't feel me though That was on Suge's watch, I'll take Suge's watch You dissin' Drizzy, that's cool but don't come to my city though Not even to H-Town So underground that I gotta be a trill nigga Strapped up from the waist down That's word to Pimp C, J Prince is my real nigga Shit was so simple when Henchman was out He had a young nigga right there with me So happy when Bleu Davinci got out We came up on these California streets LA niggas be the craziest, these niggas do some shady shit Niggas'll run up on your car, catch you off guard Like the Lil Wayne and Baby shit Got a nigga confused, but why a nigga gotta choose? Don't even matter dawg cause I'ma always be a real nigga Always be a real nigga I never learned how to be nothin' but a real nigga Y'all better not come to my studio wit' that fake shit Y'all better not come to my funeral wit' that fake shit Y'all better off realizing there's nothin' that y'all could do wit' me All I ever ask is keep it 8 more than 92 with me, 100, yeah, 100 All I ever ask is 100, yeah, 100 All I ever ask is 100