

Blacksox

The Game

Another G-Man Stan production
The originator of this 808 shit in the Bay area
You got your boy JT the Bigga Figga
thuggin it out with my young nigga the Game, and my homey Bluechip
Blacksox, oh boy! Hooked up with Get Low Records
Puttin this shit together, my nigga

It ain't a nigga in the game that could hold me down
I've been independent forever so they know me now
And I'm the cat they gotta find when they wanna get signed
You wanna get your paper right you gotta study my grind
I'm like Rush in "Krush Groove," a nigga that bust moves
right out, and tuck tools, bullets that bust dudes
Ain't no beef in the briefcase, just beef for Pete's sake
We round up cats, to beat 'em in a street race
We count paper up, to make a nigga change his plans
They under weight so they ain't gettin off they gram
You mad at my boys, cause we choppin 'em in
They make twenty then the Fig want 10
That's the rules that the Get Low, play by
The block boys stay high, California stock with K-5
It's the rules that the Get Low play by
Them block boys stay high, the California K-5

Huh, it's the Blacksox doin a joint together
The whole world stoppin to listen, ol' breakers poplockin to this
And white boys headboppin in 6's, niggaz boxin in prison
Shit bang hard like a conjugal visit
And the game ain't big enough for niggaz so move over
Matter fact, move out, we takin over
Them boys is comin, and they aimin straight for the neck
The B-L-A, C-K, S-O-X

Yo, yo, well it's the B dot L dot, you know the rest
Wanted by the feds, hated by the ATF
You can catch me at the DuPont Inn, two dykes swallowin gin
Shorty sucked me out of my Timbs
My bad, that's your wife? Fuck your life
Anyway I heard you workin for vice
You ain't real man you hide behind ice
Youse a impostor, snatch him off the roster
Always live by the rule, get dough, or die tryin
Hardcoded into shinin
Pass the bucket now I'm back on bet it
If, beef was erased man my tool gon' finish
Never been the loudmouth type
Sugar Shane of this rap shit, southpaw when the mac spit
Listen rookie, don't make me mad boy
Or you gon' be like Big, a dead (Bad Boy)

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Huh, niggaz think they got the game sewed, yeah right
I'm air tight, fresh in them Air Nikes
If the Navi outside, I might be there
Black hoodie, black 9, black wifey airs
Rock guns like Caddy trunks, keep a spare
You see the lump under the Iceberg fleece and gear
And when the beef cook, I'ma put the piece to your head
And if you see a white truck that mean yo' sheets is dead
Then I'm goin goin, back back
to the block to dump the bucket and jump in the drop
Niggaz know I'm good with the glock, they call me Chick Hearn
Cause if the game on knot, I'm callin the shots
I'll wear a shiny suit for a minute like I'm The LOX
Then get gangster with a swap meet bag and a Jordan box
And when I die, bury me with the glock, and a bucket of shells
In case niggaz want drama in hell

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