

# 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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