

# Bulletproof Diaries

## The Game

Sit in the chair, yeah, yeah  
Uh-huh, yeah  
Sit my alligator jacket on the flo'  
Let that shit crawl around, whattup Game?  
How are you my nigga?  
Let's get this money, you heard?

Money in zip duffle bags, shotgun shells  
My killas gorillas, niggaz couldn't see 'em with gazelles  
Frontin ass niggaz, go hang with Pharrell  
Tryin to be a (Cowboy), you catch bullets like Terrell  
Owens, call it T.O., he leakin like a project sink  
Busted open like a hot dog link  
Bing, it gave me time to think yeah, I did my fuckin prison thing  
Came out still on point, like the RZA rings  
I'm from Compton but my inkpen live in Queens  
Rep the dub like Wu-Tang, and I got (Killa Bees) (respect)  
Black Wall Mafia, new millennium Genevieves  
Got a million dollars say LeBron don't win a ring (word?)  
I know Kobe, I be on the floor, "Kobe!"  
You know a nigga that can score 81? Show me  
I got a (Cuban Link) to a fuckin O.G.  
And nigga you're too close, what the fuck, tryna blow me? (back up)  
This the face off (respect the don) diamonds all in the charm  
(Iced out) Where you be? (The strip club throwin ones)  
Where you from? (New York, where you from?) Californ'  
(Big sharks) Me too (swimmin in a pile of ones)

Yeah nigga, tomorrow man  
Goin to take you to go buy some 18-karat gold golf clubs nigga  
In the Bronx

This the face off (respect the dons, hundred thousand on the arms)  
Son where you be? (Under palm trees stayin warm)  
(Who you be?) Raekwon, who is you? (Amaz-on)  
I'ma keep it (Compton) Staten ('til the day is done)

Geah, frontin on us nigga, it's like  
It's like racin a nigga in Afghanistan to go get some oil nigga  
You gon' fuck around and get your head burnt

I'm a New York dinosaur, Staten Island artifact  
Hip-Hop's never dead, the (Cuban) gave 'em heart attacks  
Sleep in the woods, target cats come from under the V's  
Sneeze wrong, course I'm clappin  
Keep it movin homeboy, the mac's always actin  
Spit in your face, go 'head lil' baby rappers  
Can't fuck with us convicts, Stat-land  
It's like actions, cliques'll die right with traction  
It's Wall Street money and two gunny's  
Slammers is extra chunky, yeah, me and my red monkeys  
Silverback sales are few donkeys, all of us live comfy  
Blow your head off like lunch meat  
Chef in the game run the country  
Take over the world little girl, better stay out our brunch meetin  
Fuck with they paper their gun squeezin  
Off top, leak from the cop, them nigga jumped, this is front season

Yo, man yo Game man  
Let these niggaz know man f'real man  
We official man  
They wan' be readin our autobiographies in a minute, ya heard?

(Yo what if I was from Compton?) What if I was from Staten?  
I'd be King Kong knockin down the buildings in Manhattan  
(Gorilla warfare) Shootouts, real block shit  
West coast assassin on some real 2Pac shit  
My style's smokin like, after a glock spit  
Game get the blood money, fuck bitches and pop Cris'  
Style like it's New Year's, cause this a new year  
Look at the tracks, either Bigfoot or The Game been through here  
The Benjamins won't stop, and neither would a chrome glock  
I kill a fire-breathin dragon with a dome shot  
Come through your hood in a Chevy Malibu, on stocks  
We had a meetin before we got here, and shit gon' pop  
Heads gon' roll, Patron gon' spill  
Fitted caps gettin peeled like the chrome on the wheels  
Got a half a mil', sing your wounds won't heal  
I declare war, nigga who gon' deal?

Yeah, y'all know what time it is man  
"Bulletproof Diary" nigga, for real  
Many may read this man  
A lot of niggaz might not make it home, you heard?  
We speak for the real ones man, for the churchmen man  
All them real general niggaz man  
All them niggaz that's out there man  
Don't get no rest or none of that man, for real  
The Chef nigga, Game whattup baby?  
I love you, ya heard? Superman lover over here for you baby  
You know how we do it, we go all over the fuckin world man  
Get a lot of bread man, word up, hun'ned my nigga  
We take you to Boca Chica or some'n man, knahmsayin?  
Sip on some motherfuckin, Don Julio or some'n, y'knahmsayin?  
With two foul rings on, y'knahmsayin?  
Couple of mean Guatemalians wit us  
Half Guatemala, half Somalian nigga  
Niggaz ain't seen them colors man