

# Da Shit

## The Game

Now where's the shit?  
The shit?  
The shit!  
N\*gga whatsup man?  
Come on kill that noise man, let's just get the shit,  
Don't worry, you'll get the shit,  
You'll be,  
Knee deep in shit!

I'm a G, you can't see me,  
That must be, why you're talkin' (Shut your mouth bitch)  
I'm the shit, and you know,  
It, never stops, there's no stoppin' (It don't stop \*\*\*\*\*z)  
Light a lo', blow a smoke, oh,  
As I cruise, streets of Compton  
(Roll out the six fo, six trey, glass house, '57 Chevelot, tell them \*\*\*\*\*z)

I let the whole world know that I can't be stopped,  
Even without Doc I'm still from the (Streets of Compton),  
Yeah \*\*\*\*\* I said it, and I'ma stay on top,  
Like a hoodrat with bomb ass cock,  
Run up in 'em like these rap \*\*\*\*\*z, I ain't gotta clap \*\*\*\*\*z,  
End your career with one line like that \*\*\*\*\*z,  
Hit the switch front and back, make it bounce,  
Let it jump, Killa-for-ni-a is where I'm from,  
3 wheelin' with the ass out, smoke chronic 'til I pass out,  
All the way to my \*\*\*\*\* Daz house,  
He always gotta big bad bitch from Long Beach,  
She a known freak and she gotta long reach,  
She gon' touch it, suck it, fuck it, never back down,  
'specially when Al Green in the background,  
Now bitch hit the weed and turn that ass round,  
It's time to bring back Chronic into Doggystyle,  
Westcoast \*\*\*\*\*z still holdin' shit down,

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I'm back on the cover of the Source and the XXL,  
Floatin' all through the (Streets of Compton),  
I got more bitches, more plaques, more beef, and more straps,  
That's what the fuck I call "Gangsta rap",  
I was the Aftermath remedy 'til friends turn enemies,  
Streets kept me laced like bloods dipped in hennessee,  
You \*\*\*\*\*z act like the Game can't roll 'em out,  
One man show still sell a motherfucker out,  
We know Dre still sell a motherfucker out,  
'cus everybody here from the (Streets of Compton),  
We got crip \*\*\*\*\*z, blood \*\*\*\*\*z, assays, asians,  
Red and blue laces, tattoos on faces,  
I kept you \*\*\*\*\*z waiting had to take you back to the basics,  
Switch the Impala from gold to chrome Daitons,

Everytime your bitch hear my voice she masturbating,  
I run though hoes like Walter Payton on the daily,  
I got your main bitch swallowing my babies,

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I'm the shit, and you know,  
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I'm the Westcoast Rakim, got you \*\*\*\*\*z blocked in,  
Glass house parked sideways on the stock rims,  
New school, old school mentality,  
Translation - Four pumps and twelve batteries,  
Hydraulics make the world go round,  
Your girl go down, chronic make your girl slow down,  
For she end up like superhead, giving superhead,  
Every \*\*\*\*\* in the industry now fuck superhead,  
And I might just fuck her too,  
If I ever catch her sliding or riding through the (Streets of Compton),  
Rolling down Green Leaf smoking on that green leaf,  
With a Mac 10 like I was born on Queen's Street,  
Murder MCs like I was born in Queen's Bridge,  
That how I show you palm \*\*\*\*\*z where the King is,  
And you don't wanna play chess on a time clock,  
I'm in the Hall Of Fame next to Snoop, behind 'Pac,  
I got the whole motherfucking world locked,

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That must be, why you're talkin' (Shut your mouth bitch)  
I'm the shit, and you know,  
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Everybody wanna know what the fuck is going on,  
Am I signed to Aftermath? Interscope? What's up with Geffen?  
I'ma just say it like this:  
One day I walked in the motherfuckin' house,  
And all my shit was gone.