

Lookin' at You

The Game

Walkin down the street, in my All Stars
In my, khaki suit, doin what (I) do
Walkin down the street, smokin, chronic
In my black locs, lookin, (AT) you

Guess who's back on the West coast tracks
It's the motherfuckin messiah of gangsta rap
Still dip in the six-fo', still puffin on the same chronic
Haters mad cause I still got it
I never fall off, even without the Doc
You niggaz sellin your soul tryin to stay on top
Bitch nigga check your Kotex, you niggaz ain't movin shit
like the hand on a fake-ass Rolex
I'm five million sold, the cover of my last album
the only time you see me sittin on gold
I'm the most anticipated, most celebrated
Most loved and the motherfuckin most hated
Keep rollin like gold Dayton's
Niggaz got the game fucked up like Hennessy with a Coke chaser
You gotta deal with me, I'm the West coast saviour
Niggaz think of me everytime they six-fo' scraper

What do you call a nigga who's overbearin
Belligerent, foul, defiant and very disrespectful
You call that nigga the Doctor's Advocate
He's a reflection of Dr. Dre in his heyday in the worst way
The five star surgeon general
Took Jayceon to the Aftermath research department
And gave him a blood test
It came back G-A-M-E positive
The nigga's infected with the Game virus
His oratorical skills are so impeccable
That niggaz in the streets call him Cyrus
The young don who is down with violence
cause in his heart he's a tyrant
It's not a game, it's just called The Game
There'll be no referees, no halftime reports
When the game is over, The Game is over
You can't put a quarter in the machine and get three mo' men
THAT'S, the end

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I done been to hell and back
Left for dead, you know who to thank for that
Finished my second LP without a Dr. Dre track
You can take my soul but can't take my plaques
I'm the motherfuckin snare when it touch the beat
I'm the 808 drum that got you movin your feet
I'm the heir to the throne after the D-R-E
Product of my environment, you old-ass niggaz
get ready for your early retirement
Before I let hip-hop burn down I run in the building like a fireman
Who can outspit me when I'm high off sticky

Throwin back Patron shots in some creased up dickies
I'm D.O.C. certified, Ice Cube (Lynch'd) me
Snoop stamped me and the good Doc handpicked me
You still with me? Me and my mic
can't be seperated like Interscope and - hahaha
Ohhh shit
This some good ass motherfuckin weed
California sticky green!
This is the aftermath for the Aftermath
West, coast!