

# 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

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

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!