

## Scared Now

## The Game

Who the fuck scared now?  
Look who the fuck fed now  
Had to hit him with the shotty nigga  
Another dead fucking body nigga

Gansters, this is how we roll  
Jesus Piece, and it's out of gold  
Versace polo and a pound of dro  
Hop in that Ghost, and it's adios

Who the fuck scared now?  
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Chased that nigga down, put him on worldstar  
Bitch nigga got away, in his girl's car  
Put that pussy on the net like a pornstar  
Another weenie with bread, he a corndog  
Put 3 holes in his head, like a bowling ball  
I'm out the gutter switching lanes in a stolen car  
Fuck the feds, cause a nigga got a murder charge  
Fuck it though, got the cover of the murder dog  
I dress up like the pizza man, load the desert eagle and  
I don't just hit ya team, I wet the whole bleachers, damn  
Specialize in the murder game  
Documentary shit, back to Hurricane  
Now tell a nigga

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I'm the most feared rap nigga  
Like a Just Blaze beat, I'll clap niggas  
This ain't a Just Blaze beat, this ain't wrapped nigga  
Voletta Wallace lost her son to a gat nigga  
What if I told y'all I know who killed Biggie dog?  
I ain't no snitch but if I did it ain't no biggie dog  
Cause that's Biggie dog  
All that's coming out the mouth of the nigga you used to know as being 50's  
dog  
But I got tired of being 50's dog  
Had to break my chain and cut that nigga 50 off  
Whole team celebrating, label on my dick hard  
Interscope asking "would I take 50's call"  
Hello? Put up 10 mill for a real nigga  
Drop this joint album and we'll kill niggas  
G-Unit!

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All these niggas claiming they OG, my young boys will murder them  
Cold shooters, that 16, and they ain't ever even heard of them  
I slide through, I get a bird of them  
And they drive through, and they serving them  
These niggas talking that beef shit, I put bread on it, no burger bun  
We walk up in this bitch like "what?"  
Rollie on my wrist lights up  
Told these niggas "can't do it like us"  
Ciroc boy, and I do it like Puff  
With 100 bottles, 100 models  
No twitter, we come to follow  
Straight shots and no Moscato  
I fuck them hoes, don't give a fuck bout em  
Now tell me who's scared now?  
Shots fired, man down  
Dead bodies get found  
That chopper clip spits rounds  
And real niggas get murdered  
Top dogs get it first  
He came to me in that Benz  
And he left from here in a hearse  
Woah!

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