

## Scream On 'Em

## The Game

Yeah... y'all really want this to happen? (Game time!)  
C'mon! ... AAAAAAAAAARRGH!

Homey it's hard not to kill niggaz; it's like a full time job  
not to pull out the steel and shove it in your grill  
Young California got that mass appeal  
I summons the hood, they get up in yo' ass for real  
Knockout flow, Winky Wright jab for real  
And all you niggaz pussy, need Massengil  
See I'm the gun-cocker, one-shotter, lift 'em off the ground  
Chop 'em down, like a cantaloupe, my flow the antidote  
Sick flow, it's so, motherfuckin six-fo'  
Your bitch know, hop in the back when you see Swizz hoe  
Diss that, all you niggaz get up off my dick so  
I can cook crack on the track and watch it mix slow  
Cocaine, my flow fire, call it propane  
Every nigga know Game, five shots no pain  
And that's the reason why I'm shittin on you niggaz  
Shut me in the looney bin, I'm sicker than you niggaz

(AAAAAAAAARRGH!)

This is that disrespectful, motherfuckin West coast  
Hip-hop death blow, Swizz Beatz, let's go!  
(2x)

Where I'm from, I seen the most stand up niggaz lay down  
Where skinny niggaz make buff niggaz victims of that trey-pound  
And gangbangers is the sharpshooters, we don't need no rooftops  
Just knock his ass down and take the money out his tube socks  
West coast niggaz is back on the map  
If only for now until the next time I body a track  
From the first clap I hurt rap, now watch the earth crack  
Bring the hearse back, and take a lyrical dirt nap  
I roll with the hardest niggaz, make money with the smartest niggaz  
I ain't got time for you fuckin artist niggaz  
Better shut your trap before you become a target nigga  
Y'all army brats I'm the motherfuckin sargeant nigga  
Beauty pageant-ass niggaz on the runway  
(Boyz N The Hood) 'til they see the nigga in that red Hyundai  
Blow his fuckin back out, cause I'm the rap Stackhouse  
Black Wall Street bitch, the hip-hop crackhouse, what?

(AAAAAAAAARRGH!)

This is that disrespectful, motherfuckin West coast  
Hip-hop death blow, Swizz Beatz, let's go!

My flow opposite of handsome, it's ugly  
Hip hop tantrum, sick, call the shit cancer  
One man show cause I fucked all the dancers  
Let the critics ask questions, my album be the answer  
These niggaz let the rumors sit in they head like tumors  
So I had to take 'em back, to toothbrush on the Pumas  
Clean... mean... rappin machine  
Red rag hangin low in the back of my jeans  
I black out like February, back out what's necessary  
Oh-seven Bugatti with Jimmy Iovine's secretary  
I'm runnin the buildin, don't make me run in the buildin

No this ain't the first time I had my gun in the buildin  
Walkin past offices I see my son in the buildin  
Last album on the wall I'm number one in the buildin  
They should build me an office up under the buildin  
My elevator goin down, I am done in the buildin nigga

(ARRRRRRRRRGH!)

This is that disrespectful, motherfuckin West coast  
Hip-hop death blow, Swizz Beatz, let's go!

We in the motherfuckin buildin man  
You ain't got your motherfuckin mind right?  
You gon' get your mind blown out your motherfuckin mind right nigga  
It is what the fuck it is man  
How y'all wanna cut the cake?  
You touch this you get your hands cut off, nigga  
Swizz Beatz the motherfuckin monster  
Game is in the motherfuckin buildin  
We could turn this whole motherfuckin world red nigga  
Bitch!