

The Documentary

The Game

What happened in hip hop
That got Pac and Big Shot
The thick blocks
Now every rapper claim
He let his clique pop
But even myself tote a gun
To know the run then get shot
I've been there before
Now I'm fuckin' with Doc
(Gotta do the Calvin Broadus numbers)
If not I push rocks
Intisipatin my incarceration
Media think I'm fakin' like Mason
But when it comes to mase
Fuck R Kelly I don't take it in the face
I find out who sprayed it
And I'm putting you under the pavement
No Buddhist priest, Catholic, or Baptist pastor can save him
I'm far from religious
But I got beliefs, so I put
Cannary yellow diamonds
On my Jesus peace
I came back from the dead
Without a part of my chest
Layed in a hospital bed on cardiac arrest
I waited for 3 years
While everyone else dropped
Now I understand why Nas
Did a song with his pop

I'm ready to die
Without a reasonable doubt
Smoke chronic and hit it
Doggy style before I go out
Until they sign my death certificate
All eyez on me
I'm still at it, illmatic
And that's THE DOCUMENTARY
(2x)

If I die my niggas, fuck it
I did a song with Mary Blige, my niggas
Got a hook from Faith
No verse from Jay
I guess on Westside Story
He thought I spit in his face
I told Ed Lover & Moni Love
I was talkin' to Ja
With that mayback line
It was payback time
Keep fuckin' with me nigga
I'll put you under me
Take your car and trade it in
For eight 3 hundred C's
If you cross my T
I don't dot your eyes
You'd do life in a cementary

I'll do mine with shyne
Come home sit in the thrown
With my legs crossed
And my air force
Middle finger rough
Fuck the world
Cause im fellin like puff
When life after death hit
Mo' money, mo' problems
And i lost my best friend
Im the second dopest nigga
From compton u'll ever hear
The first nigga only put out albums
Every 7 years (haha)

(You know what speakin of Jay
That just makes me roll down
Now your song westside story)
Ohh Ohh
(You got a line that says
Dont wear throwbacks
Or drive, ride in maybacks,
Is that a shot at Jay?)
Naa, i was talkin about Ja Rule
Yeah, So, Yeah, i got a lot of
Respect for Jay
You know what im saying
I never take shots at legends
Thats just something i dont do

Let me tell you why i do this shit
Im a son of a gun
Cause moms was a hoover crip
First day i got signed
I had to prove i spit
Freestyle with Busta Rhymes
(son duck is sick)
Told to Jay and Doc Dre.
I could finally put the shoes on
Now that the rumors of Rakim and cube gone
The q gone
They say truth hurts
Chunk, like quick sand
Dont stop me in traffic
And ask about hitman
I gotta restore the feelin
It crawled from under the rock
After the dog pound
Crushed the buildings
I got a family to feed
Im the middle of 9 children
We can talk about a loan
After i sell 5 million
If i tell you i aint game
And i dont know Dre.
You gonn do me like x-zibit
And cut half of my face?
I take all the credit
For putting the west
Back on the map
If you aint feelin that
Go sign Gorilla Black!!!

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Im still at it, illmatic
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(2x)