

## 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 doct 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!!!

Im 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  
Im still at it, illmatic  
And thats THE DOCUMENTARY  
(2x)