

# We Ain't

## The Game

Ladies and gentleman  
You are now about to witness the strength  
Of Aftermath straight out the mothafuckin streets of Compton  
Put your hands together for Game b!tch  
Hahahaha  
Yeah mothafuckas  
Compton's back on the mothafuckin map  
Aftermath in that ass bitch  
Game let's go

Me and Marshall ain't start shit they listen to our shit  
They talk shit about us but that shit is foul when  
I'm tryna feed my son and drop multi-platinum albums  
Make my mother proud that her son made it out  
But its hard when they hate us and think 'Em a racist  
They say shit but fuck them,  
Shady one of the greatest like Biggie n' Pac was  
We started throwin cinthi and decided to chase 'em  
Me, him and 50 racin' this rap shit is basic I followed that Jay shit  
Thinkin what I wanna say, step in the booth in one take and  
How could I not sell a million when I'm rappin' on Dre hits  
Then spit that classical LA, NWA shit  
The media is bullshit now we can't even say bitch  
They accusin Michael of touchin kids in the wrong places  
At first they embraced him, had a couple of face lifts  
Now people wanna place him with murderers and rapists  
They comin' I can taste this swear to God I ain't racin'  
Put the clip in and wast 'em before I go out on that fake shit  
I'm so sick and tired this black shit this white shit  
So I sit here and write shit, Em they ain't gon' like this

So they callin us  
We ain't goin no where so fuck you  
We ain't goin no where so fuck you  
This day the game won't ever be the same  
Things just ain't the same for gangstas  
The game just isn't the same its changing  
To new Game  
You're now about to witness the power

Only Dre can, judge me for the mistakes I'm making  
If I'm faking, I'm Clay Aiken  
You ain't 50 and you ain't Game, you lame, you're tame  
Your mind's lost, you are not ready to make that flame switch  
You will end up in the same situation, same shit  
Different day, just with different gangstas in your face  
Which- way do you wanna face when your brains hit pavement  
Think of what you'll say to Pastor Mase and save it  
For the day that they got them affidavits waiving in my face  
Looking for answers, rap sensation Eminem battles to ward off accusations  
That he had somebody blasted  
The Mask of Jason was found at the scene of the task with masking tape  
And the victim's penis up his ass, a basket case  
And they ask him to clean up his act, you bastards wasting too much time  
Me no kiss ass, and if that's the case, then we ain't going...

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Low get Dre on the phone quick  
Tell him Eminem just killed me on my own shit  
I'm walking through 8 mile, startin' to get home sick  
I'ma do Shady numbers, I'm ridin' my own dick  
Yeah the chrome sick, the window's tinted  
If Eminem is anybody on my under the pennalton  
These niggas is killing it take a minute to listen  
Turn down my Jimmy Hendrix, I'll throw your demo out the window  
For tellin me its hot when its not and you got what you got  
From them rocks on the block, you can stop tellin Dre you got shot  
With a glock that don't phase me,  
I'm crazy why you think I'm rhyming with Shady  
I don't care if the radio don't play me, I say what I say when I feel like I  
'm feelin today  
And get hard when these bitches see my car in the streets  
I can't even take my son to cop them G-Unit sneaks

So I'm gone bitch  
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