

# Who the Illest

## The Game

Who the illest hub dawg you know?  
Peelin' slugs at your mug  
Dealin' drugs in front of the projects  
My projects, more scatter, more street  
Makin room for more drama, more hustle, more heat

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Untold stories, shootout, remix

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Makin' room for more drama, more hustle, more heat  
I can show you how to get, American money easy  
It's the gangster, all motherfuckers envy

Leave all semi I tote, clips empty  
Foes tempt me, I'm seein' no penitentiary  
Crime scene clean, shells, no prints  
Flee the shootout, X-5, no bitch

It's meant for me to survive this gangster shit  
Meant for you not to be livin', food for the pigeons  
It's rules I'm givin', new lessons for the street

This jungle I'm from B, don't breed no weak  
Lames that don't know the game please don't speak  
You get killed, want me peeled, I'm showin' hungry nigga

Every nigga out there claimin' to be the illest  
I don't know if y'all know  
Let a nigga know, I'm lost in the stipulations  
Niggaz hatin', everybody waitin' for the outcome  
Whatever happened to just to rappin'?

Mic graspin', freestyle flow flashin'  
Rippin' up tracks and, doin' the thang  
What'chu niggaz know about Sean T and The Game?  
Who's the illest? Who's the illest?

I'm off the rack like slabs of ribs, I want it big  
I ain't fuckin' with kids, I'm after six digit things  
Fuck the rings and the tribulations, constant playa hatin'  
This criminal lifestyle, keeps me animatin'  
Let's turf talk before you niggaz thuggin' it up

It don't matter if you Crip'n, or Blood'n it up  
Dallas Squad blooded it up, smashin' on sight  
But he hoppin' on haters like BM

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Dallas Squad blooded it up, smashin' on sight  
But he hoppin' on haters like BMX bike

Fuck around with the Squad see unbearable sights  
We takin' gangster shit to the maximum height  
But I'm mainly into bubblin', fat grip doublin'  
Big, big heads I'm lovin' 'em, you feelin' me y'all

Leavin' the envious in awe 'cause I tremendously ball  
I'm supported by The Game so you know I won't fall  
I'ma execute my options, keep wettin' my paws  
And come out unscathed with no scratches or flaws  
Who's the illest?

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They say "Game, you rappin' like you from the East coast,"  
Meet toast gun jammed in your throat, forgot that you spoke  
Game got the streets woke young'n, same nigga got the Coke runnin'  
Introduce the new fiends to smack

Pops told me when I was younger, you can't live like that  
So I don't listen to pops nigga, I listen to Kool G. Rap  
Went from hustlin' sacks to heavy weight, shufflin' crack  
Kids and preachers know me, young Game the O.G.

Ask the reverend kept the church from fallin', young'uns from starvin'  
I'm the project like Marcy or the Nickerson Gardens  
Comfortable dawg, Compton to Harlem, any city ghetto or hood  
Kick back, blowin', listen to Marvin

Get head, count dough and just sit in the apartment  
AK in the sofa, I'm the illest, who come closer?  
Get head, count dough and just sit in the apartment  
AK in the sofa, I'm the illest

Get head, count dough and just sit in the apartment  
AK in the sofa, I'm the illest, who come closer?  
To the late ones or great ones fightin' over a crown  
Get shot off that throne, who the illest now?

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Some say the gangster mentality is dead  
Imagine that, when fools pullin' straps out with infrared  
We're livin' in a time of plagues and corrupt life  
When homies in the circle end up all trife

Tryin' to shine bright, but lookin' all dim  
Meanwhile I stay sharp like a ballpoint pen  
I see the smirks and grins but I just laugh  
'Cause I'm gettin' lucrative loot, endless math

If you only knew the half of it, you wouldn't hate  
But niggaz just pig and talk shit behind Jake  
Man you can't knock the hustle, I ain't fin' to be greedy  
I want an exit out the game kinda like Paul Vitti

I'm tryin' to slang CD's in cruise control  
Instead of sellin' illegal pharmaceuticals  
Should I ask for your advice? Like you would know  
Fuck it, I'm out to get it, I'm a fool for dough

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