

Why You Hate The Game

The Game

Y'all know what it is...
The streets named me Illmatic, for that I'm still at it..
Can't hate us....
Fellas...
Vice behind me on the intersection,
Sex and drugs, my anthology on perfection,
Dress superb, admired by conspirers,
Who wanna try me, but ain't high enough to four-five me up,
Child of the eighties, y'all n***as is lazy,
Complain about labour pains, n***a show me the baby,
And my n***a Game, light another L, pass the bottle,
Pro-black, I don't take cotton out of aspirin bottles,
Yeah, I learnt my lessons, and heard y'all snitchin',
Witnessin' you rockin' with Nas, confirmed my suspicion,
Green fatigues on, My n***as I bleed for 'em,
I can show 'em the water, but can't make 'em drink it,
And I can show 'em my fortunes but can't force 'em to think rich,
And still I don't abort 'em when and if they sink quick,
Ignore the ignorance, I rep the brilliance of Queensbridge,
And pray to fans, let Murder Inc. live...
I don't talk about my guns, n***a I just blaze....
'Pac is watchin', Big is listenin',
While Pun talkin' to us, Jam Jay still spinnin',
To every n***a listenin'
I was supposed to be amongst kings, my Mom shouted out at my Christening.
And while you still listenin', Shyne locked in a man hole,
Cam got shot inside his lambo', sample, life is a gamble,
15 years old red rag around my hand, My sisters used to laugh and call me 'R
ambo',
Seen Eazy's legacy melt away like a candle,
I rekindled the flame,
Dre created The Game,
N***a with an attitude from the cloth I came,
Young homie ate his way up from the bottom of the food chain.
Keep the crown, clown, I rock an LA Dodger Fitted,
I showed my ass at Summer Jam but New York was down with it,
Now the ball's in my court, never dribble out of bounds with it.
Behind the back to Nas, he alley oop to Jigga, N***a
Me and nasty puffin', this a classic, trust me,
How you gon' pass the dutchie to them n***as that don't love me,
I'm talkin' n***as that never wanted to see me on top,
Same n***as that never wanted to see the Doctor's Advocate drop, flop, I thi
nk not,
I'll fuck you rap n***as like virgins,
Dre took my training wheels off his curtains.
I don't need no encore, no claps, no cheers,
The Game ain't over, this the beginning of my career,
The ending of yours, the endin of his,
Like Flavor Flav's clock, I'm back to handle my biz,
N*gga, it's Game Time, that was Dre's favorite line,
Back when proof was in the booth and I recited his lines,
And I still think about my n***a from time to time,
Make me wanna call 50, and let him know what's on my mind,
But I just hold back cuz we ain't beefin like that,
He aint Big, and I ain't Pac, and we just eatin off rap.
One love.
I'll do Marsha's bit if you want, but it seems kinda pointless.

I thought Nas was on point with his multis, the cotton line is a bit old though.