

Game Ova Part. 2

Yukmouth

(Yukmouth)

(Breathe!)

Round 2, nigga I won the first round nigga.

Go back to the drawin' board nigga.

(Breathe!)

I'm built for dis baby.

Oh yeah and thanks for the promotion on the radio station.

I loved that nigga.

Yamean.

(Breathe!)

Keep sayin' my name, keep sayin' my name baby.

Keep blowin' me up nigga and I' ma cut your fuckin' throat you bitch!(Breath e!)

The Game play games nigga.

You a lyin' ass tounge ring faggot nigga.(Fuck the Game you bitch)

(Yukmouth)

I crack your back when I'm blastin' ya gat.

Ya lungs collapse like a asthma attack.

Nigga I make you hard to...

(Breathe!)

Faggot rap, ya back bone is D'mack'n ya brotha.

And you still got clapped.

Lay on ya back and try to...

(Breathe!)

Nigga ain't from the hood.

Your first album went wood.

And every week you get slap by Suge.

Bitch nigga...

(Breathe!)

Come to the Bay man the Tecs gon' spray.

It's like your boxed in with pepper spray.

Nigga I make you hard to...

(Breathe!)

And don't lie, that's the code of the streets.

I drag you from the 6-fo.

By that G-Unit peice.

You bitch...

(Breathe!)

Playin' games, you don't really want beef.

My shot niggas got that G-Unit peice.

Buck I know you can't...

(Breathe!)

You never met Pac, you never met Eazy.

You're suckin' on my dick man your lips too breezy.

You gotta...

(Breathe!)

Take deep breath's, adjust your tongue ring.

While Dre stick his dick in ya ass.

You pretty dumb thing.(Fuckin' faggot!)

(Breathe!)

You a G-Unit model.

Ill fill you up with them hallows, you fall.

I follow and watch you wallow.

Now try to...

(Breathe!)(Nigga!)

War like wakle.

My chain glow I made doe.
Since you had that tongue ring.
And fade on the game show(nigga).
(Breathe!)
You're just a mixtape diva and every G-Unit sneakers.
Y'all tryin' to sing them high notes like Aretha.
You gotta...(Bitch!)
(Breathe!)
Fuck Wall street.
A gat to your cheek.
And put your brains on the passenger seat.
Game over he can't...
(Breathe!)

(Marc Shyst)
(Yukmouth talks over the chorus)
(Chorus)
One into the two, two into the four,
The Game want war, The Game got war.
(Breathe!)
Four into the five, let The Regime ride.
Game ride wit them, the game ova for them.
(Breathe!)
One into the two, two into the four,
G-Unit want war, G-Unit got war.
(Breathe!)
Four into the five, let The Regime ride.
Game ride wit them, the game ova for them.
(Breathe!)

(Gonzoe)
It's war time.
You bitches understand me.
There's no fist fightin'.
On sight I'ma blam you.
(Breathe!)
Smash niggas face with gun handles.
You know me the definition of the land of the scanners.
(Breathe!)
You pose for the camera.
I carry my own blamma.
Bury niggas with chucks on with wooden pyjamas.
On the hood (Breathe!) you square.
Death is a promise.
No niggas know you from the jungles to the bottoms.
Cuz' you had (Breathe!) contacts tryin to G-Q model.
I was born with Pac, in the OE-bottle.
You're a dick (Breathe!) ryda.
Tryin' to fuck with which crews hotta.
Match your tongue ring to the paint on your Impala.
You're just (Breathe!) another fuckin' clone.
You maricone.
Gettin' shittin' on for shoes and cell phones.
You dead wrong nigga sayin' Yuk ain't safe.
From E-1-4 to the Shaws.
There's a price on your face you bitch.

(Yukmouth)
Bitch Nigga!
You can't fuck wit us regeme life nigga!
How dare you say da regeme on your fake ass skit!
How dare you use 5 on it you fake ass nigga!
You aint got no placks on your wall!

You aint got no money you bitch!
You at yo momma house, you punk!
You tongue ring queen!
Nigga!
You can't fuck with me man!
Stay off the internet you computer thug!
You don't want it nigga!
You don't want war you bitch!
(Chorus starts)
Joe Budden murdered you!
And Yuk gon dead yo ass nigga!
I'ma wack yo bitch ass punk!
You already know how we rock nigga.
You just got your first tattoo 2 years ago nigga!
When JT found you, you were tryin to be a G-Q model!
You thought you was the next LL.
REMEMBER!?
Remember you was saying that you bitch!
Be real!
Punk...
Fake ass blood...
Nigga!