

Let's Ride

The Game

Pull the rag off the six-fo',
Hit the switch, show niggas how the shit go,
The Game is back, the Aftermath chain is gone,
The D's is chrome, the frame is black.
(So watch it lift up)
Till the motherfucker bounce and break,
And knock both of the screws out the licence plate.
Let the games begin,
These other rap niggas so far behind me, go taste my rims,
Shit, let the chronic burn as the datens spin.
It ain't been this much drama since I first heard Eminem,
In the club, poppin' X pills like M & Ms,
Call it Dre day, we celebratin', bitch bring a friend.
Bottles on me, tell the waiter to order another round,
And put that cheap-ass hypnotic down.
(Put your 'cris up!)
If you feel the same way,
Who got 'em hittin' switches NY to LA

(If I could fit the whole hood in the club)
Hop in the low-rider, long as you got bitches in the back,
(I turn it into a strip-club)
Call it a lap-dance, when the six-fo' bounce that ass,
(If I could fit the whole world in the club)
Tell the DJ to bang my shit, the west-coast in this bitch
(Pop bottles and twist up)
Roll up chronic and hash,
In a blunt, call it Aftermath

Somebody tell me where the drinks at,
Where the bitches at,
You fucking on the first night, meet me in the back.
I got a pound of chronic, and a gang of freaks,
Move bitch! Who the fuck you think they came to see?
The protégé of the D R E,
You take a picture with him, and you gotta fuck me,
And you gotta fuck Busta, can't touch Eve,
Got something in my waist that you can't touch either,
That's - my gangsta bitch, and like Crips and Bloods,
I'm in the club on some gangsta shit.
(So nigga twist up)
Light another dub,
Bitches get scared when niggas start fighting in the club.
Ain't nothing but a g-thing, baby it's a g-thing,
Bounce like you got hydraulics in your g-string,
I fuck a different bitch seven days a week,
Hit the switch, watch it bounce like a Scott Storch beat.

(If I could fit the whole hood in the club)
Hop in the low-rider, long as you got bitches in the back,
(I turn it into a strip-club)
Call it a lap-dance, when the six-fo' bounce that ass,
(If I could fit the whole world in the club)
Tell the DJ to bang my shit, the west-coast in this bitch
(Pop bottles and twist up)
Roll up chronic and hash,
In a blunt, call it Aftermath

Niggas thought I wasn't coming back, look at me now
Hoppin' out the same Cherry six-fo' with the motherfucking top down,
I'm The Game, nigga
Call your bitch, she ain't home, she with Game, nigga
Remember that, Dre
You passed me the torch, I lit the chronic with it, now the world is my asht
ray,
Ridin' three-wheel motion 'till the ass scrapes,
Turn sunset into a motherfucking drag-race.
Now watch it bounce,
Hit the switch, let it bounce till the police shut the shit down.
(When you hit the club)
Tell 'em you came with me,
(We gonna twist up)
In the V.I.P.
It's a new day, and if you ever knew Dre,
Motherfucker, you would say I was the new Dre.
Same Impala, different spokes
Same chronic, just a different smoke.

(If I could fit the whole hood in the club)
Hop in the low-rider, long as you got bitches in the back,
(I turn it into a strip-club)
Call it a lap-dance, when the six-fo' bounce that ass,
(If I could fit the hole world in the club)
Tell the DJ to bang my shit, the west-coast in this bitch
(Pop bottles and twist up)
Roll up chronic and hash,
In a blunt, call it Aftermath