

Scream On 'Em

The Game

Yeah... y'all really want this to happen? (Game time!)
C'mon! ... ARRRRRRRRGH!

Homey it's hard not to kill niggaz; it's like a full time job
not to pull out the steel and shove it in your grill
Young California got that mass appeal
I summons the hood, they get up in yo' ass for real
Knockout flow, Winky Wright jab for real
And all you niggaz pussy, need Massengil
See I'm the gun-cocker, one-shotter, lift 'em off the ground
Chop 'em down, like a cantaloupe, my flow the antidote
Sick flow, it's so, motherfuckin six-fo'
Your bitch know, hop in the back when you see Swizz hoe
Diss that, all you niggaz get up off my dick so
I can cook crack on the track and watch it mix slow
Cocaine, my flow fire, call it propane
Every nigga know Game, five shots no pain
And that's the reason why I'm shittin on you niggaz
Shut me in the looney bin, I'm sicker than you niggaz

(ARRRRRRRRRGH!)

This is that disrespectful, motherfuckin West coast
Hip-hop death blow, Swizz Beatz, let's go!
(2x)

Where I'm from, I seen the most stand up niggaz lay down
Where skinny niggaz make buff niggaz victims of that trey-pound
And gangbangers is the sharpshooters, we don't need no rooftops
Just knock his ass down and take the money out his tube socks
West coast niggaz is back on the map
If only for now until the next time I body a track
From the first clap I hurt rap, now watch the earth crack
Bring the hearse back, and take a lyrical dirt nap
I roll with the hardest niggaz, make money with the smartest niggaz
I ain't got time for you fuckin artist niggaz
Better shut your trap before you become a target nigga
Y'all army brats I'm the motherfuckin sargeant nigga
Beauty pageant-ass niggaz on the runway
(Boyz N The Hood) 'til they see the nigga in that red Hyundai
Blow his fuckin back out, cause I'm the rap Stackhouse
Black Wall Street bitch, the hip-hop crackhouse, what?

(ARRRRRRRRRGH!)

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Hip-hop death blow, Swizz Beatz, let's go!

My flow opposite of handsome, it's ugly
Hip hop tantrum, sick, call the shit cancer
One man show cause I fucked all the dancers
Let the critics ask questions, my album be the answer
These niggaz let the rumors sit in they head like tumors
So I had to take 'em back, to toothbrush on the Pumas
Clean... mean... rappin machine
Red rag hangin low in the back of my jeans
I black out like February, back out what's necessary
Oh-seven Bugatti with Jimmy Iovine's secretary
I'm runnin the buildin, don't make me run in the buildin

No this ain't the first time I had my gun in the buildin
Walkin past offices I see my son in the buildin
Last album on the wall I'm number one in the buildin
They should build me an office up under the buildin
My elevator goin down, I am done in the buildin nigga

(ARRRRRRRRRGH!)

This is that disrespectful, motherfuckin West coast
Hip-hop death blow, Swizz Beatz, let's go!

We in the motherfuckin buildin man
You ain't got your motherfuckin mind right?
You gon' get your mind blown out your motherfuckin mind right nigga
It is what the fuck it is man
How y'all wanna cut the cake?
You touch this you get your hands cut off, nigga
Swizz Beatz the motherfuckin monster
Game is in the motherfuckin buildin
We could turn this whole motherfuckin world red nigga
Bitch!