

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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